DAVID SCHIFF ON AARON COPLAND / THE "LEFT-BEHIND" NOVELS

# The Atlantic Monthly

JANUARY 2000

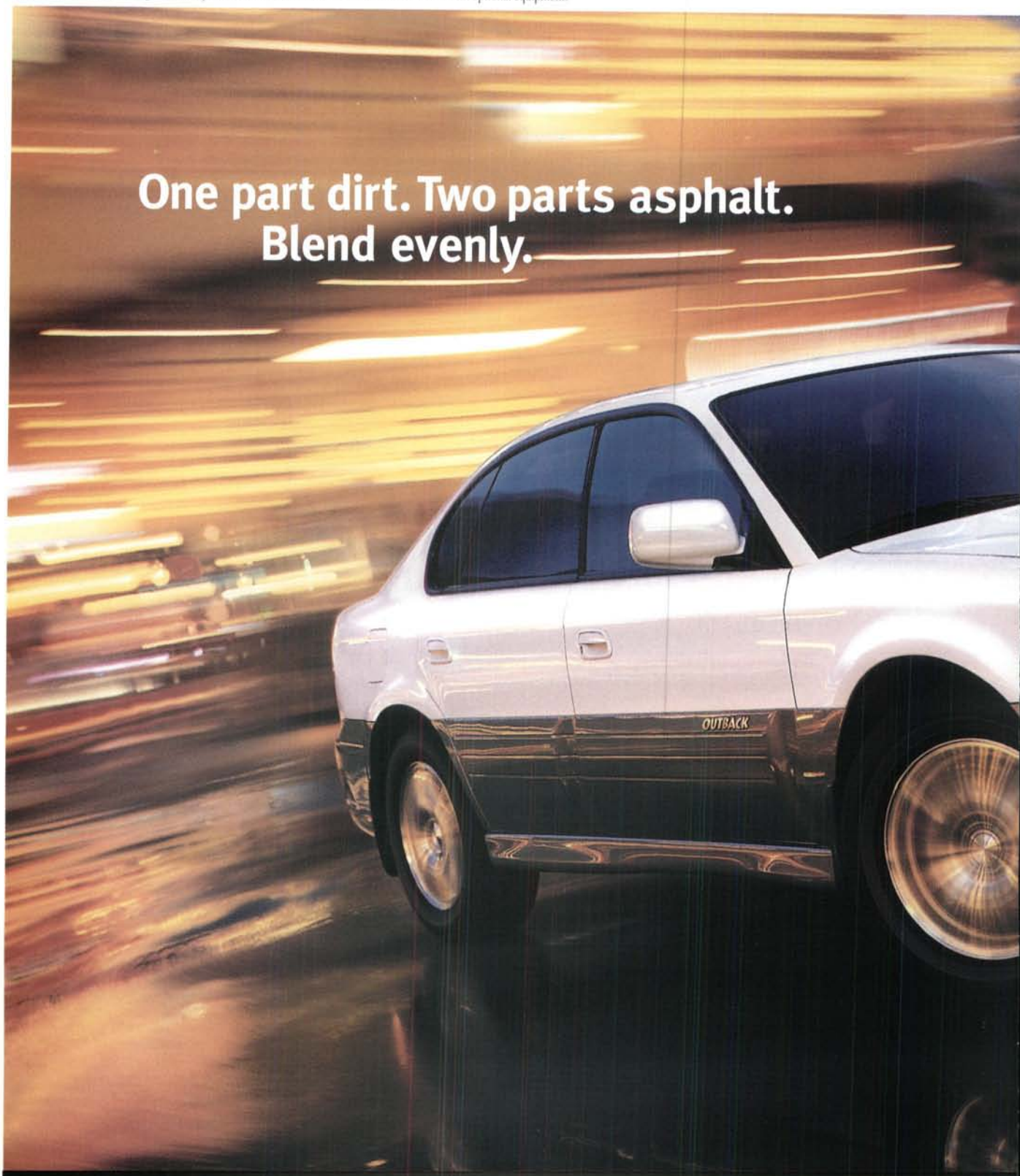
# THE DIFFUSIONISTS HAVE LANDED

You've probably heard of those crackpot theories about ancient visitors to North America. Guess what.

**********5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 4B 79
RON K UNZ JAN 05 1
CHEV 94951
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

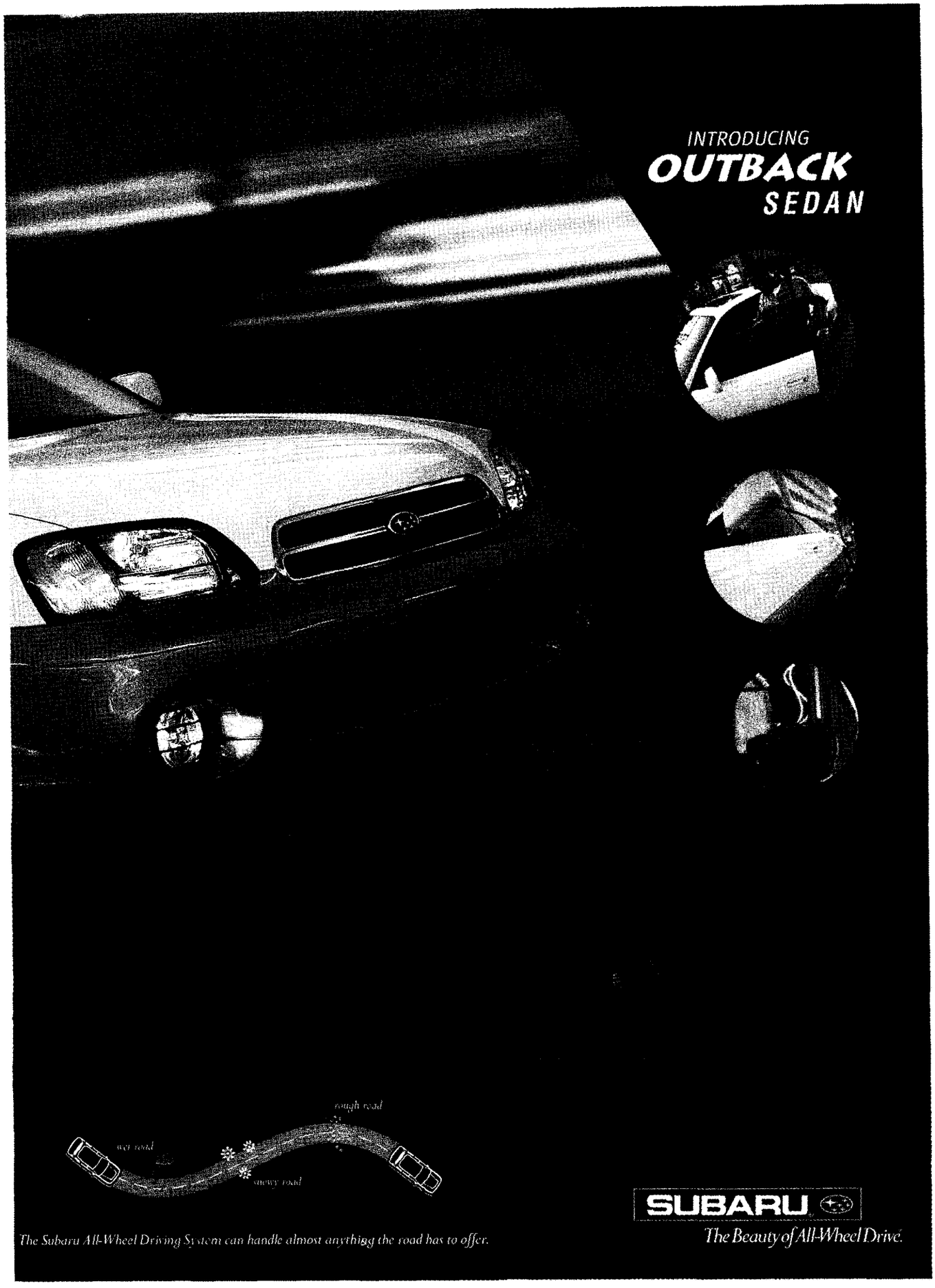
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back. Outback Limited Sedan shown with optional equipment.




It's the perfect formula for adventure. The new Outback® Limited Sedan from Subaru. Sleek, contemporary styling. A smooth, quiet ride. And with the incredible traction of our best ever All-Wheel Drive, you can mix it up with confidence wherever you find yourself. City roads. Back roads. Even the occasional no road. Stop in for a test-drive, visit us at www.subaru.com or call 1-800-WANT-AWD. The new Outback Limited Sedan. Yet another first from Subaru.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

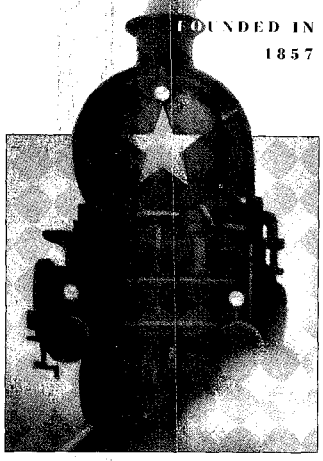
VOLUME 285 NO. 1
JANUARY 2000

# The Atlantic Monthly

FOUNDED IN 1857

Page 116

Page 62



Page 49

## REPORTS

**22 Notes & Comment: A Winter's Tale**
"When the cold air hit my face, my skin contracted so quickly that the thin skin on the bridge of my nose split, as if a fine knife had been drawn across it." A reverie about the elegance of winter.
*by* **Rick Bass**

**26 Foreign Affairs: Europe's Back Doors**
For centuries few cared about Ceuta and Melilla, two lonely Spanish outposts on the coast of Morocco. But when Spain joined the European Union, Ceuta and Melilla suddenly became attractive to Africans as points of access to the industrialized and labor-short continent to the north.
*by* **George Stolz**

## HUMOR, FICTION, & POETRY

**38 The Third-Prize Photograph**
*A poem*
*by* **Susan Donnelly**

**49 Tyrants**
*A short story*
*by* **Marshall N. Klimasewiski**

**57 Strays**
*A poem*
*by* **Stanley Plumly**

**72 Potato**
*A poem*
*by* **Laurie Lamon**

**115 Canyon**
*A drawing*
*by* **Guy Billout**

**35 The Diffusionists Have Landed**
Who carved Phoenician-era Iberian script into a stone found in West Virginia? How did a large stone block incised with medieval Norse runes find its way to Minnesota? Why do ancient temples in India depict what appear to be ears of maize, which is native to America? Questions like these, once the exclusive domain of "crank" science, are now getting respect from some mainstream scholars. The question of pre-Viking contacts between the Old and New Worlds is now open as never before.
*by* **Marc K. Stengel**

**62 Israel Now**
Our correspondent, a former resident of Israel and a member of its armed forces in the 1970s, describes how economics is combining with the peace process to create a new reality in the Middle East—one that he likens to the aftermath of a bitter divorce.
*by* **Robert D. Kaplan**

**107 Five and a Half Utopias**
The idea of utopia had a very bad twentieth century, but it continues to tug at the human heart.
*by* **Steven Weinberg**

## BOOKS

**122 The Trials of the Tribulation**
The "Left Behind" novels, written by Jerry B. Jenkins and the prophecy expert Tim LaHaye, have already sold some 10 million copies. They'll no doubt sell millions more if the world doesn't come to an end first.
*by* **Michael Joseph Gross**

**128 Brief Reviews**
*by* **Phoebe-Lou Adams**

## ARTS & LEISURE

**116 Music: Who Was That Masked Composer?**
Aaron Copland's politics, his emotions, and his sexuality lie concealed beneath his music—but not so deep that they can't be recovered.
*by* **David Schiff**

## OTHER DEPARTMENTS

**4 77 North Washington Street/Contributors**

**6 Letters**

**20 The January Almanac**

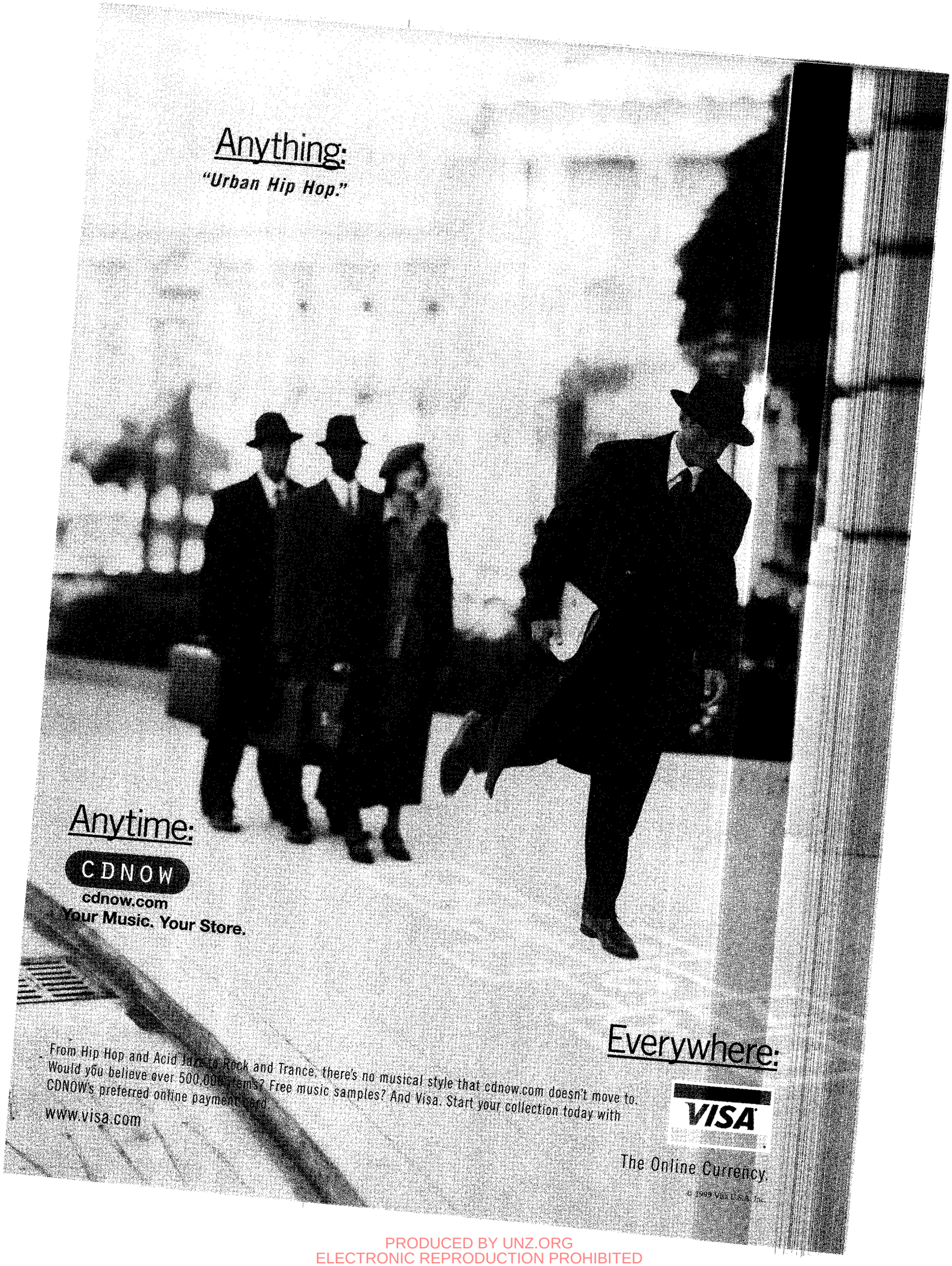
**131 The Puzzler**
*by* **Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon**

**132 Word Court**
*by* **Barbara Wallraff**

*Cover art by Daniel Craig*

*The Atlantic Monthly* (ISSN 0276-9077) is published monthly by The Atlantic Monthly Group, 77 N. Washington St., Boston, MA 02114 (617-854-7700). Periodicals postage paid at Boston, MA, Toronto, Ont., and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Advertising and Circulation: 450 W. 33rd St., NY, NY 10001 (212-716-6800). Subscriptions: one year $17.94 in the U.S. and poss.; add $8.00 in Canada, includes GST (123209926); add $15.00 elsewhere. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement 0261327. Subscription queries: Atlantic Subscription Center, Box 52661, Boulder, CO 80322. Or call 800-234-2411. Back issues: send $7.50 per copy to The Atlantic, Back Issues, 1900 Industrial Park Dr., Federalsburg, MD 21632 (or call 410-754-8219). Vol. 285, No. 1, January 2000. Copyright © 1999, by The Atlantic Monthly Group. All rights reserved. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Atlantic, Box 52661, Boulder, CO 80328.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

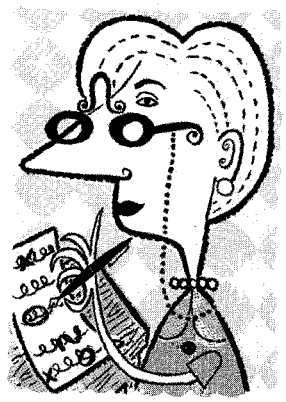



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

GOOD etiquette is a convention, and so is good grammar. That being so, senior editor Barbara Wallraff reasoned, why not write a column about language that shares the firm but friendly attitude of a column about etiquette? Thus was born Word Court, which since 1995 has appeared in every other issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, on the last page. Wallraff presides over the column in the persona of Ms. Grammar, a tartly judicious magistrate whose reverence for rules is leavened by common sense. Readers can file suit by letter or e-mail.

This month Ms. Grammar's work will come to the attention of an additional audience, when Harcourt Brace publishes *Word Court*, the book. This is no mere collection of old columns (although many columns have a presence) but a discursive romp amid grammatical pitfalls and semantic minefields. The subject matter of the book is as wide-ranging and unpredictable as that of the column itself. "What I love most about Word Court," Wallraff says, "is that people ask such a range of things. How long does someone have to be dead before you stop calling him 'the late'? Is it offensive to refer to electrical connectors as 'male' and 'female'?"



MELINDA BECK

Ms. Grammar

Barbara Wallraff came to *The Atlantic* in 1983. Since then she has reviewed the text of every article, short story, and poem we have printed, keeping a lookout for grammatical errors and infelicities. Writers and editors have come to appreciate Wallraff's relentlessly fastidious work, though it can be as relaxing as a dental probe. (Anthony Burgess once said of her, "Who *is* that woman?") Beyond her job at the magazine, Wallraff teaches every summer at the Radcliffe Publishing Course. For the bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution, National Public Radio's *Morning Edition* commissioned her to copyedit the Constitution. She had a bone to pick with the phrase "*more perfect* union"—who says there are degrees of perfection? (James Madison, meet Anthony Burgess.)

Like doctors and lawyers, Wallraff gets asked a lot of professional questions at parties. She doesn't mind. "It's been obvious to me for years," she says, "that interest in language issues is absolutely rife. There's a common lament that nobody cares about using proper grammar or correct spelling anymore, but people who say that should see my mailbag." —THE EDITORS

---

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Phoebe-Lou Adams** (Brief Reviews) has written her *Atlantic* book column, under a variety of titles, since 1952.

**Rick Bass** ("A Winter's Tale") is the author of *The Book of Yaak* (1996) and *The New Wolves* (1998).

**Daniel Craig** (cover art) is an illustrator who lives in Minnesota. The New York City Opera, J. P. Morgan, and the New York Stock Exchange have all used his work. He has received two Clio awards, a silver medal from the Society of Illustrators, and numerous awards of excellence from *Communication Arts* magazine.

**Susan Donnelly** ("The Third-Prize Photograph") is the author of *Eve Names the Animals* (1985), which was awarded the Samuel French Morse Poetry Prize by Northeastern University.

**Michael Joseph Gross** ("The Trials of the Tribulation") lives in Provincetown, Massachusetts. He has written about religion and popular culture for *The Nation* and *Salon*.

**Robert D. Kaplan** ("Israel Now") is a correspondent for *The Atlantic*. His seventh book, *The Coming Anarchy: Shattering the Dreams of the Post Cold War*, will be published next month by Random House.

**Marshall N. Klimasewiski** ("Tyrants") teaches in the writing program at Washington University, in St. Louis. His fiction has appeared in *The New Yorker* and *Ploughshares*, and has been included in *Best American Short Stories*.

**Laurie Lamon** ("Potato") is an assistant professor of English at Whitworth College, in Spokane, Washington. Her poems have recently appeared in *Arts & Letters Journal of Contemporary Culture*, *Southern Humanities Review*, and *Poetry Northwest*.

**Stanley Plumly** ("Strays") is a Distinguished University Professor at the University of Maryland at College Park. His poem in this issue is included in his book *Now That My Father Lies Down Beside Me: New & Selected Poems*, to be published this June by Ecco/HarperCollins.

**David Schiff** ("Who Was That Masked Composer?") is a composer and a professor of music at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon.

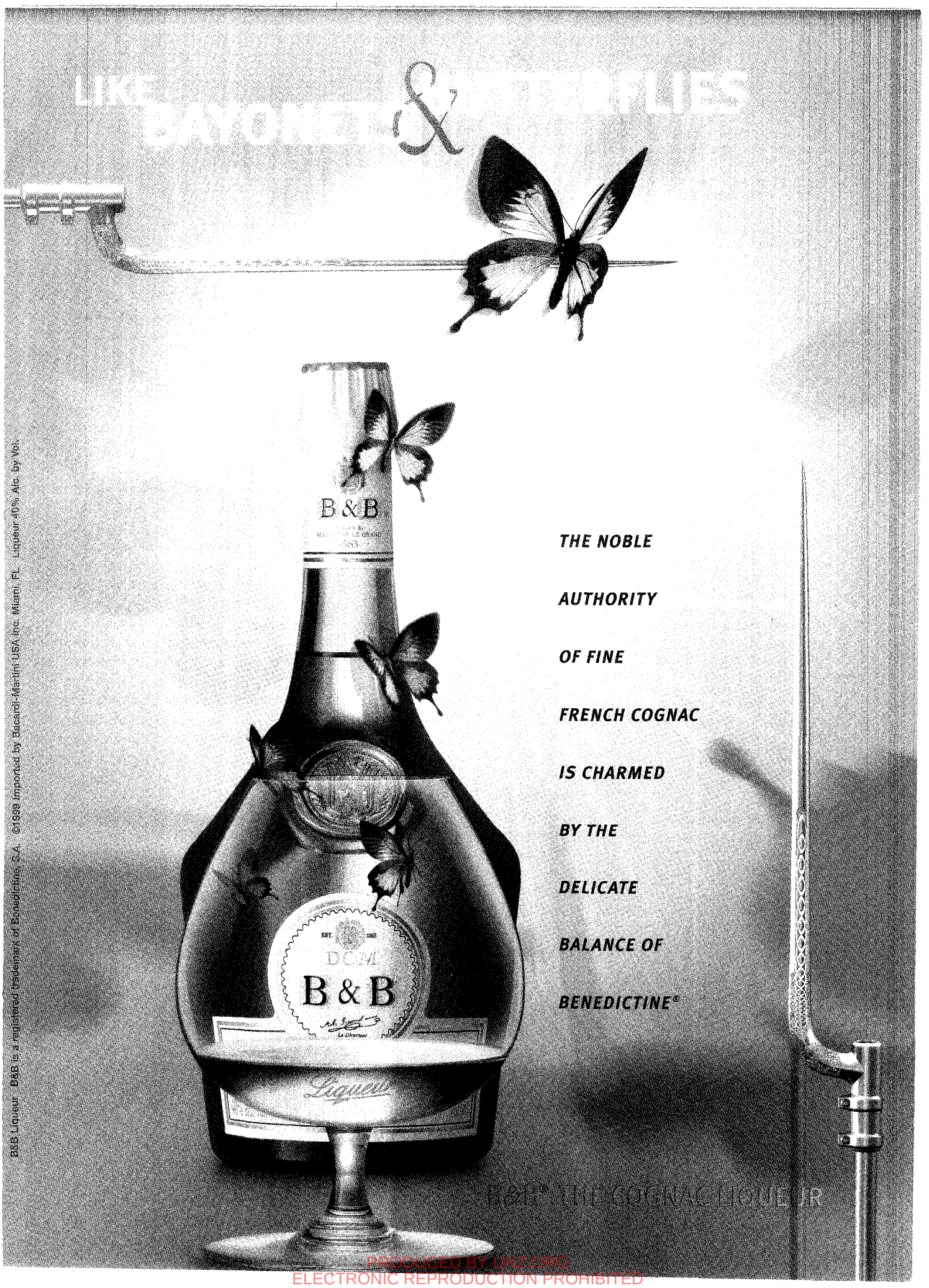
**Marc K. Stengel** ("The Diffusionists Have Landed") is a writer and a television producer in Nashville, Tennessee. Stengel is at work on a historical novel and a documentary film, both touching on aspects of pre-Columbian transoceanic migration.

**George Stolz** ("Europe's Back Doors") is the Madrid correspondent for *ARTnews*. His fiction has appeared in *Glimmer Train Stories*, and he has written for *The New York Times*, *Newsday*, and *Travel & Leisure*.

**Steven Weinberg** ("Five and a Half Utopias") teaches at the University of Texas at Austin. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in physics in 1979 and the National Medal of Science in 1991. Weinberg is the author of *The First Three Minutes* (1977) and *Dreams of a Final Theory* (1992).



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic Monthly

**Editor**
WILLIAM WHITWORTH

**Managing Editor**
CULLEN MURPHY

**Senior Editors**
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
*CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF*

**Art Director**
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES
JUDY GARLAN (on leave)

**Assistant Managing Editor**
MARTHA SPAULDING

**Associate Editors**
PETER DAVISON (poetry), AMY MEEKER,
SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN,
WEN STEPHENSON (new media)

**Staff Writer**
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

**Staff Editors**
DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL, AVRIL CORNEL,
CHRISTINE CUCCIO, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,
GINA HAHN, HILARY MCCLELLEN, LUCIE PRINZ,
DANIEL SMITH

**Art Staff**
DOMINICA PONTRELLO, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant
GABRIELA HERNANDEZ, Designer

**New Media**
KATIE BACON, KATIE BOLICK, PAUL CABANA,
SAGE STOSSEL, ERIC WESTBY

**Editorial Administration**
CYNTHIA LINGLEY, Operations Manager
JOHN HOLKEBOER, MICHAEL KUBIT, LINDA MCGOVERN,
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO,
ELIZABETH ZACK

**Information Technology**
SCOTT GUNN (director), NEIL CURRI, DANIEL FULTON

**Correspondents**
STEPHEN BUDIANSKY, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, CHARLES C. MANN,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, BENJAMIN SCHWARZ,
ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

**Contributing Editors**
ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
*GREGG EASTERBROOK, JAMES FALLOWS,*
SEYMOUR M. HERSH, WENDY KAMINER,
TRACY KIDDER, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
*THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER*

**Submissions & Correspondence**

*The Atlantic Monthly* considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to
*The Atlantic Monthly*
77 North Washington Street
Boston, MA 02114

Letters can also be sent via the Internet to our e-mail address:
Letters@theatlantic.com

Manuscripts will not be returned, nor will queries be answered, unless they are accompanied by a postage-paid return envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send manuscripts by e-mail.

# LETTERS

## Information Revolution

In "Beyond the Information Revolution" (October *Atlantic*), Peter F. Drucker equates the computer with the steam engine and draws analogies between the e-commerce of today and the railroads of yesterday. He uses the term "fuel" metaphorically to describe information and other driving forces, but he makes no reference to the true fuel that drove the Industrial Revolution and contributes greatly to driving the Information Revolution. Coal was the principal energy source used to raise steam, and today it provides most of the electric power that is fundamental to the operation of computers.

It is interesting to reflect on the continuity of a simple, low-tech substance like coal over several centuries, and somewhat ironic to consider that a dirty, unglamorous, prosaic material provides the basic drive for the glittering, high-tech world of the Information Revolution.

**Doug MacFarlane**
*Calgary, Alberta*

As a fifty-five-year reader of *The Atlantic*, I faithfully read and digested Peter Drucker's "The Information Revolution." But my principal reaction to the article was "How much do all these technological marvels that lie ahead really matter?"

Such happiness as we may experience in life comes from temperament, health, marriage, children, our work and those we work with, the simpler pleasures of life, concern for the welfare of others, and religious faith or ethical commitments. Don't we all know this—if we think about it?

**Reo M. Christenson**
*Miamisburg, Ohio*

## Military History

Having read Robert D. Kaplan's "Four-Star Generalists" (October *Atlantic*), I found myself in the unusual position of partly agreeing with the author's argument but deploring his overall message.

Kaplan is correct in pointing out that military history does not get as much respect in academic circles as it should. As a professional historian and a university instructor who has taught a good number of military-history courses, I have long witnessed how the field, despite the undeniable appeal that it has for students, is largely and unfairly ignored—even actively disdained—by the majority of college faculty members.

It is, however, possible to boost military history too much. To begin with, "popular" does not always mean "good." Yes, many military historians, several of whom Kaplan cites, have done cutting-edge research and written excellent works. But the vast majority of military-related publications fall into the category of "hobby" history. Kaplan speaks with approval of the large number of military-history books crowding the shelves of stores like Borders and Barnes & Noble. What he does not say is that most of those books are thinly researched potboilers or cheaply produced coffee-table tomes, all serving up the same conventional wisdom about the same popular topics: particularly the Civil War, arms and armor, and the Second World War. Marketing decisions, *not* sterling scholarship, are responsible for the fact that military writing dominates the history lists of trade booksellers.

Even more questionable is Kaplan's claim that military history "comes closest of all the liberal arts to being a hard science." (Tolstoy, for one, would howl in agony to hear a remark like that.) Such an unsubstantiated (and ultimately unscientific) statement is hard to swallow, considering that many of the contemporary works mentioned above rely on tired clichés and minimal scholarship, and that a good number of the classic military historians Kaplan highlights are famous for having played fast and loose with facts. Every college freshman knows (or should know) that Herodotus' details about the Persian Wars are often less reliable than a *National Enquirer* headline; that Thucydides allowed



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Step by step...
block by block...
I work with you to develop
a plan that can help you
meet your goals."

Katie Leipprandt
*AXA Advisors*

"The best days in my life are when clients achieve their goals – like a child going off to college or a couple retiring securely." *Katie Leipprandt is one of thousands of AXA Advisors' professionals who help clients meet long-term financial goals.* "It starts with a relationship. I take the time to understand them so that together we can make decisions for the long run." *AXA Advisors is part of the global AXA group, one of the top five asset managers in the world.* Reach one of us at **1(888) 4-AXA-ADV** (888-429-2238) or visit ***www.axa-advisors.com***

AXA

AXA ADVISORS
*Building Futures*

Education

Protection AXA Mutual Funds

Security AXA Relationship AXA Retirement

GE-99-218 AXA Advisors, LLC NY, NY 10104

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Chairman**
DAVID G. BRADLEY

**President and Group Publisher**
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

**Publisher**
DONNA PALMER

**Advertising**
MATTHEW BARBA, Associate Publisher
Managers: CAROL BROWN,
ERIK CARLSON, JENNIFER HOADLEY,
JENNIFER IZZO, MOLLY JOHNSON, ALAN MORRIS,
STEVE PESZEK, CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA
Assistants: JOLENE EDGAR, KELLY THOMAS

**Marketing**
NANCY BEUSCHEL, TASHA HICKS

**Circulation**
HOWARD KATZ, Vice President
ADAM R. COHEN, Circulation Director
STEVEN CAPONE, Circulation Planning Manager
ALLISON FLEMING

**Production & Special Projects**
JAN MORRIS, Director
BEN AUBURN,
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, SUSAN KOZAK,
AMY SWAN, JENNIFER YOUNKER

**Finance**
TOM PECK, Vice President
AIMEE CLAUDIO, YULIA GOVOSRUSHKO,
PHILIP STEFANIDES

**Publishing Operations**
BRYAN OTTE, Director
KATHLEEN O'LEARY, Manager

**General Counsel**
*MARK ROTENSTREICH*

**Atlantic Unbound**
*The Atlantic Monthly*'s digital edition can be found on the Web at **www.theatlantic.com.**

**Advertising Offices**
*The Atlantic Monthly*
450 West 33rd Street
New York, NY 10001
(212)716-6800

**Subscriptions & Reprints**
Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 52661
Boulder, CO 80322

We occasionally make our subscribers' names available to reputable companies whose offers we feel may interest you. If you want us to exclude your name from these mailings, please write to our Subscription Processing Center

Reprint requests (100+) should be made to
Reprint Management Services
(717)399-1900

The Atlantic Monthly

himself a great deal of poetic license in writing an eloquent funeral oration that Pericles almost certainly did not deliver; and that Livy was more of a literary cheerleader for Rome than an accurate chronicler. True, there are many military-history works, old and new, that measure well against any yardstick of academic verifiability. But if one wants scientific rigor in historical writing, one can do just as well—and sometimes better—by turning to the many social and economic studies done by historians who have toiled in archives, parish churches, and local survey offices, unearthing and piecing together fact after fact with painstaking meticulousness.

**John McCannon**
*Long Island University*
*Brookville, N.Y.*

I was very pleased to read Robert Kaplan's article calling for greater recognition of military history as a discipline. But war's lessons are so brutal, and seem so obvious, that we may all too easily assume we have (finally!) learned them, and that military history is just that—over and done with. We watch newsreels of parades in 1914 or Nazi rallies in 1934 and marvel at the naiveté of the past. We rent movies about youths dying in mud or jungles and recoil at the senselessness of it all. The hard truth of the matter is that wars actually tend to make a lot of sense, and that it is indeed dangerously naive to believe otherwise. The proper aim of serious military history is to demonstrate that there are usually quite "rational" (if ruthless) reasons why wars are started, that there is almost always an inexorable logic to the progression of a war, and that the world it leaves behind has been shaped less by bullets and bombs than by the more basic forces of economics, ideology, and geography. Wars are not terrible aberrations or tragic accidents of history but rather the results of history. Our results. Those "horrors of war" are the horrors occasioned by humanity's bad but unbreakable habit of trading lives for territory, wealth, status, or security. As long as we desire these things, history will keep time in Finest Hours and Days of Infamy.

**D. Andrew Yamato**
*Forest Hills, N.Y.*

*Robert D. Kaplan replies:*

If all that college freshmen know about Herodotus and Thucydides is that they stretched some facts, then these students have missed the whole point—and all the riches—of classical history and philosophy. Herodotus was the first writer to describe the clash of cultures, which Thucydides boiled down to timeless dicta regarding power politics. To read both writers is to recognize how the outlines and psychology of ethnic conflict in the Near East have changed little in 2,500 years. Whether Pericles delivered his funeral oration or not is far less significant than the philosophical truths included in Thucydides' account of it. As for Livy, his work reveals the resemblance between the trajectory of the Second Punic War and that of the Second World War, with Hannibal playing the role of the nihilistic aggressor and Roman senators grappling with appeasement. These works have been read for millennia precisely because of their eternal relevance and their compelling and clear prose styles. I can think of few worse tragedies in education than for such works to be ignored for the sake of often unreadable monographs that deny students direct contact with the ancients.

## Dow 36,000

Although "Dow 36,000," by James K. Glassman and Kevin A. Hassett (September *Atlantic*), was interesting, the analysis and conclusion are fundamentally flawed. The authors use a dividend model to project what they call a "perfectly reasonable price" for the stock market. This calculation is the primary basis for their conclusion that the Dow Jones Industrial Average should be valued at 36,000 in the near future, if not today.

In describing their theory the authors state, "A normal bond and a growth bond are equivalent in present value if the sum of the growth bond's interest rate plus its growth rate is equal to the normal bond's interest rate." They then apply that basic economic theorem to stock-market dividend yields and historical dividend growth to arrive at their forecast of Dow 36,000. However, in that textbook economic principle the growth referred to must occur in bond *principal* each year . . . not simply in interest-rate payout, as the authors mistakenly assume. For simplicity's sake, let's take an extreme example: a growth bond that yields 0.5 percent with a 9.5 percent annual yield increase. That bond cannot have the same present value as a normal bond yielding 10 percent (0.5 percent + 9.5 percent), because it would require thirty-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

four years before the increasing yield of the growth bond matched the yield of the normal bond. Of course, total return would not be equivalent for many years after that (owing to thirty-four years of less than 10 percent yield in the growth bond).

**James B. Stack**
*President, InvesTech Research*
*Whitefish, Mont.*

"Dow 36,000" argues that stocks are now vastly undervalued rather than overvalued. Inaccuracies and faulty logic abound in this article, but four errors stand out in particular.

First, the "calculations" of present values are off. The authors claim to show that stocks are underpriced at about a third of their true value. Using as the discount rate their own estimates of yields and growth rates and the bond rate, stocks' present value is 0.80 (that is, not close to being worth buying). Using my slightly different estimates, stocks' present value is 0.47 (that is, stocks are selling for more than twice their value). My period in these calculations is fifty years—far longer than most investors use. (The authors may use an infinite period; if so, this would be their fifth major error.)

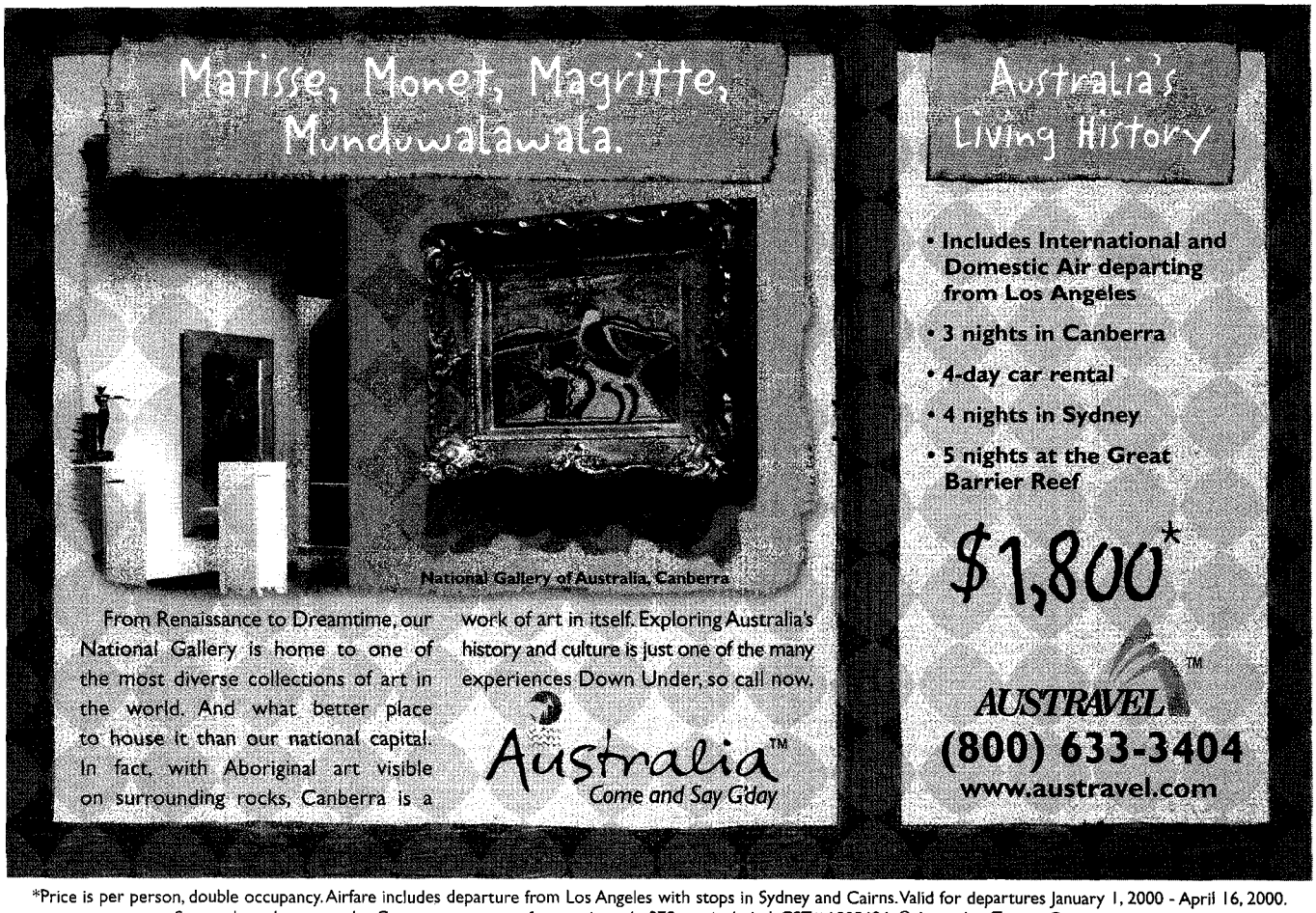
The authors' second major error is to extrapolate average growth trends from current elevated levels. It doesn't work that way. Historical trends in stock prices are lines cutting through cycles, between the highs and the lows. Future gains should be extrapolated from the level of these trend lines, not from a cyclical extreme point. Making this adjustment, I estimate that future capital gains will average –1.0 percent a year for the next decade (again using the assumptions of these authors). For twenty and thirty years the gains will average 1.1 percent and 3.2 percent a year. These are nominal gains, before deducting inflation. Real gains are therefore not even likely to be positive for twenty-five years or more, and much less likely to be high enough to satisfy investors expecting double-digit gains.

The third major error the authors make is to believe that earnings can grow for extended periods at a far higher rate than national income. They forecast that the dividend-growth rate will continue at 9.4 percent. At this rate of growth, corporate earnings would increase from 15 percent of the national income to 50 percent in about seventeen years. If exceptional earnings growth persists, workers and/or governments get squeezed. Neither markets nor government would likely allow earnings growth to outpace everything else for very long. Either competition or unionization would increase, lowering profits, or government would intervene to prevent bloody revolution from developing.

The authors' fourth error is to project that nominal growth in dividends will persist while they assume that inflation will be lower. This is a sneaky way to forecast an increase in real growth without saying so or having to justify the forecast.

**Douglas Korty**
*Carmel Valley, Calif.*

Glassman and Hassett look at the data for return versus holding period and conclude, as many others have, that all one has to do to guarantee a high return from stocks is to hold the investment for a long time—as if the investor had a choice. I call it the Louis Rukeyser argument: Pick a time, any time, and buy stocks. Hold them

*Price is per person, double occupancy. Airfare includes departure from Los Angeles with stops in Sydney and Cairns. Valid for departures January 1, 2000 - April 16, 2000. Seasonal surcharges apply. Government taxes of approximately $70 not included. CST#:1005626. © Australian Tourist Commission.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Seven more reasons to feel (plus one that everyone already knows)

## VIAGRA *is widely used*

*This is one fact about* VIAGRA *that most everyone is familiar with. Millions of men with erectile dysfunction* (ED) *have enjoyed more satisfying sex lives because of* VIAGRA. *But here are 7 more facts about* VIAGRA *that may be useful to you.*

## VIAGRA is effective in men with all types of ED

VIAGRA improves erections in up to 4 of 5 men who take it compared with 1 out of 4 for sugar tablets, regardless of how severe their ED is, how long they have had ED, what caused it, or even how old they are. If you're not satisfied with your sex life due to poor erections during recent months, talk to your doctor. You may be suffering from mild ED—and VIAGRA can help.

## VIAGRA has been extensively studied

In fact, in clinical trials of more than 3000 patients, VIAGRA was proven to be effective while having an excellent safety profile. And you can feel confident knowing that more than 250,000 doctors have written more than 14 million prescriptions for VIAGRA, as of November 1999, for more than 5 million patients.*

## VIAGRA works when you need it

VIAGRA begins working in as fast as 30 minutes, but it can be taken as much as 4 hours in advance of sexual activity. A general rule is to take VIAGRA about 1 hour before sex. That way, you can use the time to get intimate with your partner. Be spontaneous. Be playful. Have fun.

## VIAGRA only works when you are sexually stimulated

When a man is sexually stimulated, the arteries in the penis relax, and more blood flows into the penis, creating an erection. VIAGRA works by helping the blood vessels in the penis to relax, thereby increasing blood flow to the penis.

With VIAGRA, you must be sexually aroused (physically, visually, etc) to get an erection. If you take VIAGRA and are not sexually stimulated in any way, nothing will happen.

VIAGRA is not a hormone, an herbal supplement, or an aphrodisiac. VIAGRA is a prescription medication that can improve the erectile function of most men with erection problems. So with VIAGRA, a touch or a glance from your partner can once again lead to something more.

*Data on file. Pfizer Inc, New York, NY.

For more information, call 1-888-4VIAGRA or visit www.viagra.com.

*Please see patient summary of information for* VIAGRA *(25-mg, 50-mg, 100-mg) tablets on the following page.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## VIAGRA comes in 3 dosing strengths

With 3 different doses (25 mg, 50 mg, 100 mg), VIAGRA has a strength that works best for you. Like many medications, your doctor may have to adjust your initial VIAGRA dose if it doesn't produce the desired results or you're bothered by side effects. Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes, and do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.

## VIAGRA works best on an empty stomach

But if dinner is in your plans, you can still take VIAGRA. However, taking VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries) may cause the medication to take a little longer to start working.

## VIAGRA is well tolerated

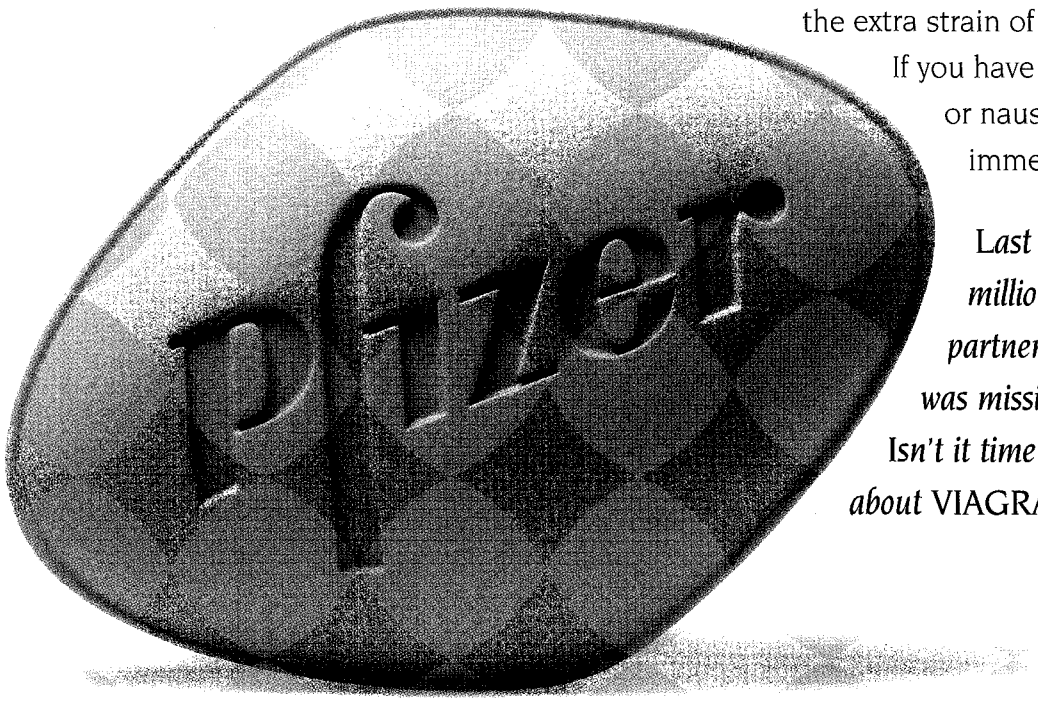
Like all medications, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These are usually mild and don't last longer than a few hours. In clinical trials, the vast majority of these side effects did not cause patients to stop taking VIAGRA. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses of VIAGRA. With VIAGRA, the most common side effects are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. VIAGRA may also briefly cause bluish vision, sensitivity to light, or blurred vision. In the rare event of an erection lasting more than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help.

VIAGRA is not for everyone. If you're a man who uses nitrate drugs, never take VIAGRA—your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level.

Be sure to ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of sexual activity.

If you have chest pains, dizziness, or nausea during sex, stop and immediately tell your doctor.

# good about VIAGRA




*Last year,* VIAGRA *helped millions of men and their partners find something that was missing from their lives. Isn't it time you found out more about* VIAGRA?

**VIAGRA®**
*(sildenafil citrate)* tablets

Love life again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Love life again.

**PATIENT SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT**

**VIAGRA®**
*(sildenafil citrate) tablets*

**This summary contains important information about VIAGRA®.** It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. Read this information carefully before you start taking VIAGRA. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you do not understand *any of this information or if you want to know more about* VIAGRA.

This medicine can help many men when it is used as prescribed by their doctors. However, VIAGRA is not for everyone. It is intended for use only by men who have a condition called erectile dysfunction. **VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking medicines that contain nitrates of any kind, at any time. This includes nitroglycerin. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe or life threatening level.**

**What Is VIAGRA?**

VIAGRA is a pill used to treat erectile dysfunction (impotence) in men. It can help many men who have erectile dysfunction get and keep an erection when they become sexually excited (stimulated).

You will not get an erection just by taking this medicine. VIAGRA helps a man with erectile dysfunction get an erection only when he is sexually excited.

**How Sex Affects the Body**

When a man is sexually excited, the penis rapidly fills with more blood than usual. The penis then expands and hardens. This is called an erection. After the man is done having sex, this extra blood flows out of the penis back into the body. The erection goes away. If an erection lasts for a long time (more than 6 hours), it can permanently damage your penis. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have a prolonged erection that lasts more than 4 hours.

Some conditions and medicines interfere with this natural erection process. The penis cannot fill with enough blood. The man cannot have an erection. This is called erectile dysfunction if it becomes a frequent problem.

During sex, your heart works harder. Therefore sexual activity may not be advisable for people who have heart problems. Before you start any treatment for erectile dysfunction, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex. If you have chest pains, dizziness or nausea during sex, stop having sex and immediately tell your doctor you have had this problem.

**How VIAGRA Works**

VIAGRA enables many men with erectile dysfunction to respond to sexual stimulation. When a man is sexually excited, VIAGRA helps the penis fill with enough blood to cause an erection. After sex is over, the erection goes away.

**VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone**

As noted above (*How Sex Affects the Body*), ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for sexual activity.

**If you take any medicines that contain nitrates–either regularly or as needed–you should never take VIAGRA.** If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine or recreational drug containing nitrates, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy, faint, or even have a heart attack or stroke. Nitrates are found in many prescription medicines that are used to treat angina (chest pain due to heart disease) such as:

- nitroglycerin (sprays, ointments, skin patches or pastes, and tablets that are swallowed or dissolved in the mouth)
- isosorbide mononitrate and isosorbide dinitrate (tablets that are swallowed, chewed, or dissolved in the mouth)

Nitrates are also found in recreational drugs such as amyl nitrate or nitrite ("poppers"). If you are not sure if any of your medicines contain nitrates, or if you do not understand what nitrates are, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

VIAGRA is only for patients with erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA is not for newborns, children, or women. Do not let anyone else take your VIAGRA. VIAGRA *must be used only under a doctor's supervision.*

**What VIAGRA Does Not Do**

- VIAGRA does not cure erectile dysfunction. It is a treatment for erectile dysfunction.
- VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from getting sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV–the virus that causes AIDS.
- VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

**What To Tell Your Doctor Before You Begin VIAGRA**

Only your doctor can decide if VIAGRA is right for you. VIAGRA can cause mild, temporary lowering of your blood pressure. You will need to have a thorough medical exam to diagnose your erectile dysfunction and to find out if you can safely take VIAGRA alone or with your other medicines. Your doctor should determine if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

Be sure to tell your doctor if you:

- have ever had any heart problems (e.g., angina, chest pain, heart failure, irregular heart beats, or heart attack)
- have ever had a stroke
- have low or high blood pressure
- have a rare inherited eye disease called retinitis pigmentosa
- have ever had any kidney problems
- have ever had any liver problems
- have ever had any blood problems, including sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- are allergic to sildenafil or any of the other ingredients of VIAGRA tablets
- have a deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or ever had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- are taking any other medicines

**VIAGRA and Other Medicines**

Some medicines can change the way VIAGRA works. Tell your doctor about **any medicines** you are taking. Do not start or stop taking any medicines before checking with your doctor or pharmacist. This includes prescription and nonprescription medicines or remedies. Remember, VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates (see *VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone*). If you are taking a protease inhibitor, your dose may be adjusted (please see *Finding the Right Dose for You.*) VIAGRA should not be used with any other medical treatments that cause erections. These treatments include pills, medicines that are injected or inserted into the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

**Finding the Right Dose for You**

VIAGRA comes in different doses (25 mg, 50 mg and 100 mg). If you do not get the results you expect, talk with your doctor. You and your doctor can determine the dose that works best for you.

- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes.
- If you think you need a larger dose of VIAGRA, check with your doctor.
- VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.

If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA. If you are taking protease inhibitors, such as for the treatment of HIV, your doctor may recommend a 25 mg dose and may limit you to a maximum single dose of 25 mg of VIAGRA in a 48 hour period.

**How To Take VIAGRA**

Take VIAGRA about one hour before you plan to have sex. Beginning in about 30 minutes and for up to 4 hours, VIAGRA can help you get an erection if you are sexually excited. If you take VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries), the medicine may take a little longer to start working. VIAGRA can help you get an erection when you are sexually excited. You will not get an erection just by taking the pill.

**Possible Side Effects**

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These effects are usually mild to moderate and usually don't last longer than a few hours. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face, and upset stomach. Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue color tinge to them), eyes being more sensitive to light, or blurred vision.

In rare instances, men have reported an erection that lasts many hours. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If not treated right away, permanent damage to your penis could occur (see *How Sex Affects the Body*).

Heart attack, stroke, irregular heart beats, and death have been reported rarely in men taking VIAGRA. Most, but not all, of these men had heart problems before taking this medicine. It is not possible to determine whether these events were directly related to VIAGRA.

VIAGRA may cause other side effects besides those listed on this sheet. If you want more information or develop any side effects or symptoms you are concerned about, call your doctor.

**Accidental Overdose**

In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

**Storing VIAGRA**

Keep VIAGRA out of the reach of children. Keep VIAGRA in its original container. Store at room temperature, 59°-86°F (15°-30°C).

**For More Information on VIAGRA**

VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction. Only your doctor can decide if it is right for you. This sheet is only a summary. If you have any questions or want more information about VIAGRA, talk with your doctor or pharmacist, visit www.viagra.com, or call 1-888-4VIAGRA.

23-5515-00-4

**VIAGRA®**
*(sildenafil citrate) tablets*

HC462X99

© 1999, Pfizer Inc

Pfizer U.S. Pharmaceuticals


long enough and you will outperform bonds. The logical fallacy is that in real life nobody knows what the holding period will be. That is precisely the risk in stock investing. You don't know when you will need your money back to pay off your credit card, or buy into your company, or get divorced. The annual share turnover of the Dow stocks is around 75 percent. Use that as a proxy for investors' average holding period and you get about a year and a half. To the extent that stock investors don't control the holding period, the higher risk associated with shorter holding periods can't be controlled, and the authors' argument fails.

But there is an even nuttier piece of illogic in the argument: the authors' theory of the Dow at 36,000 requires the willing, continuing subsidy of bondholders. Past markets have priced stocks and bonds to give different yields because a risk premium was attached to the projected economic benefit of stocks. Glassman and Hassett argue that this premium is irrational and that stocks and bonds should be priced to give a similar yield. They then suppose that all this pricing adjustment will be limited to stocks. Think about this, though. If everyone suddenly accepted the authors' logic, bondholders would no longer be willing to take 5.5 percent when for the same risk they could get 12.5 percent by holding stocks. Nobody would want bonds at the old yield, and bond prices would fall to give the new, improved yield, removing the impetus for higher stock prices.

**Dan Mayfield**
*Memphis, Tenn.*

The core of Glassman and Hassett's theory of stock value consists of a giant fallacy. In the past, they remind us, stocks have almost always returned more to the investor, over long periods of time, than bonds have, so owning them entails less risk than holding bonds. Consequently, they assert, the market should bid up stock prices to the point where the expected return from stocks is no greater than the interest rate on Treasury bonds. But once the Dow Jones Industrial Average rises to 36,000 and its dividend yield falls to 0.4 percent, stockholders cannot reasonably expect a compounding yearly return of more than 6.5 percent, and even that outcome would require a generous growth rate of six percent. An "expected return" for stocks means that there is an equal



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chance that the ultimate return will fall short of the target or exceed it. Since twenty-year Treasury bonds are now paying the same 6.5 percent, the buyer of Dow stocks at 36,000 levels would stand a fifty-fifty chance that his portfolio would underperform bonds. *No one* is going to expose himself to the vastly greater short-term volatility of stocks if he cannot count on the near certainty of a superior return further down the road. For the same reason, the market demands nearly two percent more return from long-term bonds than it does from three-month bills, though both securities are equally "safe" in the sense that both interest and principal will ultimately be paid.

Stocks are amply priced now. Using the authors' dividend-yield-plus-growth-rate formula, the universe of American stocks should return seven percent to eight percent over the next generation—only one percent or so more than Treasury bonds, and no more than corporate bonds. I would be willing to bet Glassman and Hassett that even ten years from now, when earnings and dividends should have nearly doubled, the Dow Jones Industrial Average will still be closer to its current level of 11,000 than to their hyperbolic projection of 36,000.

**J. Douglas Van Sant**
*Stockton, Calif.*

The central thesis of the article by James Glassman and Kevin Hassett betrays a schizoid attitude about dividends. After belaboring the invalidity of the dividend yield as a valuation tool, the authors miss the clue and proceed to use dividends as their valuation tool. Along the way, their discussion presents a totally confused account of virtually every aspect of dividends in the current market. They muddle the consequences of tax law's favoring capital gains over dividends and then overstate dividend payout ratios—that is, the percentage of net earnings paid as dividends. I defy them to find a stock other than a utility or a company on the ropes with a dividend payout ratio as high as 70 percent. Next they fail to take into proper account that the payout ratio of the Standard & Poor's 500 has been falling and that the dividend growth of the S&P 500 has not been keeping pace with the growth of earnings, whereas their "model" assumes stability in both figures.

I conclude that they use the rate of the thirty-year Treasury bond (giving us the


What should the place of government be in the life of the nation?

READING MIXED SIGNALS

★★★

Ambivalence in American Public Opinion about Government

*Albert H. Cantril* and *Susan Davis Cantril*

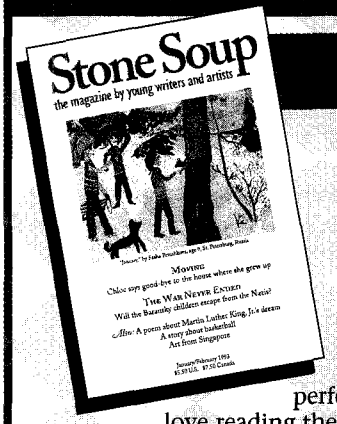
★This volume—rich in insights far beyond what can be summarized here—imparts one lesson no politician or political reporter should ever forget. People think in more than one dimension. It is far too easy to categorize voters in simplistic liberal or conservative camps or to create stereotypes like "soccer moms" or "angry white males" that conceal more than they reveal.
**—David Broder, *Washington Post***

★Many people [say] government is doing too much and has become too powerful—while at the same time they support many specific government programs for health care, education, the environment, etc. . . *Reading Mixed Signals* offers an up-to-date and comprehensive analysis of this fascinating paradox.
**—Michael Kagay, *New York Times***

$18.95 paperback

**Published by the Woodrow Wilson Center Press**
**Distributed by the Johns Hopkins University Press**
1-800-537-5487 • www.press.jhu.edu

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN




*"The New Yorker of the 8-to-13 set."*
MS. MAGAZINE

*"If **Stone Soup** had been around in the Brontë sisters' early days, they surely would have gotten their start within its pages."*
PARENTING MAGAZINE

**STONE SOUP**, now in its 27th year, is the perfect magazine for 8- to 13-year-olds. Young people love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. Colorful international children's art is featured in every issue. Budding writers and artists are inspired to create and submit their own work. **Stone Soup** makes a great holiday gift!

**Stone Soup** is published six times a year: January, March, May, July, September, November

☐ 1 yr. $32 ☐ 2 yrs. $54 ☐ 3 yrs. $74
Canada and Mexico add $6/year. Other countries add $12/year.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AmEx
Card # _____
Exp. date _____ Phone _____
Cardholder _____

Name _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Gift card: ☐ Xmas ☐ Hanukkah ☐ B'day
Gift from _____

**P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063 • 800 447-4569**
**Visit our Web site at www.stonesoup.com**




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

handy little tip that we can find this rate "in any newspaper") when discounting future cash flows from dividends in order to arrive at the present value of these cash flows, although they fail to state this clearly and at one point toss in a puzzling disclaimer that the rate "is really not so vital." But, of course, the rate used to discount these cash flows is an essential element of the authors' valuation, leading us to conclude that Glassman and Hassett are apparently incapable of distinguishing the baby from its bath water.

Having waded through this tedious dividend muddle, we await Glassman and Hassett's presentation of their brilliant new valuation method for the many already mature but non-dividend-paying stocks (such as Microsoft), a subject worthy of discussion. But the authors simply dodge the issue by declaring that all companies will eventually pay dividends—an assertion for which they provide no support or even rationale. With Jeffrey Bezos, of Amazon, and other CEOs deliberately disavowing earnings, not to mention dividends, and many companies opting for share buybacks in lieu of dividends, this assumption appears entirely unfounded. The very interesting subject of precisely how this unique valuation of a Dow currently consisting primarily of dividend-paying companies will affect the significant part of the market composed of non-dividend-paying stocks is not even broached. Does the Dow simply break off and float heavenward while the MCI-WorldComs sink?

For a variety of reasons, including unfavorable tax treatment, dividends are indeed becoming less important, less utilized by companies, less an indicator of valuation—that much is correct. Any valid revised stock-valuation method would not then be anchored solely to dividends. And so, after all these pages of scratching and calculating, the entire approach boils down (or evaporates away) to absolute zero.

**Charlene Gagon**
*Reston, Va.*

Crying "Excelsior," James Glassman and Kevin Hassett have now proclaimed their doctrine of stock-market nirvana in a new book, in a *Wall Street Journal* editorial, and in an *Atlantic* article. I searched the article fruitlessly for the date of the happy event. Finally, on the basis of the research by Jeremy J. Siegel cited in the article, I did a quick calculation of my own. The result? The Dow Jones Industrial Average will reach 36,000 in the year 2018, if we can wait that long. (As of this writing the Dow stood at 11,078.)

My first reaction to the article, however, was "Nikkei." For those with short memories, ten years ago the Japanese stockmarket index soared in similar fashion to 36,000, shortly before peaking at 39,000—and then lost two thirds of its value over the next two years. (Even today, after a sharp recent advance, the Nikkei stands at less than half its peak value.) The Japanese are no longer ten feet tall, and during the recession of the 1990s they have been forced to disgorge many of the treasures bought during the real-estate and stock-market boom of the 1980s—Rockefeller Center, most of Hawaii, and every Impressionist masterpiece that wasn't nailed down.

Today Americans stand ten feet tall in their paradise of casino capitalism. But amid the euphoria created by the "wealth effect"—the trillions of dollars in paper profits amassed by Wall Street investors—American households have refused to put any of their record earnings aside for a rainy day. In 1999, for the first and only time since the bleak Depression year of 1933, they actually spent more than their paychecks. Other worrisome financial indicators in this period of unprecedented prosperity include a doubling of the number of personal bankruptcies and corporate-bond defaults over the past several years.

Naturally, I'm impressed by the authors' back-of-the-envelope calculations, which they used to explain the market's ever-upward thrust. But I tend to favor my own explanation for the boom. Glassman and Hassett noted that on August 12, 1982, the Dow reached bottom at 777, but they failed to realize that on that day I retired from the Federal Reserve. Some Wall Streeter must have noticed, however, because my first day off the central bank's payroll coincided with the beginning of an almost unbroken seventeen-year period of investor exuberance, rational or otherwise. (That market reaction battered my self-esteem but bolstered my stock portfolio.) I could provide more details, but I'm busy right now assembling a shipment of tulip bulbs to peddle to Messrs. Glassman and Hassett.

**William M. Burke**
*San Francisco, Calif.*

*James K. Glassman and Kevin A. Hassett reply:*

James Stack says that one of our formulas is incorrect, an argument repeated in *Barron's* by Alan Abelson. Mr. Stack is wrong. The growth-bond equation we use is one of the foundations of modern financial theory, and is so commonly used that it is printed opposite the inside back cover of Brealey and Myers' famous textbook *Principles of Corporate Finance*: "If the initial cash flow is $1 at year 1 and if cash flows thereafter grow at a constant rate of $g$ in perpetuity, PV [the present value of that stream] = $1/(r-g)$."

By stopping his calculations at fifty years, Douglas Korty is imposing the radical assumption that the firm goes bankrupt in fifty years. It is not surprising that this would affect value. Indeed, in our book we list five questions you should ask about a company before you buy their stock. To us, the most important one is "Will the firm still exist fifty years from now?"

Dan Mayfield raises an excellent question: "Won't bond prices adjust instead of stock prices?" This question is treated at length in our book, where we draw on decades of economic research that suggests that bonds will not change in price.

To J. Douglas Van Sant we say, if the Dow is closer to 10,000 than to 36,000 ten years from now, we will each give $1,000 to the charity of your choice.

Charlene Gagon wonders whether firms will ever pay cash out to shareholders, as we assume. Clearly, the market agrees with us. Share prices would necessarily be at zero if investors believed that firms would never pay out dividends in any form. Perhaps Ms. Gagon should write a book to support her views, and title it *Dow 0*.

## Misunderstanding China

Robert D. Kaplan's article "China: A World Power Again" (August *Atlantic*) refers more to Kaplan than to the current scholarship and knowledge about China. Kaplan's conceptions of China remind me of Jean Nicolet, who set sail from the French colony in Quebec in 1634 to expand the fur trade to China. According to Timothy Brook, Nicolet prepared for his journey by packing a "Chinese damask robe woven with flowers and multicolored birds," which most likely featured the imperially favored colors green and yellow.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Shostakovich & Tchaikovsky, Trios ◆** Gidon Kremer, Mischa Maisky, Martha Argerich. (DG) 30895

**Schubert, String Quartets Nos. 8 & 13 ◆** The Lindsay Quartet. (ASV) 26590

# 12 CDs FOR THE PRICE OF 1

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE™

## NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

**American Dreams ◆** Indianapolis SO/Leppard. (Decca) 30897

**Chopin, The Four Ballades ◆** Evgeny Kissin. (RCA Red Seal) 31022

**José Carreras: The Golden Years 1976-1992 ◆** Arias, Italian & Spanish songs, Broadway & film hits. (Philips) ★ 30456

**Britten, Peter Grimes ◆** Vickers, Harper/Davis. (Philips) ★ 30457

**Ives, Symphonies Nos. 4 & 2 ◆** Phil. Orch./Ormandy & London PO/Serebrier. (High Performance) 31110

**Glass, Aguas da Amazonia ◆** With Brazilian instrumental fusion group Uakti. (Point) 31120

**Hildegard von Bingen, A Feather On The Breath Of God ◆** Gothic Voices. (Hyperion) 26894

**Purcell, Welcome To All The Pleasures ◆** The King's Consort/King. (Hyperion) 26900

**Rutter, Requiem ◆** Bournemouth Sinfonietta & Polyphony/Layton. (Hyperion) 26904

**Anonymous 4: Legends Of St. Nicholas ◆** Music written 1200-1350. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 31277

**Wynton Marsalis: Baroque Music For Trumpets ◆** Vivaldi, Telemann, more. (Sony Classical) 05399

**Mozart On The Menu ◆** Favorite works to complement any meal. (Philips) 22842

**Sarah Brightman: Time To Say Goodbye ◆** Includes hit single with Andrea Bocelli. (Angel) 21188

**From Gershwin's Time ◆** Gershwin's music performed by by the composer, Astaire, Jolson, many more. (Masterworks Heritage) ★ 31064

**Artists Of The Century—Mario Lanza ◆** Arias from Aida, Pagliacci, Tosca; *Be My Love*, much more. (RCA Red Seal) ★ 31125

**The Most Relaxing Classical Album In The World...Ever! ◆** Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, more. (EMI Classics) ★ 22494

**André Rieu: Romantic Moments ◆** *Danny Boy, O mio babbino caro*, more. (Philips) 28004

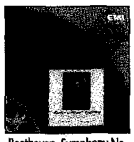
**Gabrieli, Music For Organ & Brass ◆** E. Power Biggs; Phil. & Cleveland Orchs. & Chicago SO brass. (Masterworks Heritage) 23714

**Bruckner, Symphony No. 4 "Romantic" ◆** Bavarian Radio SO/Klemperer. (EMI Classics) 28181

**Plácido Domingo: Sempre Belcanto ◆** Domingo's first solo disc, remastered! (Teldec) 28184

**Ravel, The Piano Concertos ◆** Krystian Zimerman/Pierre Boulez. (DG) 28209

**Haydn & Boccherini, Cello Concertos ◆** Du Pré/Barbirolli & Barenboim. (EMI Classics) 28214



**Beethoven, Symphony No. 9 "Choral" ◆** *Schwarzkopf*, Höngen, Hopf, Edelmann/Furtwängler. (EMI Classics) 28215

**Strauss, Four Last Songs; 12 Orchestral Songs ◆** Elisabeth Schwarzkopf/George Szell. (EMI Classics) 28217

**Chants Of The Roman Church ◆** Ensemble Organum/Pérès. 7th- & 8th-century chant. (Harmonia Mundi France) 28226

**Sibelius, Karelia Suite; Finlandia ◆** London SO/Davis. (RCA Red Seal) 28325

**Arabesque—Romantic Harp Music Of The 19th Century ◆** Dizi, Debussy, more. Susan Drake. (Hyperion) 28366

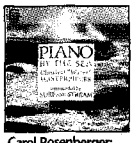
**The Ultimate Gilbert & Sullivan Collection ◆** Excerpts from H.M.S. Pinafore, Pirates Of Penzance, more. (London) 28419

**Dawn Upshaw Sings Vernon Duke ◆** Domingo's first solo disc, remastered! (Teldec) 28184

**On Broadway ◆** Cincinnati Pops/Kunzel. "The Lion King," "Rent," Titanic," more. (Telarc) 28649

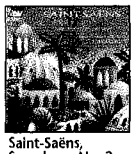
**The Bernstein Century—Stravinsky, The Rite Of Spring; Firebird Suite (1919) ◆** London SO & New York PO/Bernstein. (Sony Classical) 28665

**Edith Piaf: La Vie en Rose ◆** 25 of her earliest hits—*Tu es partout, La vie en rose*, more. (ASV Living Era) 28722



**Carol Rosenberger: Piano By The Sea ◆** Classical favorites blended with ocean sounds. (Delos) 28741

**Vivaldi, Opera Arias And Sinfonias ◆** Emma Kirkby. Brandenburg Consort/Roy Goodman. (Hyperion) 28820



**Saint-Saëns, Symphony No. 2; Suite Algérienne ◆** London SO/Butt. (ASV) 28850

**Cecilia & Bryn: Duets ◆** Bartoli & Terfel sing comical opera duets by Mozart, Donizetti, & Rossini. (Decca) 28866

**Twilight Of The Gods—The Essential Wagner Collection ◆** Ride Of The Valkyries, more. (DG) ★ 28656

**Mozart Adagios ◆** With Ashkenazy, Schiff, Marriner, many others. (Decca) ★ 28740

**Verdi, La Traviata ◆** Sutherland, Bergonzi, Merrill/Pritchard. No libretto included. (Decca) ★ 28909

**Handel, Messiah ◆** Paul McCreesh, cond. (Archiv) ★ 24641

**Charlotte Church: Voice Of An Angel ◆** Teen sensation sings *Pie Jesu, Danny Boy*, more. (Sony Classical) 30146

**Puccini In Love ◆** Pavarotti, Domingo, Freni, others in arias & duets from La bohème, more. (DG) 30221

**Paul Galbraith Plays Haydn ◆** Guitar transcriptions of four piano sonatas. (Delos) 30222

**Soul Of The Tango—The Music Of Astor Piazzolla ◆** Yo-Yo Ma, cello. (Sony Classical) 21959

**Beethoven, Violin Concerto ◆** Itzhak Perlman's celebrated recording remastered! Philhm. Orch./Giulini. (EMI Classics) 21699

**Fred Astaire: Let's Face The Music And Dance ◆** Berlin, Gershwin, Kern & Porter hits, rec. 1935-43. (ASV Living Era) 30461

**Bartók, Violin Concerto No. 2 ◆** Gil Shaham. Chicago SO/Pierre Boulez. (DG) 30486

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE™

## BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 5071 INDIANAPOLIS IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE
PO BOX 91103
INDIANAPOLIS IN 46209-9360

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 12 CDs FOR THE PRICE OF 1

BMG CLASSICAL MUSIC SERVICE

## NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

**Tchaikovsky, Violin Cto., Shostakovich, Violin Cto. No. 1** ◆ Midori/Abbado. *(Sony Classical)* 31232

**John Williams: The Seville Concert** ◆ Guitar works of Bach, Rodrigo, Vivaldi, more. (Sony Classical) 05415

**Beethoven, Syms. Nos. 6 & 8** ◆ NY Phil./Bernstein. (Sony Classical) 25504

**Penguin Classics—Bach, Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1-4** ◆ English CO/Benjamin Britten. (London) 26384

***Forces' Sweethearts—23 Songs* From The Heart-Throbs Of World War II** ◆ The Andrews Sisters, Doris Day, more. (ASV Living Era) 30734

**Build Your Baby's Brain 2—Through The Power Of Mozart** ◆ (Sony Classical) 30754

**Puccini, Turandot (Highlights)** ◆ Sutherland, Pavarotti, Caballé/Mehta. (London) 26458

**Puccini, Tosca** ◆ Callas, Gobbi, Di Stefano/de Sabata. (EMI Classics) ★ 21606

**Schubert, Impromptus D.899 & D.935** ◆ Radu Lupu. (Decca Legends) 30898

**Music Of Schubert, Schumann & Debussy** ◆ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; Benjamin Britten, piano. (Decca Legends) 30899

**Songs Of Scotland** ◆ *Annie Laurie, Auld Lang Syne, Comin' Through The Rye*, more. (ASV White Line) 26579

**The Romantic Piano Cto., Vol. 8—Medtner, Piano Cto. No. 1** ◆ Dmitri Alexeev/Alexander Lazarev. (Hyperion) 30901

**Addinsell, Warsaw Concerto** ◆ Martin Jones, piano. Kenneth Alwyn, cond. (ASV White Line) 26580

**Chanticleer: Colors Of Love** ◆ Popular male vocalists in appealing new works by Tavener, more. (Teldec) 30910

***New World Jazz*** ◆ *New World* Sym./Tilson Thomas. Gershwin, Bernstein, more. (RCA Victor) 26691

**Evgeny Kissin Plays Bach, Beethoven & Schumann** ◆ (RCA Red Seal) 26692

**Robert Shaw: Sea Shanties** ◆ *Shenandoah, Blow The Man Down*, 14 more. (RCA Living Stereo) 31021

**Bartók, The Miraculous Mandarin; Hungarian Sketches** ◆ Ivan Fischer, cond. (Philips) 26759

**Gibbons, Music For Harpsichord & Virginals** ◆ James Johnstone. (ASV Gaudeamus) 31093

**Plácido Domingo & Renée Fleming: Star Crossed Lovers** ◆ Duets from West Side Story, Otello, more. (London) 26787

**Eileen Farrell Sings Verdi** ◆ Soprano arias from *Aida, Otello*, more. (Masterworks Heritage) 22957

**Chopin, Trio For Violin, Cello & Piano** ◆ Ax, Ma, Frank. (Sony Classical) 10132

**Uccellini, Sonatas** ◆ Andrew Manze, Romanesca in 17th-century Italian music. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 31109

**Rzewski, The People United Will Never Be Defeated!** ◆ Marc-André Hamelin, piano. (Hyperion) 31111

**Mozart, Overtures** ◆ Colin Davis, cond. Le nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni, Die Zauberflöte, many more. (RCA Red Seal) 31122

**Denyce Graves: Voce di Donna** ◆ Arias from Carmen, Samson et Dalila, more. (RCA Red Seal) 31123

**Adams & Glass, Violin Concertos** ◆ Robert McDuffie. Houston SO/Christoph Eschenbach. (Telarc) 31137

**Handel, Concerti Grossi, Op.6** ◆ Academy Of Ancient Music/Andrew Manze. (Harmonia Mundi USA) ★ 26227

**Sacred Vocal Music Of Claudio Monteverdi** ◆ The Parley Of Instruments/Goodman & Holman. (Hyperion) 26893

**The Paderewski Symphony** ◆ *BBC Scottish SO/Maksymiuk.* (Hyperion) 26905

**Gould, Spirituals, Fall River Legend Suite; Barber, Medea Suite** ◆ Eastman-Rochester SO/Howard Hanson. (Mercury Living Presence) 31227

**Martin, Mass For Double Choir; Pizzetti, Messa di Requiem** ◆ Westminster Cathedral Ch./O'Donnell. (Hyperion) 26908

**Simpson, Symphonies Nos. 1 & 8** ◆ Royal PO/Handley. (Hyperion) 26956

**Taverner, "Western Wynde" Mass** ◆ The Sixteen/Christophers. (Hyperion) 26957

**José Cura: Anhelo—Argentinian Songs** ◆ Ginastera, Piazzolla, more. (Erato) 26995

**Beethoven, Symphonies Nos. 1-4** ◆ NBC SO/Arturo Toscanini. (RCA Red Seal) ★ 26462

**Rodrigo, Complete Ctos. For Guitar & Harp** ◆ The Romeros, Catherine Michel/Marriner, de Almeida. (Philips) ★ 30903

**Music Of The Night—The Essential Chopin Collection** ◆ Serenely beautiful solo piano music. (DG) ★ 26757

**Artists Of The Century—Montserrat Caballé** ◆ Arias from Norma, Adriana Lecouvreur, many others. (RCA Red Seal) 31121

**Schumann, Symphonies Nos. 1-4** ◆ Cleveland Orch./Szell. (Masterworks Heritage) ★ 22960

**NPR Milestones Of The Millennium—The Great War** ◆ World War I-era music—Elgar, Strauss, Mahler, more. (Sony Classical) 28275

**Glass, Koyaanisqatsi** ◆ Glass' 1983 film score in new, complete recording. (Nonesuch) 28001

***William Kapell: Frick Collection* Recital** ◆ Copland, Chopin, Mussorgsky, Schumann, Scarlatti. (RCA Red Seal) 28007

**Secret Garden: Dawn Of A New Century** ◆ (Philips) 28152

**Dawn Upshaw: The World So Wide** ◆ Soprano arias from American operas. (Nonesuch) 25595

**Leopold Stokowski Conducts Vaughan Williams, Dvořák & Purcell** ◆ National PO/Stokowski. (EMI Classics) 28182

**Villa-Lobos, Bachianas Brasileiras** ◆ De Los Angeles/Villa-Lobos. (EMI Classics) 28213

**Wanderers' Voices—Medieval Cantigas & Minnesang** ◆ Newberry Consort, Drew Minter. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 28228

**The Courts Of Love—Music From The Time Of Eleanor Of Aquitaine** ◆ Sinfonye. (Hyperion) 28230

**Maria Callas: Puccini Arias** ◆ Madama Butterfly, Manon, La bohème, more. (EMI Classics) 25603

**Music Of Ancient Greece** ◆ Realizations of rare surviving fragments of ancient Greek music. (Harmonia Mundi France) 25605

**Bartók, The Miraculous Mandarin Suite** ◆ Chicago SO/Doráti & Kubelik. *(Mercury Living Presence)* 25608

**Handel, Operatic Arias** ◆ David Daniels, countertenor. (Virgin Classics) 28302

**Beethoven, Three String Trios, Op. 9** ◆ Leopold Trio. (Hyperion) 28367

**Mahler, Symphony No. 1** ◆ Chicago SO/Pierre Boulez. (DG) 28410

**NPR Milestones Of The Millennium—The Renaissance In Music** ◆ Dufay, Tallis, Josquin, others. (Sony Classical) 28276

**Beverly Sills: Plaisir d'Amour** ◆ French Romantic songs & arias, Spanish songs. (Vocal Masterworks) 28423

**Mozart In Love** ◆ Arias & ensembles with Bartoli, Terfel, Upshaw, more. (DG) 28411

***Mozart, Sym. No. 40; Haydn, Sym. No. 92 "Oxford"*** ◆ Munich Phil./Sergiu Celibidache. (EMI Classics) 28413

**Shostakovich, Sym. No. 15; Piano Cto. No. 2** ◆ Mikhail Rudy, London PO/Jansons. (EMI Classics) 28415

**Jerusalem—Vision Of Peace** ◆ Gothic Voices/Page. Music of the Crusades. (Hyperion) 28417

**Tavener, Eternity's Sunrise** ◆ Five world premieres. Acad. Ancient Music/Goodwin. (Harmonia Mundi USA) 28439

**Barry, The Beyondness Of Things** ◆ John Barry ("Dances With Wolves," "Out Of Africa") conducts his own works. (London) 28444

**Sergei Rachmaninov: A Window In Time, Vol. 2** ◆ Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn, more. (Telarc) 28461

**Elgar & Bridge, Piano Quintets** ◆ Coull Quartet, Allan Schiller. *(ASV)* 28468

**Boulez, Répons** ◆ Ensemble Intercontemporain/Boulez. (DG) 28470

**Boccherini, Four Symphonies** ◆ London Festival Orch./Pople. (Hyperion) 28474

**Edda—Myths From Medieval Iceland** ◆ Early Music ensemble Sequentia. (DHM) 28597

**Great Pianists Of The 20th Century—Van Cliburn** ◆ Rachmaninoff & Tchaikovsky. (Philips) ★ 28002

**Gil Shaham & André Previn: American Scenes** ◆ Previn & Copland, Violin Sonatas; more. (DG) 28739

**Crossroads Of The Celts** ◆ Altramar. Medieval music of Ireland, Brittany, Scotland & Wales. (Dorian) 28742

**Yo-Yo Ma & Ton Koopman: Simply Baroque** ◆ Arrangements of Bach *(Jesu, Joy Of Man's Desiring*, more) & Boccherini. (Sony Classical) 28552

**Shostakovich, Symphony No. 6; Kodály, Dances Of Galanta** ◆ Pittsburgh SO/Reiner. (Masterworks Heritage) 28663

**Canadian Brass: Take The "A" Train** ◆ Music of Duke Ellington. *It Don't Mean A Thing, Come Sunday* & 14 more. (RCA Victor) 28786

**Barber & Schuman, Choral Music** ◆ Peter Broadbent, cond. Barber's Agnus Dei, Schuman's Mail-Order Madrigals, more. (ASV) 28818

**Fanny Mendelssohn & Clara Schumann, Piano Trios** ◆ Dartington Piano Trio. (Hyperion) 28877

**Sutherland-Horne-Pavarotti: Great Duets & Trios** ◆ Norma, Ernani, Otello, Il trovatore, La gioconda. (London) 28884

**The Ultimate Divas** ◆ Bartoli, Horne, Tebaldi, much more. (London) 28885

**The Greatest Opera Show On Earth** ◆ Favorites performed by Domingo, Pavarotti, Bartoli, many more. (London) ★ 28446

**Moore, The Ballad Of Baby Doe** ◆ Beverly Sills, Walter Cassel, Frances Bible/Buckley. (DG) ★ 28550

**Haydn, Sym. Nos. 95, 97 & 101 "Clock"** ◆ Philhm. Orch./Slatkin. (RCA Red Seal) 24956

**Julian Bream: The Ultimate Guitar Collection** ◆ Falla, Rodrigo, Villa-Lobos, Vivaldi, others. (RCA Red Seal) ★ 28763

**Bantock, Pagan Symphony; Fifine At The Fair** ◆ Royal PO/Handley. *(Hyperion)* 30127

**The Prayer Cycle—Music For The Century** ◆ W/Alanis Morissette, Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, James Taylor, etc. (Sony Classical) 30094

**Abbà Pater** ◆ Chants & prayers recited by Pope John Paul II in musical settings. (Sony Classical) 30276

**Mozart, Horn Concertos** ◆ Dennis Brain. Remastered! (EMI Classics) 21543

**Elgar, Cello Concerto; Sea Pictures** ◆ Cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, mezzo Janet Baker. Remastered! (EMI Classics) 21544

**Tchaikovsky, The Nutcracker Suite** ◆ Neville Marriner, cond. (Philips) 30264

**Berlioz, Overtures** ◆ Staatskapelle Dresden/Davis. Le roi Lear, Le carnaval romain, many more. (RCA Red Seal) 30289

**The Very Best Of Grappelli & Menuhin** ◆ *Night And Day, Summertime*, more. (Angel) 25976

**Prokofiev, Piano Ctos. Nos. 1 & 3; Bartók, Piano Cto. No. 3** ◆ Argerich/Dutoit. (EMI Classics) 26051

**Wagner, Tannhäuser (Highlights)** ◆ Domingo, Studer/Sinopoli. (DG) 30451

**Luciano Pavarotti: Donizetti, Arias** ◆ L'elisir d'amore, Lucia di Lammermoor, more. (London) 30455

**Les Vendredis** ◆ Dante Quartet. 16 works for string qt. by Glazunov, Rimsky-Korsakov, much more. (ASV Quicksilva) 30462

**Mozart, Sacred Music** ◆ Laudate dominum, Exsultate jubilate, complete Coronation Mass. Te Kanawa, London SO & Chorus/Davis. (Philips) 30485

**Greenfire: A Celtic String Ensemble** ◆ Traditional Irish & Scottish music. *(Dorian)* 26218

## HOW THE CLUB WORKS

# 6 + 1 + 5 = 12

| Pick 6 FREE *selections* | Buy 1 at Club price within *a year* | Get 5 more FREE | That's 12 for the *price of 1* |
|---|---|---|---|

## NOTHING MORE TO BUY, EVER!

A shipping and handling charge will be added to each selection.

**10-Day, Risk-Free Listening...** When you receive your introductory selections, preview them for 10 days and examine the terms of Club membership. If you're not completely satisfied for any reason, return the selections at our expense with no further obligation. It's that simple.

**Once You're A Member...** You'll receive *Encore*, your free members-only magazine and selection guide, about every 3 weeks (20 times a year). Filled with hundreds of carefully selected classical and operatic recordings, *Encore* also brings you exclusive artist interviews, editorials and special columns by guest critics. What's more, every issue has a sale—with **savings up to 70% off** our regular Club prices of $14.98 to $17.98 for CDs, $9.98 to $11.98 for cassettes.

**Your Featured Selection...** Each issue of *Encore* includes a Featured Selection, a recording deemed by our editorial staff to be of exceptional value to the collector, which will be sent to you automatically. If you don't want the Featured Selection, return the Music Selection Card by the specified date. You'll have at least 10 days to decide. If, for any reason, you have less than 10 days and receive an unwanted Featured Selection, simply return it at our expense and we will credit your account. Featured Selections are avaible on CD only.

**No Commitments...** After you purchase your one regular-Club-price selection, you may cancel your membership at any time simply by writing to us.

**If the reply card is missing,** please write to: BMG Classical Music Service, PO Box 91103, Indianapolis, IN 46291-0025

★ 2-CD set (counts as 2 selections).

Dog and Horn are trademarks of General Electric Company, USA. The BMG logo is a trademark of BMG Music. Other trademarks used in the advertisement are the property of various trademark owners.

© 1999 BMG Direct CMS 955

## START SAVING! MAIL THIS POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY.

❶ Please accept my membership in BMG Classical Music Service and send my 6 FREE selections as indicated. Under the terms of this offer, I agree to buy just 1 selection at the regular Club price ($14.98 to $17.98 for CDs) within a year. I will then receive 5 more choices FREE! That's 12 for the price of 1, *with nothing more to buy, ever!* I understand that a shipping and handling charge will be added to each selection.

❷ Rush me these 6 selections now (indicate by number):

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | |
| | | |

A 2-CD set (★) counts as 2 selections.

❸ ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms. (PLEASE PRINT) First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt.

City State Zip

( )
Phone Area Code

**SAVE 50% to 70%**
**Savings start from day one and keep getting better the longer you're a member.**

SN KALLS CMS 955

Offer limited to one per person, per year. We reserve the right to request additional information, reject any application or cancel any membership. Local taxes, if any, will be added. Late charges will be added to past-due bills. Offer available in continental USA and under special arrangement in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, U.S.V.I., APO and FPO. Offer and product selection may vary in Canada: BMG Music Service, PO Box 6070, Mississauga, ON L5A 4K2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He landed on the west shore of Lake Michigan and, dressing appropriately, met the natives in the territory later known as Green Bay. (Perhaps the Packers adopted the Chinese colors!)

Kaplan uses a thinly veiled mandarin argument to warn against possible chaos in China if liberal American advice regarding human rights and democracy is enacted. The arguments of Confucianists and communists dovetail neatly into a defense of the government and the rulers of the state. He provides the usual overview of a China that is hyperpopulated, flooded, and wracked with imperialistic invasions. Democracy, we are told, may ruin China, bringing about turmoil and socio-economic disintegration.

Another history of China—not the official text—narrates the struggles by Chinese to promote human rights, constitutional law, freedom of expression, ecological protection, and a respect for universal, nonnationalistic values. If one wants to take a lesson from history, it may be well to look at how the Ming dynasty ended. Its economic prosperity was foiled by the traditional authoritarian structure of the ruling elite. Brook's study of commerce and culture in the Ming dynasty argues persuasively that despite the great progress and economic freedoms that developed, the patriarchal system not only survived but may even have grown stronger. Are we defending a new Ming dynasty?

**Richard C. Kagan**
*Hamline University*
*St. Paul, Minn.*

*Robert D. Kaplan replies:*

Whether my argument can be construed as mandarin is less to the point than whether or not it has validity. Indeed, almost all the sites of war and human catastrophe in recent decades outside the ex-communist world—Ethiopia, Rwanda, Nicaragua, Yemen, Kenya, Pakistan, Algeria, Sierra Leone, and so on—have borne the same symptoms of population growth, unhealthy forms of urbanization, and resource depletion that China has. Even more to the point, in many such places large-scale, ethnically motivated murder occurred because of the way some of these demographic and environmental factors reacted with democratization. Recent tribal bloodletting in Nigeria, sectarian violence in the Pakistani city of Karachi prior to the October coup, and the mayhem in Rwanda are prime examples. China bears striking similarities to these places—just read the history of China in the first few decades of the twentieth century. Rather than asserting that my argument can be confused with that of communists, Richard Kagan should remember that it is not only journalists who must make fine distinctions rather than crude comparisons but also academics. As for the Ming dynasty, population pressures on natural resources in fact contributed to its demise. Although crop yields went up to sustain a growing population through the first quarter of the seventeenth century, a lower living standard ensued.

## Betty Friedan

Alan Wolfe ("The Mystique of Betty Friedan," September *Atlantic*) misses the point. To disparage Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* because parts of it rely on now-discredited sources is something like discrediting Copernicus because, in addition to upsetting the theory of a geocentric universe, he believed in ether and the four humors.

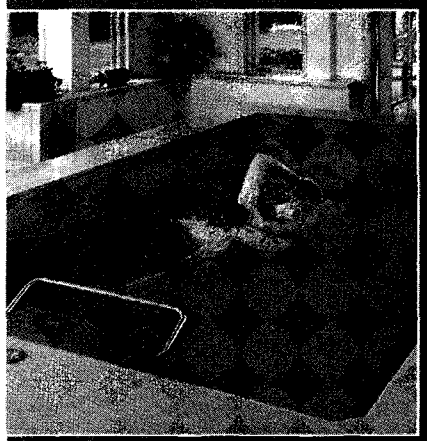
It's not Friedan's philosophizing that carries a wallop; it's her brilliant demonstration of how the definition of femininity is so very malleable. In Chapters 2 and 9, "The Happy Housewife Heroine" and "The Sexual Sell," she showed how postwar women's magazines consciously engineered a new woman uninterested in anything but her appearance, home, and family, because this kind of woman made the best consumer for the spate of newly available home and beauty products advertised in those magazines.

When my students read these chapters, they excitedly exclaim, "Hey, this is still happening!" That's why Betty Friedan's work is very much still happening.

**Corless Smith**
*San Francisco State University*
*San Francisco, Calif.*

Alan Wolfe brought back a painful memory—one I can now see as "classic Betty." Seventeen years ago I stood on a Pittsburgh curbside, enthusiastically awaiting Ms. Friedan's arrival from the airport. She had agreed to speak at our liberal-arts college, and I, as the chair of the Women's Studies Department, was to welcome her. We on the faculty had been changed by her words. Now we were to hear her speak in person. I felt so lucky.


Swim at Home™



Think Of It As A Treadmill For Swimmers!

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

Free Video! Call 800-233-0741, Ext. 841

Visit our web site at www.endlesspools.com or write Endless Pools, Inc. 200 E Dutton Mill Rd Dept. 841 Aston, PA 19014

ENDLESS POOLS™




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She surged from the door, ignored my outstretched hand, dropped her bag beside me, and strode forward. Her goddess mystique disintegrated on the spot. Her demeanor for the next forty-eight hours didn't vary. Neither has my disappointment, though I can now see that the personal is not always political; sometimes it is simply personal.

**Victoria Jean Dimidjian**
*Florida Gulf Coast University*
*Fort Myers, Fla.*

I found Alan Wolfe's "The Mystique of Betty Friedan" annoying for a number of reasons. First, it occurred to me, as a writer and social theorist, that it is abundantly and sophomorically foolish to waste pages impugning the validity, scientific or otherwise, of an epochal nonfiction best seller thirty-five years later, by variously attacking the data, reliability, or character of other writers whose later works served as examples and inspiration.

Second, and this is of more interest, the significance of a theory (from Einstein's on relativity to Friedan's on women) lies in its predictive ability applied to new facts, phenomena, and events. It is not necessarily undermined by refutation of some of its assumptions or data. Einstein's relativity theory, for example, was refuted by Walter Kaufmann, a respected physicist, in the year it was published. Betty Friedan also does pretty well here. We don't read often these days about "bankers and their wives."

Third, the process of writing a best seller, like law and sausage making, is best left behind closed doors. What agents, acquisitions editors, and marketing managers advise and demand, such as personalizing your story, separates the women from the girls. Similarly, no one, to the best of my knowledge, ever became an ongoing major American celebrity and political-movement leader—beyond fifteen minutes of fame or six months of inspired influence—by accident or through a lack of ambition and fortitude.

**Roy Morrison**
*Warner, N.H.*

## Waldorf Schooling

Re "Schooling the Imagination," by Todd Oppenheimer (September *Atlantic*): Having worked in a Montessori school for a short time many years ago, with a kindergarten-age classroom, and now having the experience of watching my five-year-old niece and nephew grow up, one of the questions I have about the Waldorf system is the late age at which children are expected to be accomplished as readers. Late assessment of learning disabilities aside (a frightening oversight in my opinion), this is an idea that, by necessity, can work only if parents are willing and able to maintain their children in that private-school program for several years—long enough, anyway, to see the Waldorf philosophy unfold. The parents would also have to be experts at teaching public relations and self-esteem to their children in order to shield them from their critical or well-meaning peers and relatives. Most parents now know that reading to children helps prepare them to read.

Waldorf sounds as if it has some wonderful ideas to help encourage reading as a passion. Children—if my own experience with them is indicative—also want to read, however, and just about when they are five or six years old. If the Waldorf schools believe in presenting material creatively and in play, they can find a way to accomplish reading at an earlier age. One of the incredible things I witnessed as a teacher in the Montessori program is that with the teaching of phonics to even very young children, they were able to write their own stories as well as read. To see children as young as five years old creating something of their own in writing is an incredible privilege and a great way for little voices to be heard.

**Denise Westcott**
*Mission Viejo, Calif.*

I read with mixed emotions Todd Oppenheimer's article on Waldorf education. In part I was delighted, yet I also felt used. As a proponent of Waldorf education, I was quite pleased that an article devoted to the pedagogy and philosophy of Waldorf schooling had made it into such a widely read publication. Oppenheimer represented Waldorf in a positive light, and I especially appreciated his attention to the presence of Waldorf pedagogy in the public school setting. All students (not just those whose parents can afford to pay) should be exposed to the healing pedagogy that Waldorf has to offer.

Nevertheless, I was quite distressed, actually furious, that Oppenheimer had used much of the information I gave him in our lengthy telephone interview last fall without mentioning my name in his article. His inclusion of the educational practice called "looping," John Dewey and the Progressive Era, and the difficulty of integrating other subject areas into mathematics were all part of our conversation. As an academic who has spent the past five years researching and writing about Waldorf education and whose livelihood depends on this research, being cited without the proper reference is, to say the least, devastating. To rectify this situation I expect credit and recognition for my contribution to Oppenheimer's article.

**Mary Barr Goral**
*Mount Mary College*
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

Our family thoroughly enjoyed the article about the Waldorf schools. When our daughter, Maggie, now a freshman in college, was in sixth and seventh grade, we lived in Germany. The first year, Maggie attended a German public school and learned the German language. At the end of that year a teacher recommended the Waldorf school to us. We had never heard of Waldorf but were immediately interested, because it was a ten-minute walk from home as opposed to fifty minutes of walking and subway rides. What a serendipitous decision that was. The building was lovely, the rooms pleasant with their soft pastel walls, the grounds full of flowers and gardens planted and tended by various classes.

The main teacher, who was with the same students from first through eighth grade, was soft-spoken, patient, and well prepared. The program was wonderful, from the poetry recited every morning and the special saying recited on each child's birth day (Maggie's was every Friday) to the handwork classes (our collection includes a pair of velvet shoes, a doll, and a wooden bowl), the orchestra concerts (where we listened to the youngest on their kazoos and recorders and to the oldest performing their poised exam pieces), the handwritten and illustrated "textbooks," and even the rather unusual dance classes. My husband and I, though barely able to speak German, were welcomed and involved—we attended parent evenings with the teacher once a month, baked cakes for the Advent Fest, were part of the calling tree to announce the arrival of field-trip buses. One of Maggie's friends from Waldorf has visited us twice (once to do her three weeks of service at a day-care cen-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter), and Maggie has visited the school on a trip back to Frankfurt. If we lived near a Waldorf school in the United States, I think that I would like to teach there, and Maggie would like to have continued there. Thanks for bringing back such happy memories.

**Ann Sullivan**
*Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

*Todd Oppenheimer replies:*

Denise Westcott, in questioning the Waldorf tradition of delaying the final stages of reading instruction until third grade (which in the private Waldorf system usually means until age nine), has hit on one of Waldorf's most questionable practices. Such a delay can miss crucial windows of opportunity for learning to read, and for catching learning disabilities early. However, reading experts who are knowledgeable about Waldorf methods point out that their approach—which emphasizes oral storytelling and other work to develop the imagination—builds a linguistic base that traditional reading instruction usually lacks. This turns Waldorf education into an especially significant commitment; in fact, interrupting Waldorf's approach to teaching reading is a risk unto itself, as Ms. Westcott suspects. Waldorf teachers fall down with reading when they become doctrinaire. Most experts argue that discouraging a child from reading early if he or she is eager to do so is not much better than pushing others to read before they are ready. These conflicts have been partly ameliorated in Waldorf public schools, which have generally moved the final stages of sound and word recognition from third to second grade. Judging from reading scores, that approach has been largely successful.

I am sorry that Mary Barr Goral feels slighted. During the months of research this article involved, I interviewed scores of educators at length, many of them unidentified in my article, about the issues of concern to Ms. Goral. I'm glad to acknowledge her contribution to my research.

**Editors' Note**

We are grateful to Ben Marra Studios for permission to use photographs appearing in the book *POWWOW: Images Along the Red Road* as visual reference for the cover art for the December *Atlantic*. For more information see Marra's Web site: http:www.halcyon.com/benmarra/


BETTER SOUND THROUGH RESEARCH®

BOSE

At its best, technology can be virtually indistinguishable from magic. Our newest Lifestyle® systems. The Personal™ music center replaces a rack of components, with Jewel Cube® speakers about the size of a computer mouse. Technology. Part of the reason we're the most respected name in sound.

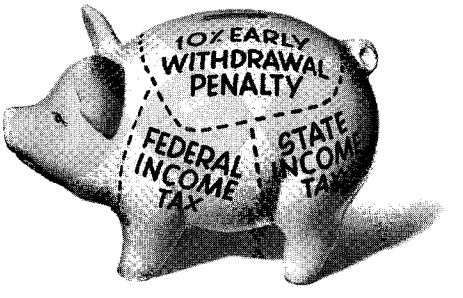
TECHNOLOGY

Which Bose product is best for you?
1-800 ASK BOSE
please request ext.804 or
ask.bose.com/ca804

For your home. Your car. Your business. Your life.

©1999 Bose Corporation JN00254

Switching Jobs Can Have An Unfortunate Effect On Your Retirement Savings.




**Don't Lose 40% Or More Of Your Retirement Plan To Taxes And Penalties. Call For Your Free Information Kit Today.**

**T. Rowe Price can help.** Call for our free kit on managing the payout from your former employer's retirement plan. The kit clearly explains the pros and cons of all the distribution options, so you

can decide what's best for you. Because we'd hate to see your retirement plan go all to pieces.

1-800-541-6127

*Invest With Confidence*
T.RowePrice

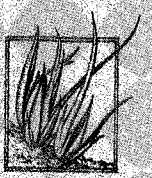
For more information, including fees and expenses, request a prospectus. Read it carefully before investing.
T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor. IRAR051511




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Racing To The Moon.

Instinct and moonlight guide them to the ocean. For newborn sea turtles, it is a run



for survival. They must quickly move past predators to the safety of deep water. That's why people working in partnership on Thevenard Island conceal the light from their oil and gas operations. So the turtles won't be drawn off-course. Which helps protect a threatened species by making certain the only light visible is the one that leads home.

Chevron

People Do.

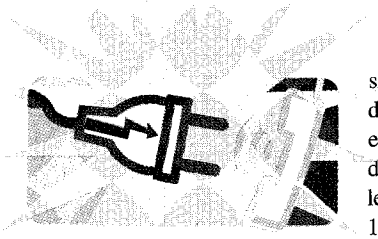
www.peopledo.com

©1999 Chevron Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE JANUARY ALMANAC

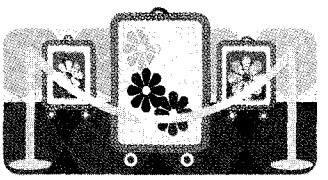


## Environment

Don't be too quick to blame Y2K for any systems failures that may occur this month—the culprit could be solar storms. The sun's 11-year storm cycle is due to peak early this year, probably bringing an increase in the number and intensity of solar flares—violent bursts of energy caused by magnetic fluctuations on the surface of the sun. The likelihood of electrical blackouts, satellite and cellphone malfunctions, and other disruptions will thereby be increased. The last time the solar cycle hit its peak, in 1989, the storms knocked out power in Ontario for nine hours, causing some $10 million worth of damage. Power companies around the world will be using a program to monitor electrical surges, in the hope of preventing outages this time around. And scientists are working on a satellite that may one day provide accurate advance notice of solar disturbances.

## Food

The implementation of new federal food-safety guidelines for meat and poultry will be completed on January **25**, three years after the process began; the country's smallest meat and poultry plants (generally, those with fewer than 10 employees) must be in compliance as of today. The U.S. Department of Agriculture formulated new procedures after outbreaks of E. coli in 1992 and 1993. It adopted a system, developed by NASA for space-flight preparations and known as Hazard Analysis and Critical Control Points, under which plants analyze their operations from beginning to end to determine areas in which problems might arise. As of January of 1997 all plants were required to follow basic sanitation procedures; since then HACCP guidelines have been phased in, starting at the largest plants. Contaminated meat and poultry have caused some 5 million illnesses and 4,000 deaths annually in the United States. The cost to consumers of the new guidelines will be about one tenth of a cent per pound of food.

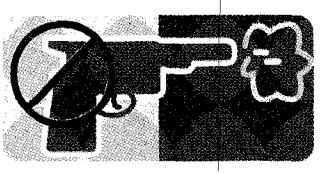


## Arts & Letters

Two of the Smithsonian's premier museums, the National Portrait Gallery and the National Museum of American Art, will close for three years starting this month, as Washington's Old Patent Office Building, where they are housed, undergoes renovations. The public will still have access to much of their contents, though, because the museums will send exhibits drawn from their collections—16 shows in all—to more than 100 cities in the United States, Europe, and Japan. This is thought to be the first time that a major U.S. museum has put its permanent collection on the road. The works will be in good company: at any given moment millions of dollars' worth of art is moving around the United States as a result of museum loans or traveling exhibits compiled from multiple institutions. In 1998 there were more than 600 traveling shows, an increase of nearly 30 percent since 1993. Cuts in government funding of the arts are believed to be a contributing factor: museums have turned to traveling shows as a way to increase their visibility and attendance and to attract corporate funding.

## Health & Safety

January **25**: Today the Department of Health and Human Services will announce its national health objectives for the coming decade. Various groups will use the objectives to shape public-awareness campaigns, special events, and publications. Areas to be targeted include racial disparities in health care, the safety of medical products, emerging infectious diseases, and mental health. Preliminary evidence suggests that 60 percent of the goals for the 1990s were partly or entirely met. Successes include increases in breast-cancer survival rates and in mammography screening, a reduction in the number of children who die in fires, and a downturn in chlamydia-infection rates. Disappointments have come in attempts to reduce the rate of hospitalization for asthmatic children, to increase participation in physical education among high school students, and to curb adolescent substance abuse.



## Government

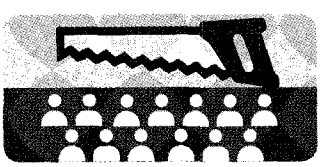
January **1**: Today California bolsters its reputation as a national leader in gun control, as three laws passed last year take effect. The laws prohibit the sale of assault weapons with military characteristics and ban the sale of ammunition magazines of more than 10 rounds; limit handgun purchases to one per person per month; and prohibit minors from attending gun shows without a parent, guardian, or grandparent. **15**: Louisiana's Republicans hold their caucus today, marking the earliest start ever to the presidential nominating process. **17**: Martin Luther King Jr. Day. This year, for the first time, all 50 states will observe the holiday, which the New Hampshire legislature recognized last year. **24**: The Iowa caucus takes place today.

## The Skies

The evening sky is dominated all month by Orion the Hunter, the quintessential winter constellation, which is most easily spotted by picking out the belt—a short row of three equally bright, evenly spaced stars. January **3**: The waning Moon lies near Venus in the southeast at dawn. **20**: Full Moon, also known this month as the Winter or Wolf Moon. The first total lunar eclipse to be visible in North America since 1996 occurs tonight; it reaches totality just after 11:00 P.M. EST.

## 100 Years Ago

John Jay Chapman, writing in the January, 1900, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Our system of party government has been developed with this end in view: to keep the control in the hands of professionals by multiplying technicalities and increasing the complexity of the rules of the game. There exists, consequently, an unformulated impression that the corruption of politics is something by itself. Yet there probably never was a civilization where the mesh of powers and interests was so close. It is like the interlocking of roots in a swamp. Such density and cohesion were never seen in any epoch, such a mat and tangle of personalities where every man is tied up with the fibres of every other. If you take an axe or a saw, and cut a clean piece out of it anywhere, you will maim every member of society. How idle, then, even to think of politics as a subject by itself, or of the corruptions of the times as localized!"



Illustrations by Mimi Weber



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GEVALIA® KAFFE

FINE COFFEES OF EUROPE

IF YOUR PASSION IS COFFEE, YOUR PLEASURE WILL BE GEVALIA.®

IMPORTÉ EXCLUSIVEMENT PAR GEVALIA KAFFE.

## Receive a truly remarkable welcome gift, from Gevalia Kaffe.

It seems only fitting that a coffee as indulgent as Gevalia Kaffe comes with an equally indulgent welcome gift. Along with your Trial Shipment, you'll receive our exclusive coffeemaker — Free, with no further obligation (*retail value $44.95*).

Rich, delicious, Gevalia Kaffe is a coffee unlike any other. A tradition that began in 1853, Gevalia Kaffe is masterfully roasted and blended in Europe. We then vacuum seal each package to help preserve freshness and ship them direct to your door.

**HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN LOOK FORWARD TO:**

**FREE GIFT AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.** You must find Gevalia Kaffe entirely pleasing or you may cancel your membership and keep the free coffeemaker and mugs as our gift. *If you are pleased with Gevalia Kaffe, do nothing and a standard shipment of four 1/2-lb. packages (2 lbs. total) of the type(s) you originally selected will be shipped to you approximately one month later. You will then receive the same shipment once every 6 weeks unless we receive other instructions from you. Once eligible, each year you will also receive* a special holiday shipment of Gevalia Kaffe. You will be notified in advance with details of this shipment and its seasonal price; you may change the frequency, quantities or types of your shipments or cancel anytime by calling toll free 1-800-GEVALIA.

**CONVENIENT BILLING.** You will be billed only $5.55 per 1/2-lb. package of Gevalia Kaffe Regular (*$6.25 per package for Decaffeinated*). A shipping and handling charge will be added. You may pay upon receipt of each shipment or, for those using credit cards, subsequent shipments will be conveniently billed to your card. *Coffee prices are subject to change.*

**NO MINIMUM. NO COMMITMENT.** There is no minimum purchase. You may cancel your membership and stop your shipments at any time simply by notifying us by mail or phone. And if you must return a shipment, you may do so at our expense. Gevalia Kaffe reserves the right to substitute a gift of equal or greater value when limited supplies are exceeded. Please be assured that your satisfaction is guaranteed or you may return the item for a complete refund. Offer is subject to change and is open to residents of the U.S., the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, and is only valid for new members of the Gevalia Kaffe program. Limit one Gevalia Kaffe or European Coffeehouse Collection® membership per household. Coffeemaker offer expires 12/31/00. GEVALIA *is a registered trademark.*

©2000 Gevalia Kaffe.

**CHOOSE A FREE 10-CUP COFFEEMAKER JUST FOR TRYING OUR COFFEE**

Respond by 3/15/00, and you'll also receive two FREE matching mugs.

**CALL 1-800-GEVALIA**

☐ YES, I would like to try one pound of Gevalia for $10, including S&H, and receive a free coffeemaker in my choice of color. If I respond by 3/15/00, I also receive 2 free mugs. Please send Gevalia — two 1/2-pound packages of the type(s) indicated — with the understanding that I will continue to receive shipments of Gevalia approximately every six weeks, plus a special holiday shipment.

I understand I may cancel this arrangement any time after receiving my introductory shipment without obligation to accept further shipments. The coffeemaker is mine, regardless of my decision.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

( )
Phone

**Check one:** ☐ a. 1 lb. Traditional Roast® Regular
☐ b. 1 lb. Traditional Roast® Decaf
☐ c. 1/2 lb. Traditional Roast® Regular and 1/2 lb. Traditional Roast® Decaf

**Check one:** ☐ *Whole Bean (1)* ☐ *Ground (2)*

**Coffeemaker and mug color:**
☐ Green (EG-MG) ☐ White (WH-MW)
☐ Black (BL-MB) ☐ Blue (CC-MC)

**Charge my:** ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard
☐ *American Express* ☐ Discover

Card Number

Exp. Date _____ Month/Year

Signature Required

CODE: 113761

☐ Enclosed is my check payable to **Gevalia Kaffe** for $10.

**Complete and mail to:** GEVALIA KAFFE, P.O. Box 11424, Des Moines, Iowa 50336-1424

**AVAILABLE IN THE U.S. ONLY BY EXPRESS HOME DELIVERY 1-800-GEVALIA (1-800-438-2542). You can also order at www.gevalia.com**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Winter's Tale

*Out on that cobalt ice I feel the same age as the children, and do not tire, and the leaps of my heart are in perfect lockstep with theirs*

**by Rick Bass**

WHEN I consider whether anything memorable or extraordinary has happened to me up here in the Montana winter, I come up lacking. I don't have a specific winter's tale. Or if I ever had one, it has been wiped clean from the slate; no memory or even hint of a memorable winter event exists. It's as if all the winters of my life have hypnotized me, committing my memory to snowmelt, to runoff.

Mostly I remember the ephemera of winter—the regular details, hypnotic and soothing in their repetition and their steadfast predictability, which give a peculiar sweetness to the so-short days, the steadiness of the non-events. It's possible that I'm sleeping through most of winter's memorability. (Often in January and February I sleep ten hours a night; I'm exhausted by five in the evening, wobbly by six, longing for the pillow by seven, and snoring by eight.) But I don't think so. I don't believe that it's in winter's nature to live by big events. Winter lacks the pyrotechnics of spring, the brute, strapping joy of summer, the old sugary nostalgia of autumn. It's just cold and elegant, monochromatic, somnolent. Animals are asleep or gone south. I might hear a lone raven croak or caw, and the integrity of that sound, so

Illustration by David Johnson



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# After 80 years in higher education, we've learned a thing or two about investing.

## Let us teach you what we know.

For the better part of a century, TIAA-CREF has been the retirement system of choice for millions of educators and researchers. Now, our low-cost, high quality personal retirement annuities, IRAs, insurance coverages, mutual funds, and financial counseling services are available to everyone.

But don't just take our word for it. ***Individual Investor*** magazine says, **"For decades TIAA-CREF has churned out top returns by following disciplined strategies that focus on controlling risk."*** Of course, past performance is not a guarantee of future results. Want to learn more? Call 800 226-0147, and we'll send you more complete information about TIAA-CREF's products and services, including charges and expenses, or you can request our mutual fund and personal annuity prospectuses. Please read them carefully before you invest or send money.

TIAA CREF

**Ensuring the future for those who shape it.**℠

RETIREMENT | INSURANCE | MUTUAL FUNDS | TRUST SERVICES | TUITION FINANCING

* Source: *Individual Investor* magazine, November 1999. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc. distributes CREF certificates and interests in the TIAA Real Estate Account. Teachers Personal Investor Services, Inc. distributes the variable component of the personal annuities, TIAA-CREF Mutual Funds, and Tuition Savings Agreements. TIAA and TIAA-CREF Life Insurance Co. issue insurance and annuities. TIAA-CREF Trust Company, FSB provides Trust Services. © 1999 TIAA-CREF. Investment products are not FDIC insured, may lose value and are not bank guaranteed.

**1 800 226-0147**
**www.tiaa-cref.org**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

isolate, can seem almost shattering. For a moment I nearly awaken—such crispness, amid a time of all-other mutedness, lures my heart up and out of its sleepy resting time. But then the raven is gone. I listen to the cloth-cutting sound of its heavy wingbeats, and then even that is gone, and it doesn't call again.

I remember the sounds in town in early winter, as the trucks go driving past with their rattling, clanking tire chains. But I'm not sure that's memorable.

I remember the sight of a swarm of mayflies hatching along the river during a snowstorm, when the temperature was right around freezing: mayflies rising and disappearing into a descending curtain of snow.

I remember the way the house gets warmer in the middle of the night when it's snowing—as if someone had laid another blanket over me. I remember what it's like to wake briefly, feel that extra warmth, know without having to look out the window that the snow has begun again, and then go back to sleep.

I remember walking outside one day in midwinter, when my skin was already dry and tight—going from 60° indoors to -45° outside. When the cold air hit my face, my skin contracted so quickly that the thin skin on the bridge of my nose split, as if a fine knife had been drawn across it, and a spray of blood leaped out from that split.

What I remember about winters past is the sweet and complete loneliness, and the deep rest of down time. The incredible, unyielding slowness. The purple, snow-laden skies dense over the twin humps of Roderick Butte outside my kitchen window: the same view every day.

The routine: up early, eat a bowl of oatmeal, drive my older daughter to school, return home, fix coffee, head out to the cabin to work, shuffling through the new snow, usually ankle-deep. Such stillness: to remember color or sound at that time of year, one must go into the imagination.

Build a fire in the wood stove. Work for three or four hours. Go back to the house. Only a few hours of light left, just enough time to put on snowshoes or cross-country skis and set out for a short trip, which is a necessary thing every day, no matter what the weather—necessary for the beauty, but also to keep the blood flowing, to keep cabin fever at bay. Down in the depths of winter a fine line distinguishes euphoria from despair for the unpracticed or the extravagant. One has to move carefully, slowly, as if on thin ice above a deep emotional chasm.

While I'm out on snowshoes or skis, even with my heart pounding and my blood running strong, I find that I'll nonetheless fall back into trances, into winter states of near-hypnosis. I can stare for long moments at the stark white of an aspen tree against the day's new snow, with more falling, or at the ice scallop where a deer bedded down, the warmth of its body melting its shape into fallen snow, the cast as yet unfilled by the oncoming snow. And I can be made inexplicably happy by such staring.

Time to push on, gliding on the skis. Not going anywhere, and not running from anything. Just going.

▪ ▪ ▪

My wife and I have two young daughters, and I worry as I age that they will soon find us, or me, exceedingly boring. I worry that I will hold them back with my staid, sleepy pleasure in the world; that my stodginess might somehow rub off on them; that my willingness to postpone the pursuit of true excitement in favor of a quiet evening at home with a book, or a short walk in the woods, may in some vague way be keeping them from unfettered joy.

I don't always feel that way. But in winter it's more pronounced; their hearts beat so fast, and mine beats so slowly.

Once, something happened that I guess I could call memorable—though someone else might find it unexceptional.

Our house looks out on a large, perfectly round marsh. We live tucked beneath dense forests of spruce and fir and larch, but the marsh has only sky above it—one of the few openings in the dense forest.

Once or twice each winter a chinook will blow through, melting the snow in the marsh and turning it into a pond; and then, following the chinook, the cold will return, freezing the pond crackling solid, perfect for skating. In any winter weather we ski or sled on the frozen marsh. I attach the sled to my waist with a rope and gallop around and around like a horse, giving the girls rides, glorying at being, for a little while, out from under the beautiful shroud of the forest. But in the cold spells following those chinooks we skate, and because the ice is so new, so quickly reformulated, it is strangely clear. We can see the bent, yellowing marsh grass folded down below that clear ice, but we aren't in danger: the ice is solid, and even if it weren't, the marsh is rarely more than a foot deep.

The clarity, the lucidity, of the ice is not the memorable thing. We've discovered that at dusk—even after the sun has gone down behind the buttes—this clear, clean ice will retain bands of color within it, ribbons of cobalt, extraterrestrial in hue. We have no idea where the color is coming from. No sunlight is left in the sky—just the ghost light of dusk. But the ice glows with those space-blue ribbons, just beneath the slick surface. We've never seen the color anywhere else. It seems trapped in the ice, desiring to get out. We can see it only at dusk, and it's there for only a day or two. Then the snow returns and buries it.

The memorable thing is this: that swirling cobalt gives us extra energy, extra strength. The children are always joyful, but out there on that clear ice I can skate with them and pull them on the sled all day long, on into the dusk, and into the gloom of winter-evening light, long past supper, leaping, sliding, running, jumping. Out on that cobalt pond another alchemy seems to take place just above the ice: I feel the same age as the children, and do not tire, and the leaps of my heart are in perfect lockstep with theirs.

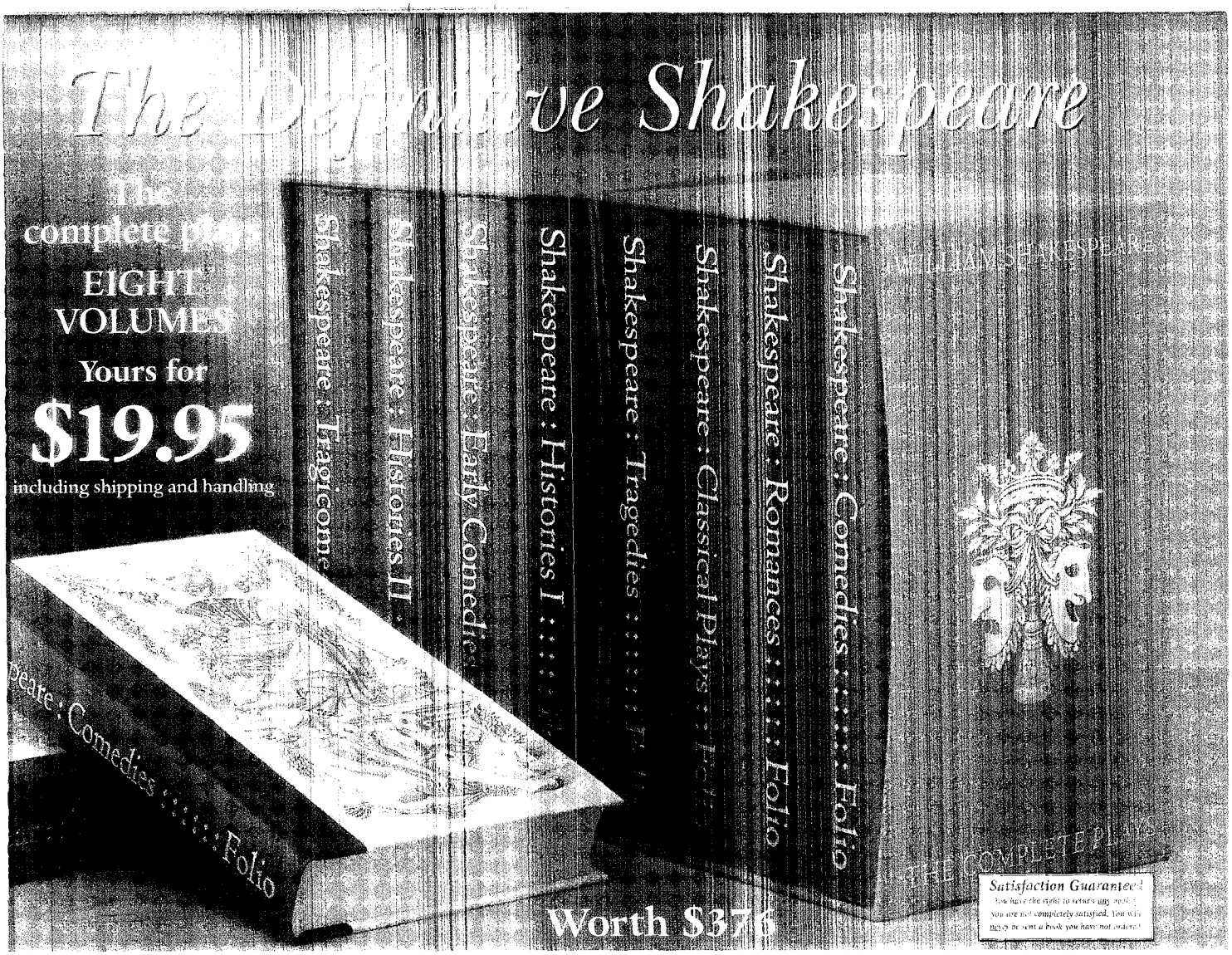
Later that night, after supper, because the ice is smooth and perfect, I go back out to skate on it by starlight, and to watch the winter stars, so fierce and bright. It's twenty below or colder, but the stars are so much more brilliant, the atmosphere is so clear, at that temperature, and that great opening in the sky above the marsh is exhilarating.

I hope the children remember those times. They are memorable to me.

I have no other tales beyond that. Have I slept through winter always? Have I missed something? I don't believe that I have.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Definitive Shakespeare
The complete plays
EIGHT VOLUMES
Yours for
$19.95
including shipping and handling


There can be little [illegible] this edition is closer to the original texts than any previous one – a monument in **Shakespearean scholarship.**'

*Peter Ackroyd*

SHAKESPEARE'S importance cannot be overestimated – his plays are so intrinsic to our culture that no library is complete without them. Ever since his words were first spoken on the Elizabethan stage, scholars and editors have striven to compile the most accurate and informative edition of the Bard's plays.

The Folio Society has created the [illegible] trated edition that will last [illegible] your introduction to the [illegible] ite you to accept this super[illegible] – worth $376 – all you pay is $19.95 including shipping and handling.

**'Shakespeare – the nearest thing in incarnation to the eye of God'**

*Sir Laurence Olivier*

Plus, if you reply within two weeks, we shall send you FREE *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, which will be yours to keep whatever you decide about joining.

The Folio Society does NOT send you unsolicited [illegible] choices of the month'. You simply [illegible] my four books from our comprehensive Prospectus to fulfill your membership.

Our current publications include classic and modern fiction, history and eye-witness accounts, memoirs, biographies, children's books, humor, poetry, legend and authoritative books on the classical world.

We publish our books for dedicated readers who wish to experience the pleasure of the fine edition. Why not join us today?

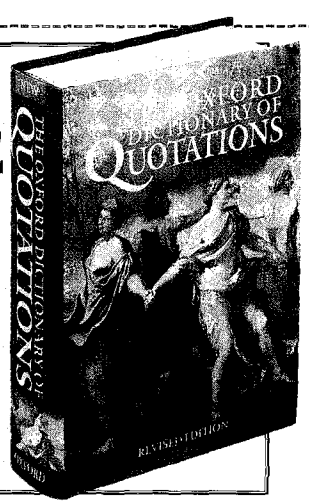
THE FOLIO SOCIETY
P.O. Box 693, Holmes, PA 19043

**PLUS FREE**

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

**Yours to keep, just for replying**

**Worth $39.95**




To: The Membership Secretary, The Folio Society Ltd,
P.O. Box 693, Holmes, PA 19043.
Fax: 1-610-532-9001.

ORDER TOLL FREE
1-800-353-0700

Please accept my application for FREE trial membership of The Folio Society and send me *The Complete Plays of William Shakespeare*, together with the Folio catalogue and my FREE copy of *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. If I agree to purchase at least four books from your catalogue I will be billed only $19.95 for *The Complete Plays of William Shakespeare* (including shipping and handling). If I am not satisfied – for any reason – I may return the introductory set within 10 days. My membership will be cancelled, and I will owe nothing. *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* is mine to keep whatever I decide.

Name _____ Date _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zipcode _____

PLEASE ALLOW 21 DAYS FOR DELIVERY. APPLICATION SUBJECT TO APPROVAL. OX11M3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Europe's Back Doors

*Two sleepy Spanish enclaves on the coast of Morocco are suddenly of concern to both sides of the Mediterranean—as entry points for Africans slipping illegally into the European Union*

**by George Stolz**

THE first time Michael Emeka heard mention of Ceuta, a Spanish enclave in North Africa, he was lying under a truck. The truck was parked alongside a road on the outskirts of Lagos, the capital of Nigeria; Emeka was with three other men, co-workers who had suddenly found themselves out of jobs when the warehouse where they were employed burned down. Taking advantage of the shade the truck offered, the young men were discussing their options: return to their homes in Lagos, or seek opportunity elsewhere?

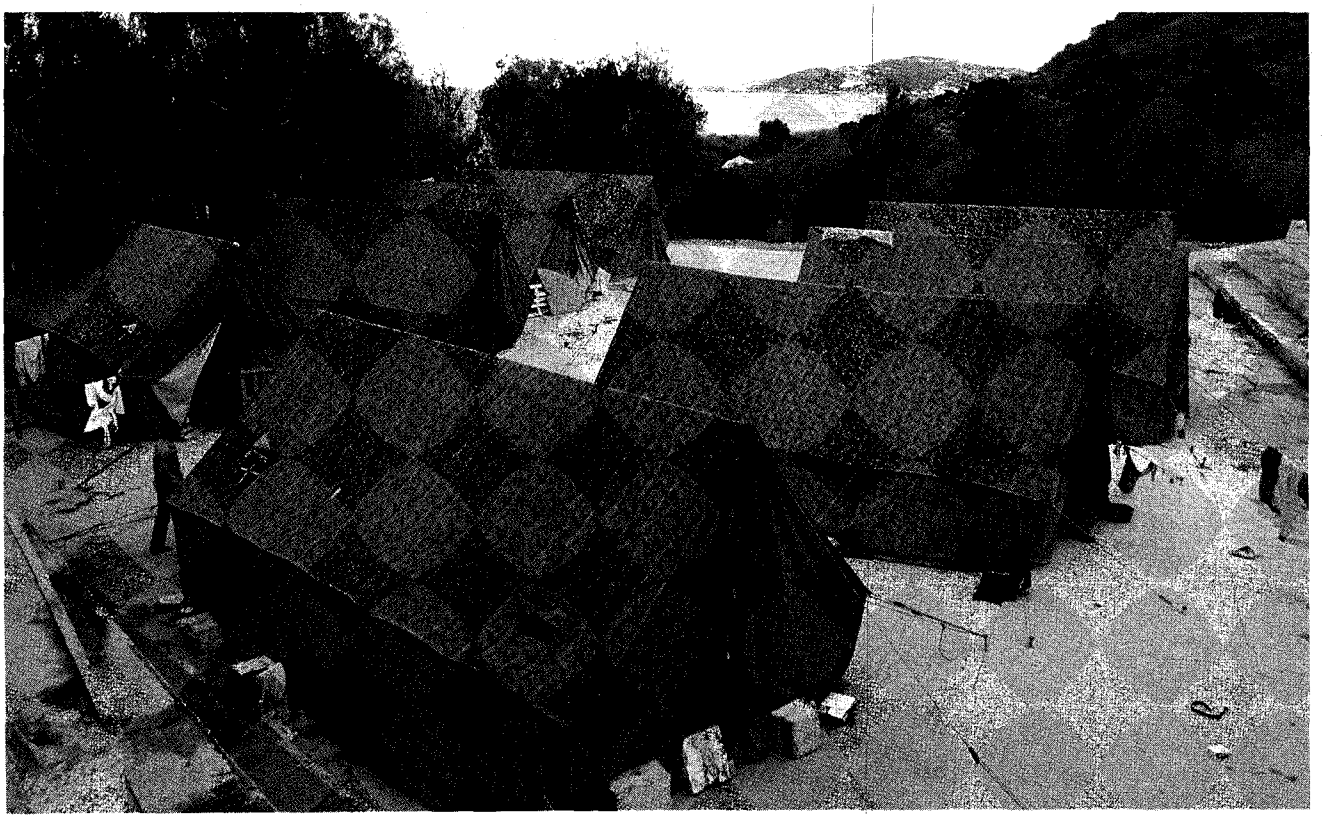
The decision was not a difficult one to make: go elsewhere. After all, they were young men, confident of their own powers, unencumbered by responsibilities, and, given Nigeria's deep-seated poverty, doubtful about future opportunity at home. So, elsewhere. But where?

One of the men suggested a place called Ceuta; he recalled having read a magazine article about a Spanish city of that name on the northern edge of the continent, a city into which thousands of fellow Africans had already slipped, thus stepping into the embrace and privilege of the European Union.

Emeka's friend was not misinformed. Ceuta and Melilla are Spanish cities—former penal colonies—on the Mediterranean coast of Morocco. During the 500 years they have been possessions of Spain, these unobtrusive enclaves have for the most part fallen outside the range of mainstream European affairs. But their peripheral status ended when Spain entered the European Union, which effectively moved the southern border of Europe into Africa and made Ceuta and Melilla

***Illegal immigrants in Ceuta's Calamocarro camp, which lies in Spanish territory on the Moroccan coast, across from Gibraltar***

TOP AND BOTTOM: JACQUES LANGEVIN/SYGMA





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE DAY, CHILDREN WILL
LOOK AT THE WORLD
THEIR PARENTS HAVE GIVEN THEM,
AND THEY WILL SAY
"THANK YOU."

The 500,000 men and women of America's Electric Utility Companies take great pride in generating electricity more cleanly and efficiently than ever before. In fact, we're leading all U.S. industries in taking voluntary actions to mitigate greenhouse gas emissions. To learn more about our environmental programs, and new ways you can use electricity wisely, visit our Web site (www.eei.org/enviro/). Our children deserve a cleaner planet. Together, we can help give it to them.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC UTILITY COMPANIES

©1998, by the Edison Electric Institute. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*By one estimate, Europe will see 25 million legal and illegal immigrants over the next decade, the bulk of them coming from Africa.*

funnels for clandestine immigration.

In the past immigrants—at least those in search of economic opportunity, which means most of them—would have had little reason to make their way to Spain. Spain is a nation from which people have traditionally emigrated, from the New World conquistadors to nineteenth-century settlers in Cuba and Argentina to manual laborers in postwar Germany. Even today Spain's emigrants outnumber its immigrants.

But in 1995 several nations in the European Union began to enact the Schengen Accords, by which internal EU borders were weakened and external borders were strengthened, and entry into Spain became a virtual guarantee of unimpeded passage to Germany, France, or nearly any other EU country—a powerful temptation for a potential immigrant. And Spain has not been spared the shrinking labor pools and restructuring economies that have affected nearly all industrialized nations. Like its Northern European neighbors, Spain needs guest workers to harvest its crops, build its buildings, clean its houses, and labor in its factories.

Significant numbers of illegal immigrants from sub-Saharan Africa began appearing in Ceuta and Melilla in the mid-1990s, almost as soon as the accords started to go into effect, and nearly 12,000 have made their way there so far. At least 6,000 entered Ceuta illegally last year. Despite Spain's attempts at vigilance and prevention, perhaps twenty to twenty-five Africans reach Ceuta daily, and some 10,000 are said to be biding their time in nearby Moroccan cities such as Tangier and Tetouan, waiting their turn for experienced local smugglers to show them how, when, and where to cross the border.

These figures are not large in comparison with immigration figures for other EU nations, such as Germany and France, and tiny in comparison with the number of legal and illegal immigrants who enter the United States each year. But they are certain to grow. The Spanish Foreign Ministry estimates that Europe will see up to 25 million legal and illegal immigrants over the next ten years, with the bulk coming from Africa; if such predictions prove correct, the impact on Spain will be great.

"The figures are small, but the phenomenon itself is new," says Hector Maravall, the director of Spain's National Immigration and Social Services Institute. "Today there are about ten thousand immigrants out of all Africa, including Morocco, into Spain each year. If you compare that with the immigration pressure on Germany or even Italy, it's nothing. But four or five years ago there were five hundred annually to Spain. You have to ask, What is going to be happening five years from now?"

The Schengen Accords foresaw some of the potential complications in Spain's insistence on maintaining the enclaves—a position, like the United Kingdom's refusal to relinquish Gibraltar, rooted in both sentimental historical reasons and strategic military ones. However, when the accords were drafted, the primary concern was clandestine immigration out of Morocco, where, according to a recent Moroccan study, poverty, unemployment, and demographic distribution are such that up to 89 percent of young Moroccans aspire to emigrate to Europe someday.

An elaborate system of border controls was devised to coincide with implementation of the accords, in order to thwart a deluge of uncontrolled immigration from Morocco into the enclaves and not asphyxiate their economies, which are almost entirely dependent on trade (much of it clandestine) with the Moroccan hinterland. Moroccans living in the Rif, a poor, mountainous, and historically separatist region of Morocco in the immediate vicinity of Ceuta and Melilla, are free to enter the enclaves, but because of controls on outgoing aviation and maritime traffic, they cannot continue onward to the Spanish mainland.

Moroccans lacking permits who are detained in Ceuta and Melilla, or who are caught trying to pass from Ceuta and Melilla to the mainland—most frequently under or inside trucks on ferries—are dealt with straightforwardly: they are de-

JACQUES LANGEVIN/SYGMA

***Africans seeking work may have traveled for months to reach Calamocarro, formerly a camp for youth groups from Ceuta. Some of them are returned home. The lucky ones wait***



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ported to Morocco. However, when non-Moroccan immigrants—primarily from sub-Saharan Africa—began showing up in Ceuta and Melilla, the issue became more complex.

When detained by the Spanish police, these immigrants routinely give false names and countries of origin, having previously destroyed or concealed their identification cards and passports. The purpose of the subterfuge—common throughout Europe—is to delay the repatriation process. Under Spanish law, if an undocumented immigrant has not been expelled from the country within forty days, he or she can be detained no longer. And even when an immigrant's country of origin is verifiable, the same bureaucratic loophole prevails, given the combination of clumsy EU norms and clumsier (and often uncooperative) bureaucracies in many African nations. As a frustrated police administrator working with African immigrants in Ceuta says, "You try calling Burundi. You try sending a fax to Sierra Leone. See how fast you get an answer."

Once an immigrant has set foot in Ceuta or Melilla, the onus of repatriation is on the Spanish government. This is not simple. Deporting undocumented illegal immigrants to Morocco—whence, obviously, they must have crossed into the enclaves—is in theory a legal alternative. A 1992 Spain-Morocco readmission treaty, similar to many treaties signed in recent years by Germany and its neighbors in Eastern Europe, calls for the return of undocumented immigrants who can be proved to have entered Spanish territory through Morocco.

In practice, however, deportation is not feasible for Spain in these cases. Morocco does not officially recognize Spanish sovereignty over Ceuta and Melilla, and although it avoids making direct challenges, it resists cooperation with Spain on many border issues involving the two cities. Thus Morocco steadfastly refuses to accept virtually all non-Moroccan deportees from Spain. And even in the rare cases when non-Moroccan immigrants (caught scaling a fence, say, or slipping through the drainage tunnels that mark the frontier) have been returned to Morocco, the Moroccan police are said to have looked the other way, for a fee, while the immigrants remained in the region and prepared for later attempts at crossing the border.


INDEPENDENT INVESTORS:

PUT OUR BROKERAGE TO THE TEST.

1. CONTACT 20 OR SO ON-LINE BROKERS, AND NOTE THEIR RESPONSE TIMES. (SMARTMONEY DID.)

2. CANVASS MORE THAN 100 INVESTORS, AND ASK THEM TO SHARE THEIR ON-LINE TRADING EXPERIENCES. (SMARTMONEY DID.)

3. FINALLY, REPEAT STEP ONE WITH T. ROWE PRICE, AND SEE, AS SMARTMONEY DID, WHY WE'RE #1 IN CUSTOMER RESPONSIVENESS AS WELL AS ONE OF THE MOST RELIABLE ON-LINE BROKERAGE SITES YOU CAN FIND.*

To open an account, contact us today. Because when it comes to responding to our clients' needs, we're more than up to the test.

1-800-541-6128 | www.troweprice.com/brokerage

T.RowePrice
BROKERAGE SERVICES

*SmartMoney, June 1999. T. Rowe Price ranked #1 for customer responsiveness and #3 in Web reliability. Survey covered 21 leading discount brokerage firms. Rankings were based on eight categories. The Responsiveness category was based on how long it took the discount brokers to respond to customers in three areas—e-mail, telephone, and regular mail. The Web Reliability category was based both on delays and downtime over a 105-day period from January 1, 1999, to April 12, 1999. **$24.95 per stock trade for up to 1,000 shares plus an additional 2 cents for each share over 1,000. Call or visit our Web site for a commission schedule for rates on representative-assisted and other non-Internet trades. T. Rowe Price Brokerage is a division of T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc. Member NASD/SIPC. BROK051512

KNOWLEDGE • SERVICE • ON-LINE TRADES FROM $24.95**




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EFE

***As Spain fortifies its African enclaves with galvanized-steel fences and guard towers, aid organizations struggle to keep up with the needs of those people who have made it across the border***

THE first groups of undocumented, undetained Africans were left to wander around the enclaves without work, food, or housing (and without legal rights to obtain them), yet were understandably disinclined to return to their native countries. In the early 1990s, the time of the first arrivals, neither city had a detention center or an office for handling immigration affairs. Few of the immigrants spoke Spanish. Ceuta and Melilla are not large places: Ceuta covers about eight square miles and has a population of about 70,000; Melilla covers less than five square miles and has a population of about 60,000. The black Africans were conspicuous, because of their enforced and very public idleness as well as their skin color.

The Spanish authorities, at least initially, did nothing, apparently hoping that the situation would disappear if ignored long enough. A primary concern was to avoid treating the immigrants in a way that would encourage others to follow—for instance, by creating comfortable conditions or being liberal in granting political asylum. The mayor of Ceuta, Basilio Fernandez, was explicit in a 1995 interview with the Spanish newspaper *El País*: "If we improve the situation, more will continue to arrive. Ceuta can't become Europe's ghetto."

The Africans in Ceuta took refuge in grottoes within the fortifications that crisscross and encircle it—fortifications that were built mostly by the Portuguese in the mid sixteenth century, shortly before the enclave (and Portugal itself) became part of the Spanish empire. The Catholic Church, led by Father José Bejar, the local parish priest, brought in mattresses, food, clothing, and other basic amenities. But when a group of sixty Kurds suddenly showed up in Ceuta and joined the Africans, their request for political asylum was rapidly processed and they were transferred to an immigration center on the Spanish mainland. The Africans rioted in response. Paramilitary groups entered the melee with rocks, sticks, and iron bars. The chaotic brutality was captured on video and repeatedly broadcast on Spanish television. In the aftermath the Spanish government installed the immigrants in an open-air camp on the outskirts of the city.

Called Calamocarro, the camp sits on a wooded hill about two miles from the center of Ceuta. From the top of the hill, amid stands of eucalyptus and pine, there is a clear view across the Strait of Gibraltar to the city of Tarifa, separated from Ceuta by a mere eight miles or so of water at the strait's narrowest point. The camp was formerly used by youth groups from Ceuta; today it is a welter of government-issue blue tents, worn and faded by the harsh North African sun. Although its official capacity is about 500, Calamocarro regularly houses 1,000 to 2,000 immigrants; the overcrowding and lack of functional plumbing are as evident to the nose as to the eye.

The immigrants are divided into two main groups on the basis of language (Francophone and Anglophone), and each language group elects a representative to handle dealings with aid workers and the Spanish authorities. Those from Nigeria, Africa's most populous nation, are in the majority, but Calamocarro has seen Africans from all over the continent. A separate cluster of tents houses a group of Algerians (about a hundred earlier this year), and another cluster includes immigrants from places such as Kashmir, Pakistan, and Sri Lanka, whose presence in Calamocarro testifies to the worldwide pull of clandestine immigration.

A privileged few have their own tents, inherited from others who preceded them in the camp. These tents are smaller and sleeker, more like a backpacker's than a refugee's, and they are pitched on higher ground, separate from the others. This area is known in Calamocarro as the USA.

One tent, the largest, serves as a makeshift chapel. The chapel's hard-packed dirt floor slopes with the hill on which it stands, making yet more precarious the rickety folding chairs arranged in neat rows. Two strips of black cloth pinned to the front of the chapel form a cross. Worshippers often stand before

***A woman in labor was heaved over the fence by companions she was picked up by the border patrol and gave birth in a hospital in Ceuta***





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cross and recount their arduous journeys across great stretches of Africa, testifying to the miraculous nature of their safe arrival in Calamocarro. Their tales invariably include references to traveling companions who perished en route—victims of illness, violence, or the infernal heat of the deserts in Mauritania and Algeria. A smaller tent serves as a mosque for the chanted prayers of the camp's many Muslims.

Private enterprise thrives in Calamocarro. Planks propped on rocks display cigarettes, candy, and batteries for sale. One tent holds a barbershop and hair salon. Another functions as a restaurant, offering bowls of chicken stew and bread-like masses of dough; the Ghanaian proprietor cooks on a small wood fire using sticks gathered at the edges of the camp. Many of the Africans descend daily into Ceuta, where they line the oceanfront highway, toting buckets and rags and offering to wash cars for three dollars.

THE first arrivals in Ceuta were predominantly able-bodied men in their twenties, destitute and half starved, their feet swollen from the journey. Later women and even young children began appearing. Some of the women arrive pregnant; according to the Red Cross, there is an average of one birth a month among the women in Calamocarro. A pregnant woman in labor was heaved over the frontier fence by companions last March; she was picked up by the border patrol and taken to a hospital in Ceuta, where she gave birth. In August a four-year-old child was tossed over the fence with a note pinned to her dress that read (in French), "Clarice, daughter of Moubiala Kipupa, citizen of the Democratic Republic of the Congo, formerly Zaire. . . ."

Most of the immigrants have reached Ceuta after lengthy overland journeys—in buses and on foot, working whenever possible along the way (for instance, on farms or loading and unloading trucks), paying off traffickers and border police alike. Robbery and rape en route are said to be frequent. Upon arrival the immigrants are often sent money by friends and family members who are already established in Europe. Obtaining a mobile phone, usually rented or inherited from another immigrant, is the first priority. Even so, there is constantly a line at the public telephone nearest the camp—

SCOTTISH BEST-SELLER.

DISCOVER THE FAMOUS GROUSE, SCOTLAND'S #1 SCOTCH.

famousgrouse.com/explorers

THE FAMOUS GROUSE ® (with Bird Device ®) Blended Scotch Whisky 40% alc./vol. Remy Amerique, Inc., New York, N.Y. © 1999 Matthew Gloag & Son Ltd.

Mega Bites
Gift Baskets On-Line
Large (9 lb.) #175016 $125.00
Small (6 lb.) #175015 $75.00

WWW.DEANDELUCA.COM
PURVEYORS OF FINE FOOD, KITCHENWARE AND WINE
1 800 221 7714
FOR CORPORATE GIFTS, VISIT WWW.DEANDELUCAGIFTS.COM OR CALL 1 877 826 9243.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which brings in more revenue than any other public phone in Spain. Some immigrants have a more comfortable journey, flying into Morocco and then taking a bus to the Ceuta border. This group is said to be growing, financed by immigration mafias. These mafias often trick or coerce women into working the prostitution rings found across Europe.

The Spanish government, subsidized by the EU and in conjunction with aid groups and other charities, provides food and medical attention (and even day care) to the inhabitants of Calamocarro; nearly $2 million was spent on food and medical care in 1998, and another $750,000 has gone into refurbishing the campground. Given the conditions in the camp, the bulk of the medical care must focus on avoiding epidemics; about half the arrivals suffer from some form of hepatitis, and tuberculosis, malaria, and AIDS are regularly diagnosed. Nonetheless, according to aid workers, the journey itself generally serves as a sort of pre-screening. Someone suffering from the Ebola virus, for instance, could not possibly survive the trek, and the rate of HIV infection in the camp, thought to be three percent, is well below the eight percent rate among adults in sub-Saharan Africa.

***Morocco does not officially recognize Spanish sovereignty over Ceuta and Melilla, and resists cooperation with Spain on many border issues.***

Bright Iwae, a twenty-five-year-old Nigerian from Benin City, abandoned his studies to become a mechanic in order to try his luck elsewhere. First he worked as a seaman in Abidjan, in the Ivory Coast. When he had saved $2,000, he set out for Europe. His original intention was to make his way to Tunisia and then cross into Italy, but other Africans he met persuaded him that Ceuta was a better option. It took him two and a half months to reach Ceuta; the worst segment of his journey was crossing the Algerian desert into Morocco, walking toward distant lights by night and sweltering by day. A group of eight reached Ceuta together and at a planned time one night rushed the frontier fence. All except Iwae were captured by the police. The adrenaline surge of that final segment—the leap across the fence, the shouts and cries, the dogs and spotlights—was such that Iwae, hidden in the cleft of a rock, collapsed and slept through the following day. That night he was awakened by the sound of drums beating out rhythms he recognized as Nigerian; he walked toward the sound until he finally arrived in Calamocarro.

"I called it the work of God—I didn't know what to call it," Iwae says. "The place was so strange. What I expected was not what I saw—little tents, no light, fires, people dancing. I expected good living. When we think about Europe, we think it could all be like Germany. But what I really felt was such happiness in my heart. So I joined the group, singing and giving thanks. I give thanks to Ceuta."

MELILLA lies to the east of Ceuta, near the border between Morocco and Algeria. As in Ceuta, when the number of immigrants began to grow, in the mid-1990s, nongovernmental organizations such as the Red Cross and Catholic Charities were the first to intervene. A site was obtained, more or less by default, to house the immigrants: an abandoned hospital-cum-junkyard on the road to the airport. The immigrants slept in junked cars, which they wrapped in plastic for protection from the elements. Schools were improvised for Spanish-language classes, and—after a woman in the camp was gang-raped by fellow Nigerians—internal security squads were organized.

In the summer of 1996 Melilla's immigrants, at the time still no more than a few hundred, resolved to call attention to the administrative and legal limbo they were in by staging a sit-in on the steps of a government office building. Negotiations with local officials began, but got nowhere. During the negotiations a group of Nigerians turned disorderly, and the police and the military entered the fray. A riot ensued, 103 immigrants were taken into police custody, and deportation edicts were issued. On the deportation plane sedatives were slipped into the deportees' drinking water; some of the accompanying police officers drank the water too, not having been warned. The sedated immigrants were dropped off in small groups in various African nations that, reportedly, had agreed to accept the deportees, regardless of their true nationality. Most were immediately jailed.

When details of the operation came to light, the Spanish government was roundly criticized by human-rights groups, and also by the police officers' union—the officers accompanying the deported immigrants had not been immunized, and at least two contracted tropical diseases and had to be hospitalized. Spain's President, José Maria Aznar, answered the criticism in a blunt fashion, typical of his public speech: "There was a problem, and it has been solved" was the extent of his response. When the controversy failed to die down, the Interior Minister, Jaime Mayor Oreja, eventually conceded in the Spanish parliament that the handling of the affair was "not a model to be followed."

Just how counterproductive the operation was became clear in the following months, when the number of immigrants streaming into Melilla drastically increased. The controversy over the deportations had generated international coverage, especially in African nations, which served to inform potential immigrants of the existence of the Spanish enclaves. A year later, in late 1997, more than a thousand immigrants were living in Melilla instead of a few hundred, and the government was forced to set up a camp similar to Calamocarro.

Faced with swelling numbers of African immigrants in the enclaves, and attempting to respond to pressure from human-rights groups, the Spanish government began issuing special work and residency permits in late 1996. This was an alternative to the pretense of considering requests for political asylum, only to systematically reject them—a pattern all over Europe in recent years, particularly after the waves of immigration and the ensuing xenophobic reprisals that rocked Germany and France in the early 1990s. Today few even bother to request political asylum, choosing to wait instead for work permits, which are good for a year and can be renewed.

And, in fact, Spain clearly needs to import a work force. Many of its rural areas



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are suffering from depopulation, and crops are being lost for lack of workers to harvest them. Moreover, after generations of producing large Catholic families, Spain now has the lowest birth rate in the world. Unless this trend is offset by immigration and other factors, Spain's aging population will begin decreasing within a few years, and the question will be not only who will harvest the olives and grapes but also who will contribute to the nation's tax base. The Spanish government, which considers sub-Saharan Africans less socially disruptive than Moroccans and Algerians, no doubt had this in mind when it decided to use the enclaves as a sort of waiting room in which to screen for able-bodied potential workers.

While seeking to move the immigrants out of the enclaves, Spain is also attempting to reduce the flow of arrivals by building fortified fences along the full length of the enclaves' borders. Melilla's six-mile border has been sealed by a pair of parallel fences about ten feet high, made of galvanized steel and topped with spirals of concertina wire. Roads just inside the fences have been paved, so that patrols can easily travel the length of the border. The fences are equipped with halogen spotlights, noise and movement sensors, and video cameras connected to a central control booth; the installation required ninety miles of underground cables. Air-conditioned guard towers punctuate the fences at regular intervals. The sight of a sealed border replete with armed guards provides a graphic representation of the enclaves' underlying relationship with the continent to which they belong.

Work on Melilla's fences was completed in 1998, and they have clearly been effective in reducing the number of immigrants entering the enclave: instead of ten a day, perhaps two a week now appear in Melilla, and most immigrants now come by way of the beachfront or as stowaways in vehicles from Morocco.

Unsurprisingly, as fewer sub-Saharan Africans enter Melilla, many more are entering Ceuta, where the government's new fence, which will resemble Melilla's, is still unfinished, owing to difficulties inherent in the terrain. Moreover, how effective it will be is unclear. Whereas Melilla's geography is predominantly flat, Ceuta's mountainous five-mile border is pocked with gullies and characterized by a craggy, friable terrain that makes solid construction, even of a paved road, quite difficult. By the most recent estimates the cost to complete the fence would run to some $60 million, roughly 25 percent coming from European Union funds, and the work would be finished in the middle of this year. But those estimates belong to an ongoing series, each with a later date and a higher cost.

Even if the fence is someday completed and attempts to seal Ceuta's border are someday successful, the Spanish mainland will continue to lie a mere eight miles or so from the northern tip of Morocco. If Ceuta and Melilla no longer offer points of entry, sub-Saharan immigrants intent on making their way to Europe will presumably join the thousands of Moroccans who currently venture across the Strait of Gibraltar by night in small boats—a journey so perilous that each year dozens of cadavers wash up on the Andalusian shore. An enclave can perhaps be sealed off with fences. A continent cannot.


A Tale of Two Bookstores

Jane wanted to buy books for her holiday gift shopping. She went to the megastore and found staff who thought David Copperfield was a magician.

Then she went to her local independent bookstore and found knowledgeable, helpful staff who didn't just sell books, they actually read them. They were part of Book Sense, a community of over 1100 independent bookstores, ready to recommend the best in books.

Jane bought all her gifts at her Book Sense bookstore, even gift certificates good across the country. She was very happy.

The end.

BOOK sense

*For the Book Sense bookstore nearest you, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE.*

*Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds*


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1999 B&WT Co.

ISN'T IT TIME YOU STARTED THINKING ABOUT NUMBER ONE?

CARLTON

1 MG TAR 0.1 MG NICOTINE 100's

THINK CARLTON.
WITH 1 MG. TAR, IT'S THE ULTRA ULTRA LIGHT.

1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual tar and nicotine deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. It is not our intention to suggest that a 1 mg. "tar" cigarette is safer than other cigarettes. For more information, contact www.bwtarnic.com

www.brownandwilliamson.com

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Diffusionists Have Landed

by MARC K. STENGEL

*You've probably heard of those crackpot theories about ancient Phoenicians or Chinese in the New World. Maybe it's time to start paying attention*

IT is arguably the biggest discovery never to have elicited any reaction whatsoever. In November of 1994 a small monthly newspaper called *Y Drych* (*The Mirror*), which serves as an expatriate journal for North America's Welsh diaspora, published the following curious item among a batch of breezy tidbits:

> According to [Alan] Wilson and [Baram] Blackett . . . the court of Camelot is more likely to be found in Kentucky! They claim that [King] Arthur was killed in North America by Indians after emigrating there ca. 579 A.D.

With telegraphic brevity the *Y Drych* contributor, Don John, ran through the few salient points: There were *two* Arthurs, who lived centuries apart. "It was King Arthur II who died in America. He was embalmed and taken back to Wales to be buried at Mynydd-y-Gaer, near Bridgend." Oddly, John failed to mention the discovery a few years earlier, by a man antiquing in Pennsylvania, of a two-edged sword of the Norse *spatha* type. That finding had recently been discussed in the pages of another obscure journal, *The Ancient American*, which quoted the same Alan Wilson. The sword was inscribed with seven letters of a script that Wilson identified as Coelbren y Beirdd, presumed to have been used by ancient Welsh divines in casting lots (*coelbren* = "lots, sortilege"; *y beirdd* = "of the bards"). Wilson proposed a rough translation ("The Lord ruler well beloved, the duty of the army mutually together to you") and posited a connection between this sword and Arthurian immigrants in North America circa A.D. 570.

*Camelot in Kentucky? Enthusiasts believe that the markings on this sword refer to Arthurian immigrants circa A.D. 570. Needless to say, not all diffusionist theories are destined for confirmation*

RALPH THOMAS

John's scoop has apparently remained an exclusive for *Y Drych*: the big dailies and newsweeklies have run no follow-ups; no national television crews have combed Kentucky for relics of the Once and Future King. The silence, in the United States, at least, has extended even to a book on the subject, *The Holy Kingdom*, in which the popular paranormalist Adrian Gilbert elaborates on the Wilson-Blackett proposition in exhaustive textual, photographic, and genealogical detail. The book, brought out in England in 1998, has yet to find an American publisher.

It was ever thus, judging by the sentiments of those attending a recent annual conference of the Institute for the Study of American Cultures, held in Columbus, Georgia. ISAC members are accustomed to the professional and popular disregard that greets their unorthodox inquiries into the pre-Columbian history of the Western Hemisphere—inquiries, generally known as diffusionist studies, that suppose intentional contact with the Americas by civilizations across both the Pacific and the Atlantic, beginning sometime in the late Stone Age (7000–3000 B.C.).

Arrayed against the diffusionists stand the so-called independent inventionists—mainstream scholars who



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regard Western Hemisphere aboriginals as having been essentially free of cross-cultural contamination until 1492. What the inventionists and the diffusionists are fighting over is the right to propose—or, better yet, to define—the prehistory of the Americas. The two camps, it seems, agree on little before Columbus's landing. The Norwegian archaeologists Helge and Anne Stine Ingstad's famous identification, in 1961, of a Viking settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland, from just after A.D. 1000 is, of course, a notable exception, no longer in dispute. But that discovery has so far gone nowhere.

The diffusionists have a habit of raising awkward questions. Who carved ancient Iberian script into a stone in West Virginia? Why would the Ten Commandments appear in Old Hebrew on a tablet in New Mexico?

The Norse settlers, who may have numbered as many as 160 and stayed for three years or longer, seem to have made no lasting impression on the aboriginal skraellings that, according to Norse sagas, they encountered, and to have avoided being influenced in turn. The traditions of the Micmac people, modern-day inhabitants of the area, have not been seriously investigated; another people historically associated with this area, the reputedly fair-skinned Beothuks, have been extinct since 1829. The Vikings came, kept to themselves, and left—that appears to be as much revision of the long-standing history of New World settlement as the hard-core academic establishment will entertain.

To many, the inventionists have clearly gained the upper hand, having marshaled shards, spearpoints, and other relics that indicate the independent cultural development of a native people whose Ice Age ancestors came overland from Northeast Asia. Still, the diffusionists have a habit of raising awkward questions—questions that even some mainstream scholars find hard to ignore, much less to explain away. Who carved Phoenician-era Iberian script into a stone found at Grave Creek, West Virginia? How did a large stone block incised with medieval Norse runes make its way to Kensington, Minnesota? Why would a rough version of the Ten Commandments appear in Old Hebrew script on a boulder-sized tablet near Los Lunas, New Mexico? Conversely, how could the sweet potato, known to be indigenous to the Americas, have become a food staple throughout Polynesia and the Pacific basin as early as A.D. 400? And why would dozens of eleventh- to thirteenth-century temple sculptures in Karnātaka, India, include depictions of what appears to be American maize?

At the ISAC gathering Mike Xu, a professor of modern languages and literatures at Texas Christian University, raised the possibility of direct Chinese influence on Mesoamerica's Olmec culture. Xu is young, quiet, and almost diffident about the bold proposition he came to reveal. Drawing on linguistic scholarship in his native China, he suggested that carved stone blades found in Guatemala, dating from approximately 1100 B.C., are distinctly Chinese in pattern. Moreover, they bear ideographic writing that has uncanny resemblances to glyphs from the contemporaneous Shang Dynasty, which ruled North China from its center in the lower Yellow River valley.

Xu was candid about the skepticism, even disdain, that his proposal engenders among orthodox archaeologists. With an engaging smile, he pointed out that no less an authority than Michael Coe, a Mayan-glyph decipherer and an emeritus professor of anthropology at Yale University, considers the Shang hypothesis totally spurious. Xu remains unbowed. "The problem," he told his ISAC audience, "isn't *whether* Asians reached Mesoamerica before Columbus. The problem is *when* they arrived and *what* they did here." Any proposal that smacks of diffusionism in today's academic climate, Xu continued, is immediately dismissed as irresponsible at best, malevolent at worst. "Here are all these American scholars," he pointed out slyly, "speaking European languages, and they dare to say 'No, there was never any diffusion; and yes, all Western Hemisphere cultures are indigenous.'"

The two-day ISAC conference passed quietly enough for a symposium that juggled such unorthodox topics as the Bat Creek Stone—whose inscription, in what seems to be a second-century Semitic alphabet, complicates the stone's official provenance in nineteenth-century East Tennessee—and certain Native American Earth Mother symbols that resemble icons from prehistoric Europe and Asia. Gloria Farley, whose book *In Plain Sight* (1994) has become a standard reference work among diffusionists, summarized the latest inquiries into the origin and the decipherment of rock carvings at an Oklahoma site known as the Anubis Caves. A self-taught archaeologist, still dauntless in her early eighties, Farley reviewed a career in which she was among the first to posit, fifty years ago, that the caves' myriad jumbled symbols represent pictographs and epigraphy with proto-Celtic, Iberian, and Phoenician affinities to a time pre-dating Jesus by centuries. The dramatic hypotheses being proposed by Farley, Xu, and other speakers stood in stark contrast to the humble setting of a small rented conference room in western Georgia.

## Crank Science

THERE is a reason, according to the academics who uphold anthropological orthodoxy at universities and research institutes, why the diffusionists have elicited nothing but enmity or disregard for their views: they are crackpots and lunatics. "Crank" is the term employed for these scientists by Stephen Williams, a retired curator of North American archaeology at the Peabody Museum of Harvard University. Williams's *Fantastic Archaeology: The Wild*


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Side of North American Prehistory* (1991) is virtually a catalogue of outlandish theories about pre-Columbian transoceanic visits to the Americas. Williams set out to debunk them all. Wielding sarcasm like a shiv, he was relentless in attack. He scuttled the "lost continents" of Atlantis and Mu; deconstructed the latent racism that he perceives beneath the nineteenth-century fascination with Moundbuilder cultures, whose barrows freckle the great river valleys of the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Mississippi; and squashed speculation about Norse, Semitic, and Celtic letters carved in stones from New Hampshire to New Mexico.

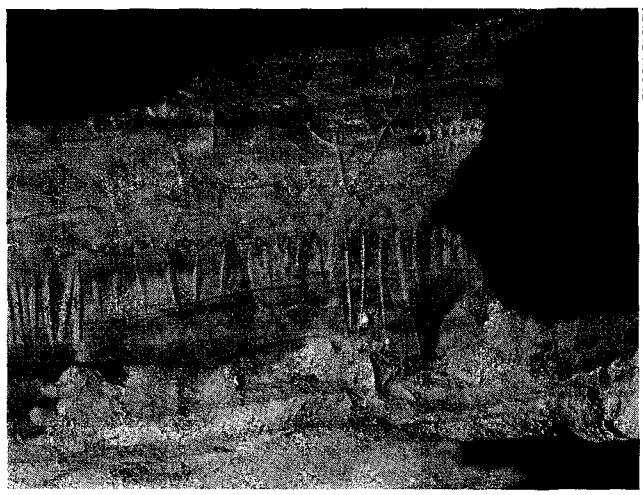
Similarly, for Brian Fagan, an influential professor of anthropology at the University of California at Santa Barbara, diffusionism is exasperating. "Why do such lunatic ravings persist?" he asked in his book *The Great Journey: The Peopling of Ancient America* (1987). "To read the crank literature on the first Americans is to enter a fantasy world of strange, often obsessed, writers with a complex jargon of catchwords and 'scientific' data to support their ideas." The Colgate University astronomer and anthropologist Anthony Aveni tends to be more sympathetic, perhaps because the field of archaeo-astronomy, which he has helped to ennoble, was itself an academic pariah until recent years. Nevertheless, Aveni's sympathies go only so far. "I think there is, beneath all this dialogue about diffusionism, a will to believe in bizarre ideas," he says. "This is a romantic idea that we're talking about here, after all. These are bizarre tales of an imagined era in an imagined past. And like the occult beliefs they resemble, they're really just wishful thinking. It's a belief that we can wish into existence the universe we desire and deserve."

The universe that we appear to be stuck with, however, at least as far as the peopling of the Western Hemisphere is concerned, is unromantic and fairly unambiguous. Fagan's book provides a succinct summary of establishment thinking:

> The most conservative viewpoint argues that no humans lived in the Americas before the end of the Ice Age. Tiny numbers of big-game hunters moved south of the great North American ice sheets as the glaciers retreated after 14,000 years ago. The newcomers followed large Ice Age animals into more temperate latitudes. They expanded rapidly over vast tracts of virgin hunting territory, their immediate descendants [being] the famous Clovis people, whose distinctive stone spearpoints have been found over much of North and Central America.

For decades these Clovis immigrants have been assigned a settlement date around 10,000 B.C., in what Stephen Williams, an adherent, calls "the Clovis hard-line position." Williams and other mainstream scholars contend that the wide distribution of the distinctive stone spearpoints first discovered in Clovis, New Mexico, in 1932 supports their theory that all pre-Columbian experience throughout the Western Hemisphere ultimately derives from an Ice Age monoculture with exclusively Siberian origins.

Lately, however, archaeological finds at various digs in North and South America have begun to call the Clovis-only scenario into question. For instance, the archaeologist Tom Dillehay, of the University of Kentucky at Lexington, has uncovered intriguing evidence that human beings reached Monte Verde, in southern Chile, 12,500 years ago—in other words, that the extreme southern limits of the Western Hemisphere were settled at about the time that the supposed first Americans were crossing the Bering land bridge, more than 9,000 miles to the northwest. It is generally accepted that settlement across this distance would have required progressive immigrant waves over some 7,000 years. Moreover, Dillehay and his team have come across a campsite near Monte Verde that they believe may be 30,000 years old.



GLORIA FARLEY

*Hundreds of symbols have been found in Oklahoma's Anubis Caves by the self-taught archaeologist Gloria Farley. Mainstream scholars have been largely dismissive of the notion that the carvings have myriad Old World affinities, from Egyptian to Iberian to Celtic—but are hard-pressed to say what the carvings* do *represent*

Less ancient but potentially more problematic for the Clovis hard-liners is the revelation in Brazil of what appear to be the oldest human remains ever found in the Western Hemisphere. Last October, Brazilian scientists announced evidence suggesting that the skull of a young woman found at Lapa Vermelha, in the state of Minas Gerais, is some 11,500 years old. Moreover, sophisticated reconstructive techniques performed on the skull in England indicate that Luzia, as the woman has been named, might have Negroid origins—or at least is not Mongoloid, as any descendant of Bering Strait pilgrims must necessarily be. Luzia's remains were discovered in 1975, but it was not until twenty years later that anthropologists examined the skull closely and thought to question the Clovis-only hypothesis on the basis of the unusual cranial features.

How might the pre-Clovis settlers have arrived? One explanation is that early immigrants floated down the western coast of North and South America in small boats. This theory, considered heretical when, nearly three decades ago, it was pro-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed by the archaeologist Knut Fladmark, of Simon Fraser University, has been gaining adherents of late. Researchers such as Dennis Stanford, the chairman of the anthropology department at the Smithsonian Institution; Carole Mandryk, an associate professor of anthropology at Harvard University; and Daryl Fedje, an archaeologist with Parks Canada, are urging their colleagues to consider that canoelike or skin-covered boats—prototypes of Inuit kayaks, perhaps—might have aided migration toward the end of the last Ice Age, around 14,000 years ago. Jon Erlandson, an anthropologist at the University of Oregon, has pointed out that boats were used in Japan 20,000 years ago. By Fladmark's estimate, travelers paddling six hours a day could have made the trip from the eastern Aleutians to Chile in just four and a half years. This route might also help to explain Luzia's presence in Brazil: the anthropologist who first noted her unusual features believes that her forebears originated in Southeast Asia and migrated "northward along the coast and across the Bering Straits until they reached the Americas."

---

### THE THIRD-PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH

I would give this First Prize:
the couple at odds, clearly,
while someone at the end of the same bench
looks off toward the river,
a cyclist goes by on the path.
Boxes within boxes,
like an antique camera,
for of course there was also
the photographer, who chose this print
from the contact sheet,
and now there's a viewer
with her own stories.
It may be that no one
knows quite what is going on,
nor what choices
lead to the moment the lens flies open—
the woman's dismissing hand,
the man urgently leaning,
an eavesdropper stiffened,
one foot bent sideways,
the cyclist in his own world.

—SUSAN DONNELLY

Xu, for one, is amused by this archaeological approximation of a drag race backward in time. Although he welcomes any willingness among traditional academics to question the established settlement dates, he is puzzled by their apparently exclusive fascination with older contact. "It amazes me," he told his ISAC colleagues in Columbus, "that while there are authorities who propose visits to North America by boat some twenty-five thousand years ago," most orthodox academics insist that contact across the sea in the past 3,000 years is "simply unthinkable."

## The Case of Barry Fell

THE chief diffusionist culprit is the late H. Barraclough ("Barry") Fell. A Harvard biologist turned epigrapher, Fell acquired a following in 1976 with the publication of *America B.C.*, which discussed the archaeological implications of epigraphy—the study of ancient man-made markings incised in stone, clay, wood, or bone. Part adventure tale, part introductory textbook on linguistics and anthropology, *America B.C.* energized a generation with its talk of "Druids in Vermont?" and "Phoenicians in Iowa before the time of Julius Caesar?"

Despite a penchant for berets and a breezy, teasing manner, Fell was no mere dream-spinner, in the style of nineteenth-century seekers after the Lost Tribes of Israel or after survivors from Atlantis. A scholar of high standing at one of the world's most imposing academic institutions, Fell endeavored to bring a scientist's objective discipline to the process of identifying mysterious alphabetic scripts and pictographs, translating them from their ancient languages, and interpreting their meaning in the context of their surroundings.

When Fell came across an archaeological anomaly, he gnawed at it relentlessly until an explanation issued forth. For instance, his curiosity aroused by oddities at the Comalcalco temple site, on the coast of Tabasco, in southeastern Mexico, Fell prepared reams of comparative analysis in support of a Mediterranean role in the temple's origins. The key, he insisted, was the use of fired bricks in the construction of the temple walls—an anomaly in the region. Comparing supposed masons' marks at the site with analogues from Rome, Crete, and Libya, Fell disputed mainstream assertions that this was a Classic Mayan site. With characteristic bravado he wrote that it was designed and probably built by "visitors from Europe and North Africa, trained in the manufacture of fired bricks in Roman brickyards." Moreover, these visitors came "during the first three centuries of the Christian era." Fell's absolute certainty, in this and myriad other epigraphic "explanations," inflamed mainstream scholars. But although another researcher has identified a few other instances of fired-brick construction in Mesoamerica, mysteries remain about Comalcalco and the profusion of its scripts. Fell's ghost is not easy to exorcise from this place.

For many general readers *America B.C.*, together with Fell's subsequent *Saga America* (1980) and *Bronze Age*


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*America* (1982), rewrote the cultural history of the Western Hemisphere. Fell's clear message was that Europeans, Africans, and Asians had made routine yet historically unremembered visits to North and South America for at least 3,000 years prior to Columbus's celebrated landfall.

To the academic establishment, however, Fell was a self-promoting pseudo-scientist who threatened to undo more than a century of careful progress in archaeological and anthropological research. His critics charge that instead of observing protocols and rules of evidence required by traditional archaeology, Fell promoted esoteric claims to a nonspecialist—and therefore credulous—audience. A minor industry developed for the express purpose of debunking Fell.

Both before and after Fell's death, in 1994, his critics were merciless, citing a variety of errors of chronology and interpretation and also Fell's perceived distaste for peer review by specialists. Unable to trust some of his discoveries, mainstream academics have generally elected not to trust any of them. In *Fantastic Archaeology*, Stephen Williams argued that the case of Barry Fell amounted to a single question: "How many of Fell's inscriptions in North America, which now must number in the thousands, are real messages from scribes writing in non–Native American languages (Eurasian scripts)?" Williams was scathing in his answer: "The real count, I fear, is few or none."

The influential archaeologist David Kelley, of the University of Calgary, has his own concerns about Barry Fell's methods—and yet, unlike Williams and Brian Fagan, in the end he is unable simply to dismiss Fell's work. Kelley is a Harvard-trained scholar of catholic interests, which range from ancient calendrics and archaeo-astronomy to the prehistory of the Celts to the decipherment of Mayan glyphs. In conversation he seems to guide by indirection, answering questions with questions or with references to the writings of his peers. His wispy eyebrows sit above eyes undimmed by more than forty years of serious scholarship; a tight-lipped smile suggests that there are many things he will not say about himself or his accomplishments. Indeed, he is almost painfully reticent about what most scholars now consider to be a monumental achievement in the field: his having broken a century-old logjam in Mayan epigraphy. Prevailing amid a hail of academic and personal attacks, Kelley made a persuasive argument for a phonetic, as opposed to an ideographic, method of interpretation. Drawing on the work of the Russian linguist Yuri Knorosov, Kelley's work offered a way to unlock the sounds and meanings of glyphs that had stood mute for centuries—inaugurating a new age of decipherment that is transforming Mayan studies.

Kelley, who is a contributing editor to *The Review of Archaeology*, complained in a 1990 essay that "Fell's work [contains] major academic sins, the three worst being distortion of data, inadequate acknowledgment of predecessors, and lack of presentation of alternative views." Among the embarrassments that Kelley and other critics often use against Fell are a series of Celtic ogham inscriptions that were sent to Fell from McKee, Kentucky, in 1988. He dutifully translated the scripts, which later proved to be forgeries. Although Fell was the one to spot that they were fake, the damage was done.

Nevertheless, Kelley and others do credit Fell with raising the possibility of Celtic, Iberian, and North African connections to certain unexplained American inscriptions. The Grave Creek Stone, from West Virginia, is a typical example. Mainstream archaeologists, puzzled by the carvings on it, have long dismissed it as a forgery; but Fell suggested that its symbols derive from an ancient Punic, or Phoenician, alphabet used on the Iberian Peninsula during the first millennium B.C.—a script unknown, and thus presumably unforgeable, at the time of the stone's discovery, in 1838. Kelley disagrees with Fell's theory that the Grave Creek symbols represent some sort of astronomical text. But the similarity of those symbols to obscure but undisputed Phoenician letters, he believes, is much more than coincidence—and, at the least, Fell deserves credit for emphasizing the comparison.

> Even some traditionalists now accept that there was overseas contact, a prominent scholar concedes. "What we doubt is the impact of the contact," he says. "These visitors simply didn't transform the societies they found."

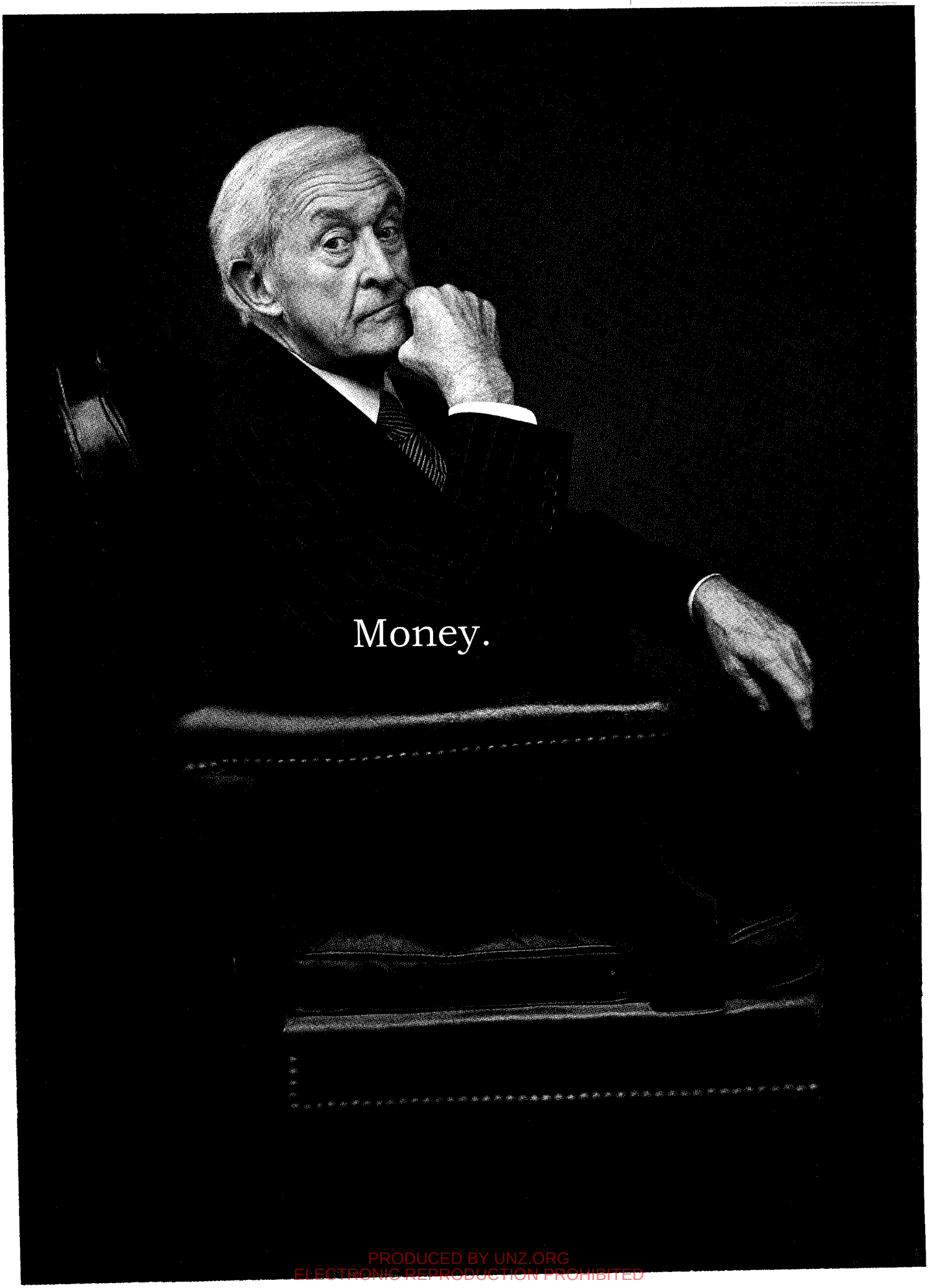
It is unusual to detect even this much tolerance for Barry Fell in a member of the academic mainstream. But Kelley can be more enthusiastic yet. With regard to a celebrated (or notorious) hypothesis of Fell's that the stick-figure letters carved into stones at sites ranging from Vermont to Oklahoma are Celtic in origin, Kelley wrote in his *Review of Archaeology* essay, "I have no personal doubts that some of the inscriptions which have been reported are genuine Celtic ogham." These are the very markings that most orthodox scholars dismiss as plough marks or forgeries or the figments of febrile New Age imaginations. In addition, Kelley resists joining the many of his peers who take potshots at Fell's Druids of New England. He continued,

> Despite my occasional harsh criticism of Fell's treatment of individual inscriptions, it should be recognized that without Fell's work there would be no [North American] ogham problem to perplex us. We need to ask not only what Fell has done wrong in his epigraphy, but also where we have gone wrong as archaeologists in not recognizing such an extensive European presence in the New World.

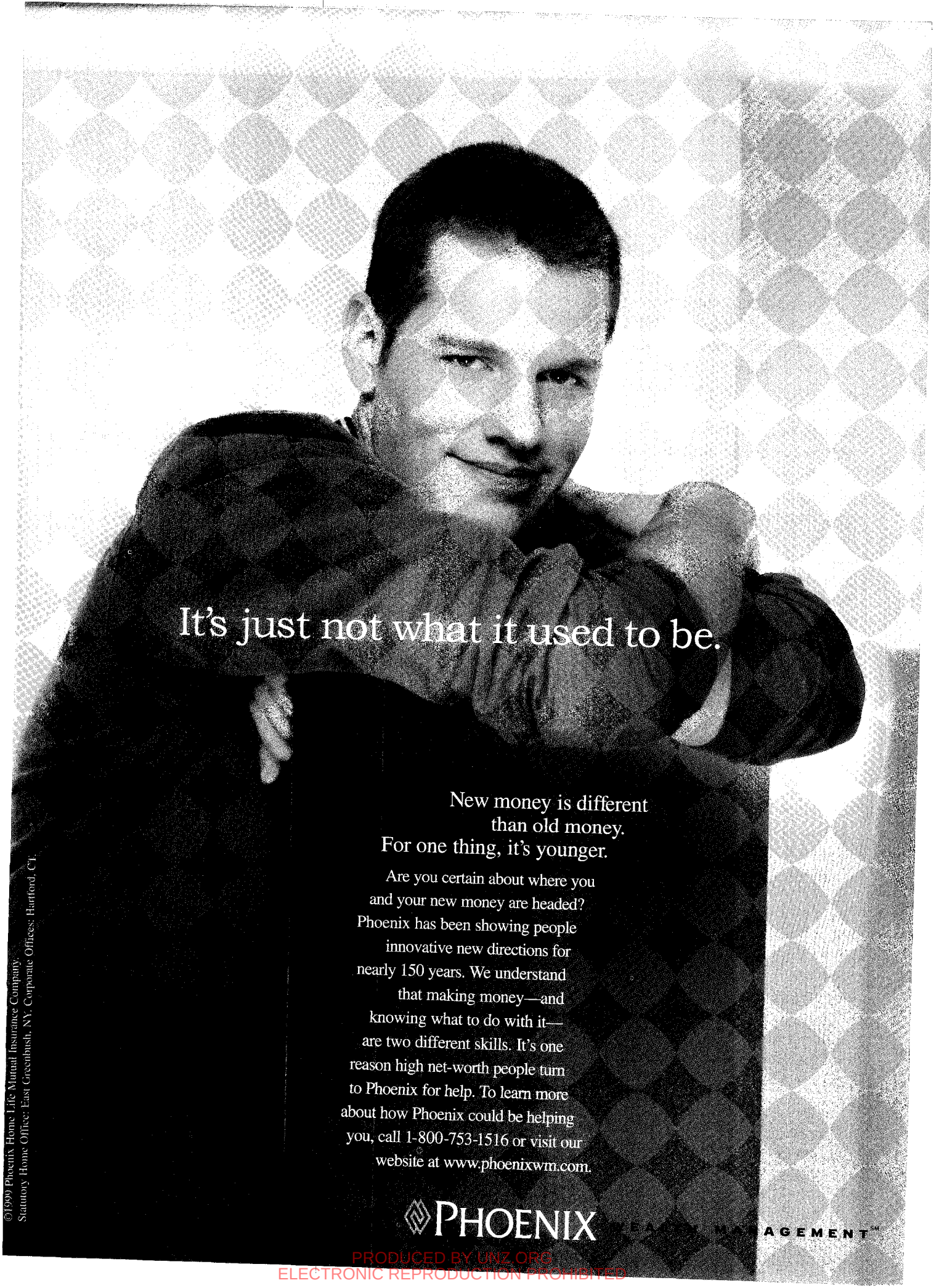
The way Kelley is described by his friend Michael Coe in *Breaking the Maya Code* (1992) suggests that he might secretly revel in his controversial, if guarded, support for Fell. Coe wrote,



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



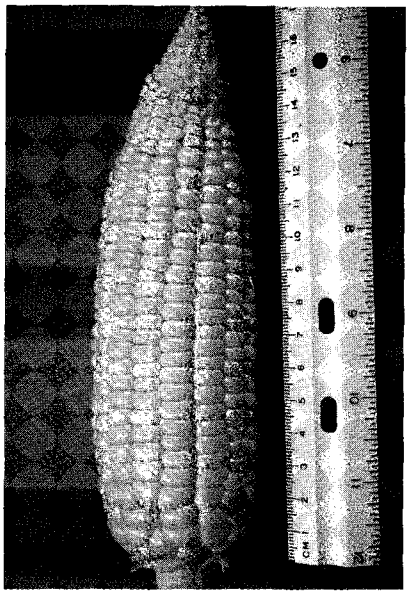

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

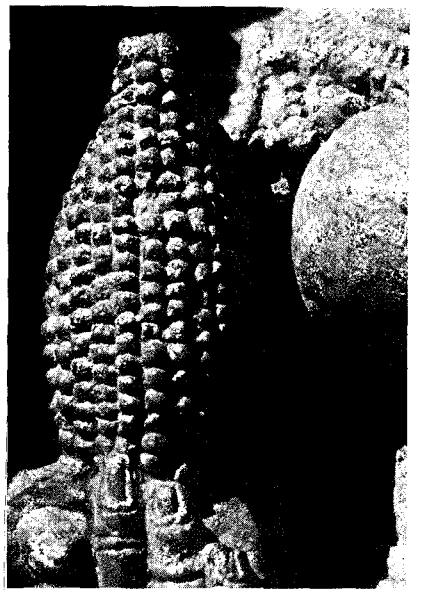



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> [Dave is] a lively mixture of Irish puckishness and New England Yankee sobriety [whose] large frame, bald head, and leprechaun smile are familiar features at [academic] meetings, where he can always be expected to present a paper that may be unusual and even outrageous, according to one's lights, but is usually grounded in the most impeccable scholarship.

In one such paper, titled "Writing in the Americas," published in October of 1998 in a special edition of the *Journal of the West*, Kelley focused on a "decipherment" that detractors consider to be one of Fell's most outrageous: the Peterborough Stone, in Ontario. This is a flat table rock measuring hundreds of square feet, upon which a riot of curious incised graffiti are interlaced, seemingly at random. To Fell, who made the stone the focus of his *Bronze Age America*, the layout consisted of meaningful groups of symbols and letters, carved primarily to document the visit and the commercial enterprise of a Bronze Age Nordic king whom Fell identified as Woden-lithi. "Woden-lithi, of Ringerike the great king, instructed that runes be engraved," reads one section of Fell's ambitious translation of this curious saga in stone. "A ship he took. In-honor-of-Gungnir was its name. . . . For ingot-copper of excellent quality came the king by way of trial."





*Above and opposite: religious sculptures in Karnātaka, India. The depiction in ancient Hindu temples of what looks like maize—a crop that is indigenous to the Western Hemisphere—is one of the thorniest matters that diffusionists have raised*

Fell believed that Scandinavian visitors circa 1700 B.C. incised the Peterborough Stone with words and symbols that have distinctly Scandinavian pronunciations and meanings. However, the letters themselves are not depicted with recognized medieval Norse runes. In Fell's, and now Kelley's, view, a *pre*-runic alphabet was used—a little-known script called Tifinagh, preserved by a Saharan Berber people known as the Tuareg. It is as if Woden-lithi's scribe used symbols from the Classical Greek alphabet to put together English-sounding words.

In *The Review of Archaeology*, Kelley supported Fell's identification (if not his exact translation) of proto-Tifinagh at Peterborough, and he amplified this position in his *Journal of the West* article. After comparing figures at Peterborough with inscriptions found in the Bohuslän region that once encompassed parts of Norway and Sweden; in the Tassili area of Saharan Africa, near Algeria's border with Niger; and at a southern terminus of the ancient Amber Route, in the Camonica Valley of northern Italy, Kelley wrote,

> I have found that the late Bronze Age of Scandinavia, corresponding to the early Iron Age of Italy and North Africa, shows a lengthy series of innovations in all areas of iconography, including apparent Proto-Tifinagh inscriptions in both Scandinavia and Italy. . . . The date is about 800 B.C. (900 years later than asserted by Fell).

Kelley did not shy away from the diffusionist implications of his analysis: "It looks to me as if a single trade route united an area from the gold-mining zone along the Niger [River] to Scandinavia, and I think that oceanic voyagers from Scandinavia, linked into that route, reached Ontario."

Kelley's role in the Mayan-decipherment controversy of the 1970s has steeled him against the predictable rebukes of mainstream colleagues for his Peterborough hypothesis. "When it is clear that a 'fantastic' interpretation has many reasonable components *if the data are valid*," he has observed, "most professional archaeologists regard that as . . . adequate reason to *assume* that the data are invalid." Kelley believes that in the prevailing academic climate the challenge for diffusionists is not only to build a solid scientific case but also to win a fair hearing. "The problem I see with Barry Fell," he says, "is that the people who can evaluate him accurately are the people who are least likely to be reading him. It needs somebody with a professional understanding of linguistic evidence and a willingness to look at some quite unlikely-seeming material."

## A Diffusionist Rebuttal

THE material to which Kelley refers is not only confounding but also compelling. It ranges from small stones inscribed with ancient Semitic scripts, such as the Tennessee Bat Creek Stone and the West Virginia Grave Creek Stone, to the Phoenician-inscribed Paraiba Stone, found (and then lost) in the nineteenth century in Brazil, to Japanese-style pottery shards in Ecuador, to the "melanotic" chicken, a genetically unique strain indigenous to Southeast Asia but



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH PAGES: CARL L. JOHANNESSEN

found in Mesoamerica as well. If Stephen Williams's *Fantastic Archaeology* gives the impression that such things are no more than a random series of strange delusions, that impression is robustly countered by the laborious research of John Sorenson and Martin Raish. Sorenson, an emeritus professor of anthropology at Brigham Young University, who also holds degrees in archaeology and meteorology, has published extensively on the topic of transoceanic contact with the Americas "before the Recognized Discoveries." Concerning Barry Fell's research, he says he is "appreciative of the enterprise but critical of the methods, logic, and resulting interpretations." Raish holds a Ph.D. in art history; he also has a master's in library and information sciences, and is an instructional librarian at Brigham Young University. It is perhaps the latter expertise on which he and Sorenson drew most heavily for the herculean task of collating, summarizing, and indexing diffusion-related texts.

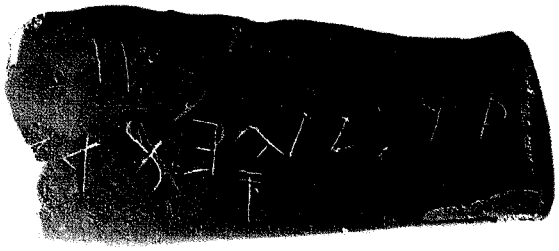
Their 1,200-page, two-volume *Pre-Columbian Contact With the Americas Across the Oceans* is an annotated bibliography of more than 5,100 books, articles, dissertations, and presentations regarding the (mostly) serious scholarship devoted to matters diffusionist, pro and con. Originally published in 1990, by Research Press, of Provo, Utah, it was substantially revised and amplified in 1996. It is either a treasure trove or a refuse heap of pre-Columbian conundrums, depending on one's perspective.

There are, for example, citations of the studies of Carl Johannessen, a professor emeritus of geography at the University of Oregon, which analyze the delicately rendered carvings that look like maize—a crop known to be indigenous to the Western Hemisphere—in the Karnātaka temple sculptures. There are citations of painstaking linguistic evaluations by Richard Nielsen, a Houston-based engineer, of the inscriptions on the Kensington Rune Stone, in Minnesota. On what looks like a rough-hewn headstone are about sixty words (and some numerals) in the distinctive runic alphabet of medieval Scandinavia. They purportedly chronicle a bloody attack on a group of Swedish and Norwegian adventurers that is unmistakably dated in runes: "Year 1362." Williams has dismissed the Kensington Stone as an obvious forgery because of amateurish "mistakes" in runic orthography. However, as Sorenson and Raish point out, Nielsen "brings forward extensive evidence that what critics have called 'aberrant' features in this text are not so. They were in fact found in the old south Norwegian province and dialect of Bohuslän at least by A.D. 1200."

The bibliography also includes citations of the work of J. Huston McCulloch, a professor of economics at Ohio State University, who has written extensively on the Bat Creek



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*Letters—apparently, ancient Hebrew ones—on the Bat Creek Stone, unearthed from an undisturbed burial mound in Tennessee. Wood fragments found next to the inscription have been carbon-dated by one lab to sometime before the ninth century A.D.*

WARREN W. DEXTER

Stone and collateral artifacts. A hand-sized dark-gray shard, the stone resides out of public view, in a back room at the Smithsonian Institution, to which facility it was delivered shortly after its discovery, in 1889. It bears an eight-letter script that has been identified—not without virulent controversy, of course—as a form of paleo-Hebrew from the first or second century. According to a 1970 interpretation by the prominent Semiticist Cyrus Gordon, the text fragment reads "for Judea" or "for the Judeans." Although charges of forgery or of confusion of the script with the Cherokee syllabary have been plausibly refuted by the diffusionists over the years, authorities contended that simple bracelets that were found alongside the stone amount to proof of the artifacts' Native American origin: it was presumed—without testing, as it turns out—that the bracelets were made of pure copper from the Lake Superior region. McCulloch, however, brings to light chemical analysis by the Smithsonian revealing that the "copper" bracelets are actually made of brass. Furthermore, he found, as Sorenson and Raish note, that the bracelets "have parallels in the Mediterranean world only during the first and second centuries of the Christian era, supporting the reading of the inscription as Hebrew of that period." McCulloch and other diffusionists argue that because no Native American populations are known to have smelted metals, the presence of brass—an alloy—suggests a foreign provenance, or at least a foreign influence.

To establishment charges that diffusionists are but a rabble of undisciplined intellectual guerrillas intent on archaeological anarchy, Sorenson and Raish's bibliography represents an impressive rebuttal—a dispassionate and comprehensive summary of the most serious diffusionist research and commentary to date. However, the bibliography is the product of a publishing house with Mormon ties—a fact that establishment scholars cite with disdain. After all, the Book of Mormon identifies three main peoples as having emigrated from the Middle East to the Americas: the Jaredites, of the Book of Ether (circa 3000 B.C.); the family of Lehi, of the Book of First Nephi (circa 600 B.C.); and the people of Zarahemla, descended from King Zedekiah of the Old Testament, who escaped the destruction of Jerusalem in 586 B.C. Anything that connects ancient Mesoamerica with biblical-era Palestine lends that much more credence to the Book of Mormon—support that in itself casts doubt on the bibliography's objectivity, at least as far as most of its critics are concerned.

Explaining the criteria they used to select entries, Sorenson and Raish state that they "exclude only two categories as absolutely without redeeming scholarly value: Atlantis/Mu per se and 'extraterrestrial contacts.'" Just the same, they have drawn fire on this very point. Anthony Aveni, of Colgate, says derisively, "This diffusionist topic is, at root, Atlantean. And I think this mono-myth—what you might call the Simple Solution—goes back to the Tower of Babel, to the Old Testament. It's biblical: the Lost Tribes of Israel, for example. The Mormons are still preaching that idea."

## Whose Race Is It Anyway?

HIDDEN denominational agendas are the least of the diffusionists' problems in their ongoing struggle for academic legitimacy. Attempting to understand an archaeological outlook that he simply cannot accept, the celebrated Maya scholar Arthur Demarest, of Vanderbilt University, proposes a rather utilitarian inspiration for mid-nineteenth-century diffusionism. "That," he says, "was the period of the frontier wars with the Native Americans—a period, especially after Custer, when there was a lot of enmity and hatred toward Native Americans. So that fed into the idea that these earlier societies, not only the Maya, Aztecs, and Inca but even the ones up here—the Moundbuilders, for example—were somehow the product of some other white race that came in, was less savage, and was able to achieve these monuments and other things. I don't think contemporary diffusionists have any racist feelings, but that kind of sentiment did give diffusionism a boost back in the 1870s."

> "There's no effort to ask the tribes what they remember," Vine Deloria Jr. laments. "And numerous tribes do say that strange people came through our land. Or they remember that we came across the Atlantic as refugees."

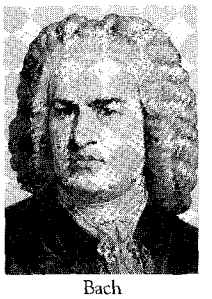
Demarest may not ascribe racist intentions to his diffusionist contemporaries, but there are some, particularly in official circles, who may. The 1996 discovery in Washington state of an ancient skeleton, designated Kennewick Man, soon sparked controversy among archaeologists, Native Americans, and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, because the skeleton does not appear to be of Native American origin. As the writer Mark Lasswell observed in *The Wall Street Journal*, "Scientific



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How to Listen to and Understand Great Music

*AT LAST*...brilliant taped lectures that let you understand and enjoy great music better than ever before!



Bach

Mozart

Beethoven

**RESPOND NOW AND SAVE UP TO $370 ON ENTIRE COURSE!**
[OFFER GOOD THROUGH MAR. 10, 2000]

LIFETIME SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Have you ever listened to an acclaimed piece of music and wanted to know more about it? Have you wondered what it would be like to truly *hear* music in the way the composer intended? Have you ever felt confused by musical forms, wondering what exactly distinguishes a symphony from a concerto or, say, a minuet from a rondo?

Then come find out why Teaching Company customers from around the country rave about **How to Listen to and Understand Great Music**, a 48-lecture course taught by Robert Greenberg, the award-winning pianist and composer and Chair of the Department of Music History and Literature at the renowned San Francisco Conservatory.

*"I had always wanted to take a music appreciation course but had never found the time. The tapes make it easy. I can listen while I drive. Dr. Greenberg is terrific and has really helped me to enjoy the music I have been listening to so much more."*

—PENELOPE H. DENNEHY, BARRINGTON, RI

Perhaps Professor Greenberg's greatest gift is his extraordinary ability to help you learn how to hear music not just with your ears, but with your *mind!*

**And now, for a limited time only, you can get this amazing course for a special price of just $149.95 in audio or $199.95 in video, *a savings of $200 and $350 off our regular prices!* Plus, if you order from this ad, our $20 shipping fee will be waived.**

This offer is being made to introduce you to The Teaching Company, the renowned educational enterprise that puts America's best college teachers *on tape*, so that anyone who shares your own joy of learning and intellectual growth can enjoy these extraordinarily gifted teachers wherever and whenever they choose.

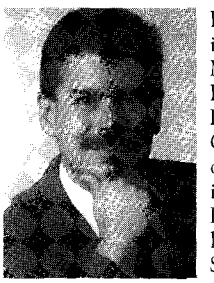
You can learn at home, on the highway, or even while you exercise, revisiting the subjects you loved best at school or taking on the new ones for which you never before had the time, but which you always yearned to know more about.

With Dr. Greenberg's expert help, you'll come to understand the social, political, religious, and aesthetic dynamics that made up the world of Europe's great composers, and what those composers had to say about it—much as literature students study Shakespeare's England to more fully understand his works. In effect, then, the music itself becomes a "universal, non-verbal language" opening a unique window on the world in which the composer actually lived.

Dr. Greenberg will also provide you with a solid grounding in the building blocks of music—elements such as mode, meter, timbre, and the like. You will learn how a composer shapes a melody, how that melody is complemented with accompanying harmony, how the music's tempo is arrived at, and how the piece is structured to create a standard, recognizable form.

Throughout his lectures, Prof. Greenberg demonstrates each musical point either with his own masterful piano rendition or with excerpts from recordings of orchestras and vocalists. Also, he conveys his vast knowledge not only with puckish wit and contagious passion, but in *plain English*, making the breadth of information conveyed accessible to any intelligent listener, regardless of their musical training.

So come walk with the giants of music history. Come hear and understand great music with a depth of understanding and enjoyment you never thought possible before. Use the coupon below, or call to order your choice of audio or video cassettes. Your *complete satisfaction* is guaranteed—or your money back.



DR. ROBERT GREENBERG is Chair of the Department of Music History and Literature, and Director of the Adult Extension Division of the San Francisco Conservatory. He is the recipient of numerous composition awards, including three Nicola de Lorenzo prizes, and is creator and lecturer of the San Francisco Symphony Discovery Series.

## A vast canvas of 10 centuries of Western concert music... illuminated in 48 witty, engaging lectures

**Part I: The Ancient World Through the Early Baroque**
Introduction...The Ancient World & the Early Church..The Middle Ages...The Renaissance Mass...Secular Music in the Late Renaissance...Style Features of Baroque Music

**Part II: The High Baroque**
Rise of German Nationalism in Music...Fugue... Baroque Opera... Baroque Sacred Music: The Oratorio...The Lutheran Church Cantata... Baroque Instrumental Forms—Passacaglia...Ritornello... Concerto

**Part III: The Classical Era I**
The Enlightenment...The Viennese Classical Style, Homophony & the Cadence...Classical Era Forms: Minuet & Trio...Rondo...Sonata-Allegro Form I

**Part IV: The Classical Era II & the Age of Revolution—Beethoven**
Sonata-Allegro Form II...Orchestral Genres: the Symphony...The Concerto...Opera Buffa...Mozart & the Operatic Ensemble...The French Revolution & Intro to Beethoven...*Symphony No. 5*

**Part V: Nineteenth-Century Romanticism**
Intro to Romanticism...Early Romantic Music: Miniatures...The Program Symphony—Berlioz's *Symphony Fantastique*...Bel Canto Opera...Verdi...German Opera...Wagner

**Part VI: From Romanticism to Modernism: 1848 to 1913**
The Concert Overture...Romantic Nationalism...The Early 20th Century & the Modernist Movement...The Search for a New Musical Language—Debussy...Stravinsky...Schoenberg

**The Teaching Company®**
7405 Alban Station Court, Suite A107
Springfield, VA 22150-2318

THE Great Courses on Tape®
from the Fine Arts series...

**For more information on this and other Teaching Company courses, visit our website at: www.teachco.com**

*To order, use the coupon or call*
**1-800-TEACH-12**
**(1-800-832-2412)**
please refer to Offer Code 9480
or FAX: 703-912-7756

Offer Code 9480

Please send me **How to Listen to and Understand Great Music**, which consists of six parts of eight 45-minute lectures each, on audio- or videocassette in handsome storage cases.

☐ Audio: **SALE**—$149.95 ~~+ $20 S&H~~ (reg. price $349.95)

☐ Video: **SALE**—$199.95 ~~+ $20 S&H~~ (reg. price $549.95)

**FREE SHIPPING!**

Note: Virginia residents please add 4.5% sales tax.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ ☐ DISCOVER NOVUS

ACCOUNT NUMBER

SIGNATURE EXP. DATE

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

MAILING ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

PHONE *(If we have questions regarding your order)*

☐ **Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary)**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evidence that American Indian ancestors may not have been the first inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere is a ticklish subject, not only for Indians but also, apparently, for the Clinton administration, exquisitely attuned, as always, to the nuances of multiculturalism."

Early studies of the remains led scientists to suspect that Kennewick Man arrived here some 9,300 years ago—long after the Bering land bridge disappeared—and bore certain "Caucasoid" features that were said to distinguish him from Native American peoples of Siberian heritage. Last fall federally appointed scientists released a report concluding that the skeleton's physiognomy is most closely linked to groups in southern and eastern Asia: the features originally described as Caucasoid are actually associated with a Japanese people known as the Ainu, they believe. If Kennewick Man is a member of the Ainu, that group's ancient maritime tradition might explain how he got here. Scientists say that more tests are needed to reach any definitive conclusions about Kennewick Man's origins; however, the government has not allowed any DNA testing of the skeleton to date, because Native Americans consider it intrusive and sacrilegious. If Kennewick Man was found on their land, area tribes insist, then he must be an ancestor, and his remains should not be disturbed. Moreover, because the religion and oral histories of these tribes hold that their people have lived in the Northwest "since the beginning of time," they are resentful of any implication that they may have ancestors who migrated from another land—whether from Siberia, Japan, or elsewhere. Archaeologists, eager to pursue the questions raised by Kennewick Man's discovery, have sued to perform DNA and other tests, and a U.S. magistrate has set a March deadline for federal officials to decide on the matter.

Kelley disagrees with the diffusionist theory that the Grave Creek symbols represent an astronomical text. But their similarity to undisputed Phoenician letters, he believes, is much more than coincidence.

Meanwhile, in implicit acknowledgment that the race card had been played successfully, in April, 1998, the Army Corps of Engineers abruptly dumped 500 tons of rock fill over the site where Kennewick Man was discovered, beside the Columbia River. Although archaeologists often restore digging sites to their original condition after extensive studies have been completed, this action, by the corps's own admission, was meant to ensure "the protection of any additional skeletal material or cultural artifacts from further revelation."

The diffusionist cause enjoys no better political tolerance north of the border. In 1990, reacting to the prospect that some Manitoba schools might introduce discussions of pre-Columbian contact with North America into their curricula, Jack Steinbring, an anthropologist then at the University of Winnipeg, wrote to the Minister of Education at the time, Len Derkach, with a plea that he intervene. "The view that Europeans created North American Native rock art . . . is dangerous," Steinbring stated.

> Imagine Native youngsters being taught that the countless *thousands* of aboriginal rock paintings across North America were the result of the Norse, or Canaanites, or Phoenicians. The cause of this situation, and [the] implications for the strengthening of Native identity in a stressful period of acculturation are appropriately compared with apartheid or any other form of racial supremacy.

In a follow-up letter Steinbring declared, "Please understand that there is no debate on this epigraphy issue in Anthropology. Anthropology *as a profession* rejects it."

In any controversy about carvings on North American stones the name of Barry Fell inevitably surfaces. "In some rather twisted logic," Stephen Williams wrote in *Fantastic Archaeology*,

> Fell sees a failure by anthropologists to recognize that many American Indian languages are heavily larded with wholesale borrowing from Mediterranean peoples, and says that this "does a grave injustice to the cultural tradition of the Amerindian peoples." . . . I can only suppose Fell means therefore that the only true happiness for the Amerindians is to realize that they too are a part of the great heritage of Western civilization like ourselves. The Native Americans must want to ask, "Why have the anthropologists wanted to keep us apart?"

Why, indeed? asks Vine Deloria Jr., an outspoken Native American activist. Deloria is a member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe of North Dakota, a former executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, and a professor of history at the University of Colorado at Boulder. His numerous books, which include *Custer Died for Your Sins* (1969), *God Is Red* (1973), and *Red Earth, White Lies* (1995), voice a thorough dissatisfaction with the standard histories of European and Native American relations since Columbus. In a 1992 paper in the academic journal *American Antiquity*, Deloria chastised the archaeological and anthropological establishment for embracing the monocultural implications of the Bering Strait hypothesis. "This migration from Siberia," he wrote, "is regarded as doctrine, but basically it is a fictional doctrine that places American Indians outside the realm of planetary human experiences."

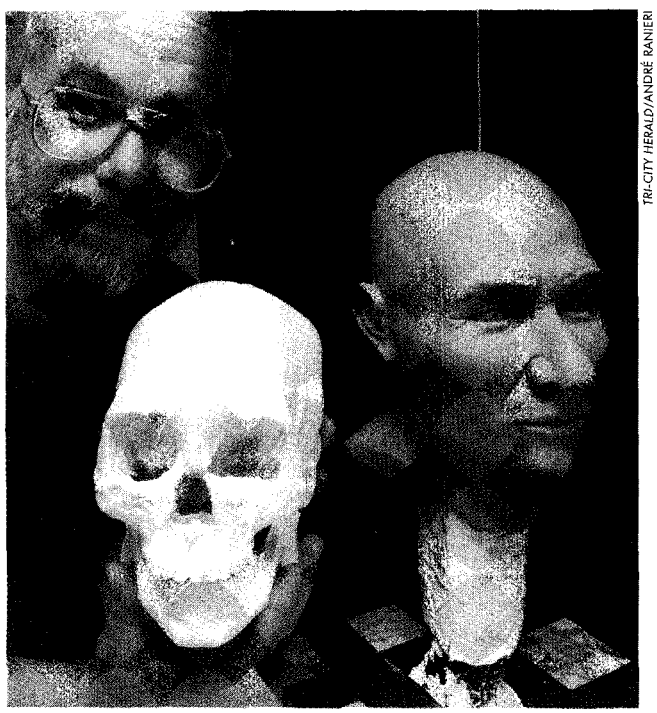
A natural storyteller, Deloria takes obvious pleasure in drawing a listener into his tales with dramatic turns of phrase and deft modulations of his gravelly voice. He delights in irony, savors the unpredictable, and rewards surprise that is expressed at his many unexpected opinions with a mischievous



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Aha!" You might think an Indian wouldn't feel such a way, he seems to be saying, but you never bothered to ask, did you?

Deloria bridles at what he sees as the reverse racism implicit in the establishment's dismissal of all things diffusionist. To him, the mainstream academic position that defends the Clovis-only hypothesis smacks of paternalism. He marvels at "the isolation of archaeologists today," and has written, "I have in the neighborhood of 80 books dealing in one way or another with Precolumbian expeditions to the Western Hemisphere." These books, he says, range from utter nonsense to some quite sophisticated reinterpretations of archaeological anomalies in light of new findings. But the archaeological establishment will have none of it, to Deloria's frustration. He laments, "There's no effort to ask the tribes what they remember of things that happened." In contrast to tribes in the area where



TRI-CITY HERALD/ANDRÉ RANIERI

*A skull casting and facial reconstruction made from the Pacific Northwest remains known as Kennewick Man. Suggestions that the features most closely resemble those found in southern or eastern Asia have not been welcomed by Native American tribes. The government must soon decide whether to let DNA testing proceed*

Kennewick Man was found, he argues, "numerous tribes do say that strange people doing this or that came through our land, visited us, and so on. Or they remember that we came across the Atlantic as refugees from some struggle, then came down the St. Lawrence River, and so forth. There's a great reluctance among archaeologists and anthropologists to break centuries-old doctrine and to take a look at something new."

He continues, "As for the history of this hemisphere from, say, five thousand B.C. forward to our time, the mainstream scholars just don't want to deal with that at all. Let me give you an example. Years ago I spoke at an academic archaeological conference, and at the end of my speech I asked, 'Why don't you guys just drop the blinders and get into this diffusionist stuff?' My host, David Hurst Thomas, just about lost it and said, 'Do you know how long and hard we've fought to get members of this profession to admit that Indians could have done some of these things? And now you're saying it was Europeans!'"

## Beyond Dirt Archaeology

In the end, the issues dividing the diffusionists and the independent inventionists come down to an argument about what constitutes significant historical evidence. Arthur Demarest, of Vanderbilt, touches, perhaps unconsciously, on the crux of the matter when he proffers a twig of the olive branch. "Within orthodox academics," he says, "there are a lot of people who simply dismiss the argument out of hand on the ground that the mechanics of overseas diffusion themselves are too difficult. But there are others—and I put myself in that group—who don't doubt there's been contact. I don't think that the transport problems are such that they prevented people from moving between continents. What we doubt is the transformative impact of ephemeral contact. These visitors, whoever and wherever they were, simply didn't transform the societies they found here."

For the so-called dirt archaeologists, transformative influence is above all material, technological, and measurable. It is manifest, for example, in the distinctively fluted spearpoints left like so many business cards by the Clovis-culture immigrants who crossed the Bering land bridge. If successive waves of other visitors did reach the shores of North or South America, where is their material bequest? Where, for instance, are the wheels and keystone arches that flourished in the Old World for many centuries before Columbus but don't appear in the material record of the New World until after 1492?

The diffusionists' rebuttal is, well, diffuse; but it is thought-provoking just the same. On the one hand, the feisty George Carter, an emeritus professor of geography at Texas A&M University, points to the case of Hernando de Soto, who traipsed through the New World from 1539 to 1542. De Soto and his army came in contact with hundreds if not thousands of Native Americans, traded goods, and introduced non-native livestock—and yet, as Carter points out in the book *Across Before Columbus? Evidence for Transoceanic Contact With the Americas Prior to 1492* (1998), "of that passage virtually no trace can be found."

On the other hand, Stephen Jett, a geographer at the University of California at Davis, says that such Old World inventions as the arch and the wheel are not the sine qua non of cultural exchange, as the establishment would have us believe. In an essay in *Man Across the Sea: Problems of Pre-Columbian Contacts* (1971), Jett repeated the caution of Douglas Fraser, an art historian at Columbia University:



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> If we judge West African culture by the absence of wheeled vehicles, the plow, the true arch, draft animals and milking, then the well-documented Islamic penetration of the western Sudan [which in earlier times reached from present-day Senegal to Chad] cannot have taken place. For these traits are all well known in Moslem North Africa. . . . the ancient Greeks also rejected [the true arch] though it was known earlier in Sumer, Babylon, and Egypt.

For David Kelley, the wheel-and-arch conundrum is doubly perplexing. In his own contribution to *Man Across the Sea* he wondered "why neither the true arch nor the wheel [was] to be found in Egypt for more than a thousand years after Mesopotamian influences transformed Egypt from a Neolithic farming stage to a semiurban, literate society, although [those inventions] already had a long history in Mesopotamia." Moreover, the ancient riddle has significant modern ramifications. "In the light of such evidence," Kelley continued, "it is surprising to find scholars . . . arguing that the absence of the true arch and the wheel in the New World proved that there had been no contacts between New World and Old World."

In short, the diffusionists and their sympathizers contend, it is the *nature* of acceptable evidence that perpetuates the debate. "The problem," Kelley says, "is in the fact that there are influences, but they don't show up in 'dirt archaeology.' Basically, they show up in ideological materials: mythology, astronomy, calendrics. These are precisely the areas which are hardest to deal with archaeologically. And so they don't get much attention from traditional archaeologists."

Deloria echoes Kelley's concern. "There's the Stephen Jay Gould attitude out there," he says, "that believes science can do whatever it wants unless it comforts religion—because religion is considered a mere superstition. But if you look at it, most things that they're calling religious are not really religious. They're oral traditions; they're ancient memory." If mainstream archaeologists and anthropologists are unwilling or unable to consider evidence of this type, Deloria suggests, perhaps they're not the right ones for the job.

That is also the opinion of Jon Polansky, an editor of the *Epigraphic Society Occasional Papers*, a journal co-founded by Barry Fell and devoted to the study of transoceanic contact. Polansky concedes that orthodox archaeologists are certainly competent to perform excavations and to document the physical details of any artifacts they may find. He believes, however, that they are neither suitably trained nor philosophically inclined to test new hypotheses when it comes to nontraditional forms of evidence. "They're just not concerned with methods they don't use," he argues. As a result, he says, mainstream archaeology is missing—perhaps even obscuring—many opportunities for discovering transoceanic contact by limiting the academic specialties deemed fit to evaluate the evidence.

Polansky is an associate professor of medicine at the University of California at San Francisco Medical Center and the director of the laboratory that first isolated and cloned the gene responsible for glaucoma; he was a student of Barry Fell's at Harvard in the 1960s. His is an energetic, insistent, and even impatient personality; just the same, he frequently bites his lip, as if to avoid disclosing some secret or other that one has yet to earn. His quandary is this: he has an editorial responsibility to propagate the latest research about transoceanic contacts, and yet he harbors, understandably enough, a basic mistrust about how new findings will be received. Traditional academics are, he believes, less interested in new ideas than in safeguarding positions of influence and authority. In a 1998 essay in the *Journal of the West*, Polansky and his co-authors, Donal Buchanan and Norman Totten, wrote,

> Part of the scientific approach . . . is the pioneering will to follow internally consistent data to [their] logical conclusions without concern for whether or not the conclusions overturn existing idea structures. We do not favor the bias often imposed on new information, requiring "extraordinary proof" for "extraordinary ideas." Instead, we propose a level playing field in which data . . . are explored in an honest . . . application of scientific method . . . without bias as to whether [hypotheses] agree with prevailing academic thought.

The extraordinary ideas Polansky proposes include the possibility not only of ancient contact between the hemispheres across both great oceans but also of reciprocal transfers of information and lore. It's one thing to discover evidence of travelers to the Western Hemisphere, he says. But what influences and traditions might the Native Americans have diffused among these visitors in return?

Diffusionists like Polansky and Deloria are convinced that this kind of information will be revealed only when qualified experts outside archaeology and anthropology undertake to examine the available evidence. Linguists, classicists, Asianists, specialists in comparative religion, epigraphers, archaeoastronomers, navigation historians, ethno-botanists, and ethno-geneticists—these are the sorts of scholars who, Polansky believes, must take responsibility for evaluating the evidence that traditional academics find either meaningless or troubling.

There is no denying, of course, that the official history of the Western Hemisphere did not begin until Europeans wrote their first documents about the New World, at the close of the fifteenth century. Before then was an undoubtedly rich but largely unremembered period of habitation by the descendants of unlettered Ice Age mammoth-stalkers—people who themselves had no written language. The Western Hemisphere is unique in this respect. What we know of the hundreds of generations who lived here before Columbus staked his claim is frozen in the archaeological record. It is for the most part a mute record, consisting overwhelmingly of pottery shards, pointed flints, traces of dwellings, monuments, rock drawings—in short, of virtually every product of human imagination except alphabetic writing. How fitting, then, that the diffusionists' curious lettered stones and tablets would break the silence, inciting noisy protest from the curators of America's past even as they suggest that ancient Americans may have enjoyed the occasional conversation with visitors from afar.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Tyrants

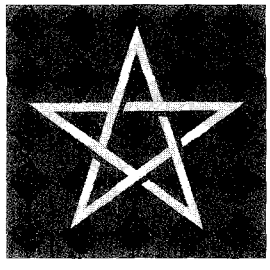
*by* MARSHALL N. KLIMASEWISKI

I THINK I was beautiful, but I don't have pictures to prove it. Or maybe desirable if not beautiful—pale and amenable, you know, and only twenty in 1941. I had not cut my hair yet. Sad eyes are a must among tyrants, plus my bosom was not as you see it now. Like anyone in that Russia, I lived two lives. No. 1, I was married to Sasha. He taught at the university with my father, and we had our little arrangements, you know, as families will, but what harm? The house was all books. Mornings I laid the fire in Father's room and read under the bedclothes, which were still warm where he had slept. Sometimes I could lure him away from his papers. Sasha's grandmother brewed a bitter tea downstairs, or sliced herring to go with the vodka afternoons in the courtyard. I practiced the piano while Father was away teaching. But then the police came to the door, and Mother Andreevna showed them in, and Sasha was shot, and Father died in the mines at Karaganda. I learned that I was desirable. No. 2. No books in this second life, though—to this day I cannot stand a book.

I will get to Stalin, but let me explain first. With Sasha dead, I was to be sent east, but the secretary at the station in Novgorod spotted me on the platform. His name was Terehov. His office looked out on the trains. He had his man pluck me from the line, and we sat down together with a good desk between us. Could I type? he asked. No. Could I write, then? Yes. And read? "Yes," I said. "I can read. I can read German, English . . . Latin, naturally."

"Oh," he said sadly. "I see."

**She would not meet Stalin's eyes, but she thought he might be smiling. He shifted in his bed to make room and patted a spot on the covers by his leg. He said, "Can you sit with me?"**



He sighed and pored over my bosom. Then he turned to his man by the door and shrugged. His man said, "She can keep house."

"Can you keep house?" the secretary asked me.

"I can keep it clean."

"And cook?"

"My husband's grandmother cooked."

"I see. And where is he now?"

"He's dead."

"Yes. Right. Well." he said. "Well, there we are, then."

In the second life I wore a uniform. I cleaned a little—the feather duster, swish swish. Midmorning I went to his office, next door to the apartment. I knocked. "Come in, please." He was seated at his desk, a very busy man, you know: tablets and forms, the telephone. He wore his tunic as usual, buttoned to the collar, but behind the desk no pants. I was to dust the big desk, empty the wastepaper basket—this required him to slide the chair away. His *huy* was pink and wide, with a mole. It seemed misplaced, like a spoiled sausage in his lap, yet that first day I was not surprised to see it, so I knew for sure it was a new life now.

I finished in his room and went back to my own to lie down on the cot. I tried to recall every night I had spent in bed beside my husband and found five or six still banked, the others gone. I never saw Father's parts, nor Sasha's in daylight. At night Sasha wore a flannel bedgown, and often books lay in the bed between us. I assumed that the secretary would want my participation next time, and I decided I would hurt him and let him put me back on the trains. It was a nice thought,



Illustrations by Christopher Zacharow



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but I wouldn't have hurt him. And anyway, I didn't have to. It was the same little show every day and no more. Who can predict a man's appetite? Soon I dusted him, too, swish swish.

Beria was coming to dinner in October—head of the secret police, friend to Stalin. "*The* Beria?" I asked. I was to serve, though I had not been trained. The secretary's wife taught me which hand did what over which shoulder. She had a peasant dress for me to wear, but no shawl. I had an apron that covered a little. She caught me in the kitchen and gathered my hair in her hands. She set silver combs in my hair—very nice. I hadn't worn it up since I was seven. You see what sort of girl I was. "Turn," she said. "Again." She tugged on the neckline and squeezed the last safe bit of my bosom out of the dress.

Beria was a small man with pince-nez. He had small hands and quick little fingers. Here was his hand on my knee while I served the borscht. Back and forth, kitchen to dining room. Here was his hand on my bottom while I cleared the plates. I had been a topic of conversation, apparently, for the secretary's wife concluded, "We *do* love our Katia. What a difference she's made."

"Is she ready for Moscow?" Beria asked. The way his fingers worked—it was a little desperate.

Across the table Secretary Terehov slouched and pouted. He swirled the wine in his glass. "Take what you need, Comrade," he said. Then he looked up, but at me, not Beria. His eyes were so sad, you know—who had ever looked at me that way? *Poor man*, I thought, before I could catch myself.

I EXPECTED to see Moscow finally, but the dacha was near Krasnogorsk, a train stop shy. My room was in the wing opposite the kitchen, apart from the other help. Beria was not a coy man, like the secretary at Novgorod. He knocked at my door and opened it without waiting for an answer. I had been lying on the bed, but I got up and smoothed my pleats. "Please," he said, closing the door with excessive care. "As you were."

He clipped the pince-nez to his nose and strolled toward the window. "You've settled in?" he asked, touching what I had set out on the dresser—a hairbrush, a hatbox. He opened the top drawer and touched my underthings. They were not fine things, but he left his hand among them. Then he moved on to the other drawers.

Crossing to the closet, glancing at the rain outside, he said, "We have work for you, Katia. Don't be mistaken—you'll work hard here." There were three dresses in the closet to poke. "Cleaning—yes," he said. "Some cleaning." In my satchel, on the floor, he found a photo of Father. "Some other duties, too. Nothing you aren't capable of."

He crouched with his back to me and ran his thumb along the frame of the photo. I waited as long as could be expected, but finally I stood up beside the bed. What I would do next I didn't know. But he heard me, and packed the photo back in the satchel.

He was still smiling when he turned around. "Look at you," he said quietly. "Those furious eyebrows." He scowled, mimicking me, and then extended his hand and gestured with one finger. I didn't know what the gesture meant, but he pointed at my uniform, so I looked down. Nothing was out of place. He did it again, a flick of the finger, and said, "Come on, Katia. Be a good girl."

When I understood, I said, "Leave me alone?" It should have been a statement, but it curled into a question.

"Are photos allowed?" he asked. "Photos of men, smuggled into my house? You'll kiss him at night—I know you. Sleep with him under your pillow, while Comrade Beria is alone in his bed."

Probably he had mistaken the man in the photo for my husband—Father was handsome and not so old. But living in a university town, I had heard people say there were no secrets left in Russia except the ones Beria's police kept. I worried that he was familiar with even my small case.

"Come now, Katia," he said, dipping his chin and winking. "Make me forget."

The uniform was a simple shift with buttons down the front, and I unbuttoned one and two. He gestured with his finger, so I unbuttoned some more. I wore a girdle and a low-cut brassiere that would not show at the neckline. He pantomimed with both hands, as if the shift were on his shoulders, and I obeyed, crossing my arms so that the straps hung at my elbows.

His smile soured, but he said, "Good girl, Katia. Do you know how to pick a lock?" Then he said, "Unhook the brassiere."

"No."

His gaze shifted to my eyes momentarily. "No to which? No to both?"

I said, "Let's wait until later," and my voice sounded borrowed from some other circumstances—bottled like champagne and opened here to leaven the mood. I was impressed, but Beria wasn't.

He removed the pince-nez and tucked them into a pocket. He strolled around the bed to me, his hands clasped behind his back. He pulled the bra straps down my arms—quickly, surprising me, but also gracefully, leaving his hands spread at the end of the gesture: *voilà*. "You use a barrette," he said. "Where are your barrettes, Katia?"

"I don't have any."

"You don't have any barrettes?" He tsked, speaking just above a whisper. "What kind of girl are you? I wonder. Dear, dear. We'll get you some barrettes"—he leaned and kissed one breast—"and teach you how to pick a lock." He kissed the other lightly, with a little pull.

He said, "You're frightened, dear, but your nipples are pleased, hm?"

I could feel that they had hardened, so I began to cry. But he would have none of it. In a full voice he said, "Come, come, dinner time!" Then he patted my cheek and left the room.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With me the thing to know is that Mother died when I was seven, and Father never remarried. We were not a famous catch, you know, and he could be difficult. Alone in the apartment—we seldom entertained—he discovered me instead. I said, "Sleep by me, Misha" (I wasn't allowed to say "with"). "Again tonight?" "Yes." I read to him and then we kissed. "Like this?" "Not at all." "Like this?" "Goodness, no, try again." I don't know if it was concern for me or fear of being caught that made him keep us to certain boundaries, but it was never my idea. When I was old enough, he brought his best student home. And Sasha was good to me too, truth be told. He gave me drafts to read and trusted my translations, and kissed me and fumbled when we were alone. He was not impassive or cruel. I wanted to hand myself over to him the way I never could to Father, but Sasha would take so little at a time. I was a passionate girl, but I maintain I was a good girl. I was dying for more, but I never kissed first, never used my poor hands. They lay at my sides, or perhaps I dared to remove my own clothes, clearing the way ahead of him. "Naughty plum," he liked to say, but I wasn't.

Now he was gone, along with Father—the apartment on Semya Street, the black tea, and Father's pipe—all gone. And I was still here: the same girl and nothing like her. I wasn't a good girl, because good girls didn't go unpunished. They shot Sasha for defending Father (I don't know, but I am probably right), and they might have shot me, too, if I hadn't answered their questions well. I had an instinct for this second life—look, I had not even been east. The ones like me will say "Who's to judge?" But don't listen.

So I stayed four months in Beria's dacha. He taught me how to pick a lock, how to gather information, steam and reseal envelopes, open and close doors without a sound, but not slowly, mind. "Never sneak, or someone is bound to see you. Dust the top molding to listen at a door. Keep busy at the far end of a room. Make noise—not too much noise. When Stalin calls you the first time, don't answer: you haven't heard him. He might not bother to call again. This look is for when others are with him: stupid and dull. Remember never to look at me. That's fine. This look is for when you and he are alone in the room. No, no, more composed—*don't grin*, Katia, heavens! That's better. Dust things up high, so that you have to reach. Lean more, please—very good. You do that so well, Katia. Come over here." "No." "Oh, come and do it again for me." "You don't deserve it." "I know, I know. Stand right here. Yes—keep reaching. Katia? Oh. What a sweet girl, Katia."

THE best he could get me was a post at the dacha called Lipki, where Stalin's visits were infrequent and brief. The staff included a house guard and a guard at the gate, a cook, a gardener. We had nothing to do, but we did it daily, never knowing when Stalin would appear. I dusted the empty rooms, beat rugs, and changed bulbs. The cook kept elk meat and *khatchapuri* in the ice box. The gardener cut flowers for the foyer. Gathering information was easy, but I had no information to gather—or nothing that I thought Beria would care for. The locked drawers were empty, or stuffed with Stalin's dead wife's clothes. In his daughter's room I found photos of her: a little girl playing chess with her father. She was fifteen now, Svetlana. There were letters, too, written out in a blocky hand, all capitals. They began, "TO MY KHOZYAIKA, SETANKA," which gave me pause, because *khozyaika* means "housekeeper." One went,

> YOU DON'T WRITE TO YOUR LITTLE PAPA. I THINK YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HIM. HOW IS YOUR HEALTH? YOU'RE NOT SICK, ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO? HAVE YOU SEEN LYOLKA? HOW ARE YOUR DOLLS? I THOUGHT I'D BE GETTING AN ORDER FROM YOU SOON, BUT NO. TOO BAD. YOU'RE HURTING YOUR LITTLE PAPA'S FEELINGS. NEVER MIND. I KISS YOU. I AM WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU.

Another read,

> HELLO, MY LITTLE SPARROW! I GOT YOUR LETTER. THANK YOU FOR THE FISH. ONLY, I BEG YOU, LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER, DON'T SEND ME ANY MORE FISH! DID YOU GET THE PEACHES AND THE POMEGRANATES? I'LL SEND SOME MORE IF YOU ORDER ME TO. TELL VASYA TO WRITE ME, TOO. I GIVE YOU A BIG KISS.

It was signed "From Setanka-Housekeeper's Wretched Secretary, the poor peasant J. STALIN."

In a room at the other end of the house, in another locked drawer, I had already found a pistol. I had held it and moved the parts back and forth until I thought I would know how to load and fire. Here with his letters, I thought maybe I would kill him. It hadn't occurred to me before—why, I don't know. And I had no notion of doing good. I reasoned, in fact, that if I shot him, I would be accountable for very many deaths. First mine, perhaps at Beria's hands. Then Beria's, unless he had the cook and the gardener and the house guard and the guard at the gate all killed before they mentioned me, and also the others who knew about me: the staff at his house, Secretary Terehov and his wife. That many at least to make up for Sasha and Father—but, strange to say, not enough.

Most of my life I had imagined Stalin, but never once as a father, a kidder. Someone who sent fruit home from holiday. Who said "little papa" or "I kiss you." In this room, with the letters open, I had my first full sense of how stupid I was. I would be no smarter when I killed him, but the father who wrote these letters would be as dead as my dead, and now I knew why that was such good justice. I read the letters twice more to deepen the impression. "How are your dolls?" Then I folded them with the photos and locked the drawer. I wanted to read them again later, but the house guard had developed a crush on me. He sneaked into rooms, and once grabbed me from behind—*Guess who*—when I was picking a lock. But



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was a poor guard, too enamored to suspect me. How plain I had been on Semya Street, barely able to provoke even Sasha. I wondered whether grief or guilt had rendered me so desirable.

IN June I was transferred to the dacha at Kuntsevo. Beria had warned me about Vlasik, but he was unavoidable. My first day he called me in. "Comrade Stalin requires clean windows," he said. "Every day, every window. Inside, outside. Comrade Stalin's bed is to be made if he sleeps in it. If he sleeps on the sofa, the cushions are to be fluffed. If he sleeps on the cot, *do not* take it down. Do not make it like a bed. The blanket is to be folded and placed at the foot—go there today and learn the fold. You are never to be in the same room as Comrade Stalin. He is never to see you or hear you. You are never to speak to him, or to anyone who comes through the front door. This is your handcart. Take care with supplies. This is your uniform. This is your schedule: these rooms, these times, unless someone is in them. If someone is in them, what do you do? Guess. That's right—come to me."

Kuntsevo bore little resemblance to Lipki—it was modern and low and ugly, half as large—but it felt familiar, and soon I realized that the furniture was identical in every room. The pictures that hung on the walls were the same too. In the kitchen the same bread (and fruit and meat—everything) arrived with the same signed tags attached: NO POISONOUS ELEMENTS FOUND. We were always busy at Kuntsevo, though. A dozen or more were on the staff, and men from the politburo came and went: Voroshilov, Molotov, Zhdanov—everyone. Beria, of course. I shared a room with Valechka, the permanent housekeeper, an old woman devoted to Stalin, who had no interest in me.

We all kept track of him through the day. Mornings the word was passed along, guard to cook to gardener: *There's movement* or *There's no movement*. His dinner lasted half the night, so he didn't wake until late morning or noon. We would listen at the doors (though we weren't supposed to), and when he left a room, we bustled in, whirling whirling, but attentive still, so that if he forgot his pipe, we could bustle back out before he saw us. "If you're too late," I was told, "don't hurry. Stop running before he opens the door. Turn to him, curtsy (he won't speak to you, but he might nod), and then leave the room calmly." This was from Valechka one night, and though I didn't like her tone, she was the first person other than Vlasik to speak to me at the new dacha. So I said, "I see, I see. And what if he does speak to me, Valechka? And if we pass in a hallway, what then?"

But I had been there less than a week when the Germans invaded, so everything changed. At four in the morning a call came from the Kremlin to the guard on duty: "Wake him up immediately," Zhukov said. "The Germans are bombing our cities." By midmorning everyone had heard the story. Stalin left for Moscow. At Kuntsevo there was less scurrying, more gossip. The younger guards talked of leaving their posts to go to the front. We heard good news and bad, side by side. Most of us believed the bad. Our front had been caught by surprise, our armies captured. I gathered my first and last information—a telegram left out on Stalin's desk—and passed it up through a guard named Stepan, who belonged to Beria too. I found a letter from Svetlana:

*My Dear Little Secretary,*
*I hasten to inform you that your Housekeeper got an "excellent" in her composition! Thus, she passed the first test and has another tomorrow. I send my little papa a thousand kisses. Greetings to the secretaries.*

*—HOUSEKEEPER*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maybe because of that word, I had come to think of these notes as my own as much as Stalin's or his daughter's. They were certainly not Beria's; I didn't report them. I lay in bed that night while Valechka wheezed and snored, and I composed a note in my head addressed to Father: "*I share a room, but the old woman is good to me. Everyone is good to me, Misha,*" I lied. "*They treat me like a daughter—don't worry. We all think the Germans will take us as quickly as Poland. I kiss you*"—which I had never said to him and he would not have said to me, though all we did some evenings was kiss. The letter veered: "*I'm glad you asked about my dolls. They're not well—the croup. Send more peaches.—Your Little Sparrow.*"

When Stalin returned to Kuntsevo, we knew the worst was true. He came alone, and though it was midday, he went directly to his rooms and would not be disturbed. Someone said he had taken his boots off and lain down in the bed—not good, because he seldom slept in the bed. We expected an entourage to follow close behind. Vlasik ordered a meal prepared, spare cots made up with the military fold. But no one came. Everyone was quiet for fear of waking Stalin, but everyone wanted him awake. "No calls," he had said, but all day the telephones rang. The guards whispered to one another, "So long as he's sleeping, I for one am not afraid." But we knew the situation was dire. *Should I kill him still?* I wondered.

By the afternoon of the second day everything had gone slack. Even Vlasik had retired to his room. I walked along the terraces in the sunshine. Birds called, the familiar calls, while Germans marched through our fields. In a grove of pear trees I picked a pear, but it was a terrible mistake: when I bit into it (an early pear—small and tart) I was back on Semya Street, in the courtyard behind our house, the shade falling under the tree there, and the sound of my husband's typing coming through the window. The radio played in Mother Andreevna's room. Father was lecturing but would be home soon. I was in the courtyard to wait for him.

Instantly I began to cry. I had to spit out the half-chewed pear. What was wrong with me? It wasn't even a pear tree in our courtyard—it was a crab apple. I could hear my father's voice—"Where's Sweet Pea?"—and the old cracked voice of Sasha's grandmother: "She's in back, waiting for you." We would have been more careful had we realized that she didn't know. As it was, Father insisted on discretion. "Shush shush," he would say, pushing me away. "Here is Mother Andreevna, so quiet always in her skin slippers. Baba, you scared me." Walking away down the hall—was she crying? And when she reported us, what did she imagine they would do with her grandson, please? Did she think he didn't know about father and me? I sat under the pear tree and watched the dacha, but nothing moved and no one emerged. Then I dried my face and stood and walked back. I went inside and stepped through the main room, past the laid table, and through the parlor where the phonograph was, into Stalin's private apartment.

It contained four rooms, all the same size, the same rug before the fireplace in each. Same desk and sofa at one end of the rug. In one was the bed, in two others bookcases. All the tall windows had thin curtains pulled closed day and night, and heavier ones that were usually left open. But in the room I had entered these too were drawn. No lamps were lit. I stood with my back against the door. As it happened, he wasn't in this room, but he might have been. What was my plan? I needed a weapon. A brass lamp stood on a table by the door. It was properly heavy, but the weight of it in my fist solidified the prospect: I would see Stalin from across a room and charge him with the lamp in my hand and strike him on his wide, familiar head. I put the lamp down. *Not just now*, I thought, to console myself—but when would I get another chance? With a gun, maybe. But a lamp? I would open the door and creep back out, pray that the parlor was empty still, and slouch into the rest of my life, such as it was.

But just then I heard him. He grunted—not so nearby, though. He was through the next room, around the corner. I knew where, in fact. I tiptoed to the short hall, expecting the door to be closed, but it was open. I should explain that the dacha at Kuntsevo, being relatively modern, had flush toilets. And I will say that he was a man who flushed before he stood up, and then looked down into the clean bowl.

He saw me when he was buckling his belt, but I had known he would. How awful it was to see Stalin shit. To know he shat was news somehow, but to see him seated with his flank squished into a roll—not a young man anymore—was too much. The grimace on his face, pained and juvenile. He dimpled, as you know. *Would this be news to Beria?* I wondered. Stalin shits—I've seen it. Now shoot me. And Beria would have.

But Stalin didn't. When he noticed me, his expression was no more or less sour than it had been the instant before. He returned his attention to his belt buckle, his forehead pale and damp. He rinsed his hands in the sink and dried them. Then he shuffled toward me. I must have stood in his way, because he looked into my eyes and gestured with his hand: *May I?* I stepped aside. I made some noise, too—it was like a squeak; who knows what it meant. He said, "Thank you," with a good deal of irony.

He shuffled into the next room, where the bed was rumpled. The heavy curtains were drawn, but a lamp burned by the desk. He exhaled a long, relaxed sigh as he climbed into the bed, punched his pillows, and propped them against the headboard. "Can you move yet?" he asked.

"Yes, Comrade Stalin."

"Will you get me a cup of tea, at least?"

"Yes." I nodded.

I began to back out the way I had come, but he said, "Go this way." He pointed. "It's shorter."

When I was through the doorway and into the next room, he called out, saying, "Keke?"

*So he's mistaken me for someone else*, I thought. *A legitimate miracle.* I turned, and he said, "The black tea from the Crimea. Ask the cook. And bring honey, too."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, Comrade Stalin."

In the kitchen the cook had fallen asleep with the radio by his ear. When I woke him, he said, "You spoke to him?" Vlasik was alerted. *There is movement.* Stalin's favorite server—a fat Georgian woman—was summoned to carry the tea. I was thinking that I might want to find an explanation for what I had been doing in his private rooms, but the fat woman returned to the kitchen with the tray still in hand. She looked at me with disgust. "He wants her." Vlasik said, "Nonsense." He took the tray himself before handing it over. "You go," he said, and then yelled, "But don't make him angry!" He lowered his voice and pointed at me. "You will tell me every word he speaks."

The little crowd that had gathered in the kitchen sent me off with plain hatred in their eyes, afraid that I had beguiled him, but the guards I passed in the foyer ushered me with pleased and curious smirks, anticipating my quick demise. Stepan was at the door to Stalin's private rooms, and he gave me a meaningful stare that was meant to remind me of Beria. Then he closed the door behind me and left me alone in the gloom with Stalin.

"Keke?" he called mildly. His voice had the gravelly weight you want from a man, but it wasn't fierce or rude. I considered my dead waiting for me, and my fate, which had been sealed the moment they were arrested and no more than postponed when the secretary at Novgorod plucked me from the platform. I said, "It's me" in a voice I imagined to be Keke's, flirting, because I had learned that this was what I had available. Perhaps I could wrestle the gun away. "I've brought you some nice tea, Comrade."

I set the tray down on a table beside the bed. I would not meet his eyes, but I thought he might be smiling. He shifted in his bed to make room and patted a spot on the covers by his leg. He said, "Can you sit with me?"

So I sat down, nearly, at the edge of the bed. "Of course, Comrade St—"

He put his fingers to my lips, interrupting. They smelled of pipe smoke. I met his eyes now. The fringe of his moustache was ragged. His face was marked in patches—as if he had been beaten, I thought, before I recognized the scars that smallpox leaves. He had what Beria called "the Kremlin complexion." His eyes were not cruel, as some have claimed. He said, "Don't, don't do that, Keke, please? Don't be so cold with poor Stalin." There was a gentle, teasing rise to his voice. He took his fingers away. "Be good," he said. "You'll pour?"

I nodded. But while I was fumbling with the screen, he said, "Wait, just one cup? Who is at the door?"

"Stepan."

He turned and called out (forcefully, in the voice I had first expected), "Stepan!" Quickly I stood from the bed. When the guard leaned through, Stalin said, "Bring another teacup."

Stepan said, "*Slushaius'*, Comrade Stalin," and closed the door without a glance for me.

Stalin pushed his covers aside. "Well," he said, swinging his feet out of the bed. He put his hand on my shoulder—lightly, only pretending to lean—and stood. He said, "Excuse me, Keke, please," and patted my cheek with his open palm. I could see now that his shuffle was mostly for show, a self-deprecating joke, but one arm did hang stiff, as though injured. He went into the hall and then into the lavatory. He closed the door this time.

I touched my shoulder where his hand had been. I smelled my hand—no smell. Now that I was alone, I noticed the sound of a clock ticking. It was on the mantle over the fireplace, in which a few coals hissed. *Don't forget to kill him*, I thought. *And who is Keke?* It was possible that he had lost his mind, but I doubted it. I thought, *So it's this bad.* I listened for Stalin but couldn't hear anything. *How will he kill me?* I wondered.

There was a knock at the far door, but I didn't want to call out. The person waited a long time and then knocked again. From the lavatory Stalin said, "Keke!" with a good deal of impatience, so I sang, "Come in!"

Stepan opened the door and peered through. He saw me in the next room and glanced around for Stalin. He moved like a squirrel, closing the door and slipping into the lit room, stopping and glancing around again. He had a teacup in his hand, and he circled past me to place it on the tray. He studied me for a moment. He was a boy still, not even my age, and mixed with confusion and fear in his eyes was ordinary jealousy. So I sneered and waved him away—*shoo*. He was about to whisper something (instructions? an insult?) when the toilet flushed. He scurried from the room.

Stalin said, "So." His smile was forced. He climbed back into bed and patted the same spot with his palm. "Our tea," he said. "It's cold by now, but what do we care?"

I poured and passed him his cup and saucer. I said, "It's still warm." How *quietly* we were speaking! I poured a cup for myself. I said, "Honey?"

"Honey, yes." He was matter-of-fact, a little impatient. I spooned a dollop from the jar while he held his cup between us. The spoon clicked and clacked. He said, "You don't know what to call me now, do you?"

I shook my head no.

"Make something up."

"Sir?"

"Something better than that, Keke." He said, "I gave you Keke, now give me one back."

I spooned honey into my own tea and took up the saucer and sipped. He had peeled another layer of hope back, this impression of mistaken identity, but at the core beneath all the layers I was a calm girl already dead. As it happened, hopelessness was not new to me. And equally important to my calmness was the flavor of black tea with honey, which brought me back to Semya Street more forcefully than any pear. I closed my eyes and sipped again. I settled just the slightest bit farther onto the edge of his bed, as if reclining into the grave. I had been here before. I kept ending up here, in this same place, with different men. I said to Stalin, "Do you have a nickname?"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *You'll find the lowest term life rates in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll overnight you $500. More pleasant surprises now include instant automobile, family medical, group medical, Medicare supplement and dental insurance quotes from over 300 insurance companies!*

## $250,000 Term Life Sampler
## Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period

### *Female Premiums*

| Age | 10 YEAR | 15 YEAR | 20 YEAR | 25 YEAR | 30 YEAR |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 35 | $ 103 | $ 125 | $ 145 | $ 183 | $ 205 |
| 40 | $ 123 | $ 158 | $ 185 | $ 238 | $ 260 |
| 45 | $ 190 | $ 215 | $ 253 | $ 330 | $ 385 |
| 50 | $ 253 | $ 290 | $ 363 | $ 490 | $ 495 |
| 55 | $ 365 | $ 413 | $ 550 | $ 835 | $ 1,015 |
| 60 | $ 503 | $ 615 | $ 845 | $ 2,135 | $ 2,400 |
| 65 | $ 775 | $ 975 | $1,593 | $ 3,900 | $ 3,900 |
| 70 | $1,338 | $ 1,600 | $2,970 | $ 7,220 | $ 7,220 |
| 75 | $2,275 | $ 4,870 | $5,820 | $10,370 | $12,420 |

### *Male Premiums*

| Age | 10 YEAR | 15 YEAR | 20 YEAR | 25 YEAR | 30 YEAR |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 35 | $ 123 | $ 138 | $ 165 | $ 223 | $ 253 |
| 40 | $ 148 | $ 183 | $ 225 | $ 288 | $ 335 |
| 45 | $ 225 | $ 300 | $ 360 | $ 450 | $ 513 |
| 50 | $ 338 | $ 455 | $ 525 | $ 743 | $ 828 |
| 55 | $ 500 | $ 670 | $ 768 | $ 1,640 | $ 2,330 |
| 60 | $ 783 | $ 990 | $1,335 | $ 3,630 | $ 3,630 |
| 65 | $1,330 | $ 1,650 | $2,693 | $ 5,250 | $ 5,250 |
| 70 | $2,473 | $ 3,175 | $4,860 | $ 8,790 | $ 8,790 |
| 75 | $4,400 | $ 7,443 | $9,600 | $13,260 | $15,030 |

"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom -search service." - *Nation's Business*

"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market. " - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

"Quotesmith.com provides rock-bottom quotes. - *Forbes*

"Quotesmith keeps a database of about 350 insurance companies." - *Good Housekeeping*

"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches." - *Los Angeles Times*

"Quotesmith will scan the insurers and provide a list of different policies suited to your needs." - *Money*

"This solution has value for those who value immediacy and privacy." - *U.S. News & World Report*

## Quotesmith.com is the only place on earth where you can get instant insurance quotes from over 300 top-rated companies.

Search the marketplace in seconds. Every quote is guaranteed accurate. Take control of your insurance purchase decisions. View the latest claims-paying ability ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Ratings, Inc. on every term life quote. Buy from the company of your choice online when you want and without having to talk to any insurance salesmen! Avoid buying mistakes and bad advice. Use the Quotesmith.com high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy. It's lightning fast, easy and free.

Quotesmith.com®
incorporated

# Quotesmith.com

**AD CODE: TAM 01/00**

Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Empire General Life; Brimingham, AL, form TL-06; Jackson National Life, Lansing MI, form L1665; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, form BT-1002AA(2-96), Control #B98-198(3/98); General Life, Edwardsville, IL , form 70006; Midland Life, Columbus, OH, form T376 & T678; Ohio National Life, Cincinnati, OH, form 92-TR-1; Old Line Life, Milwaukee, WI, form 80-RCT 79D; Old Republic Life Ins. Co., Chicago, IL, form 8-1077; Valley Forge/CNA, Chicago, IL, form V117-333-A Series; Premium rates shown are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. Policy forms vary by state. $500 lowest price guarantee not available in SD and has specific terms and conditions detailed at www.quotesmith.com. California and Utah dba Quotesmith.com Insurance Services: CA #0827712, #OA13858; UT #90093. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Term life premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His smile was conspiratorial now; he had been watching me warm to the conversation. "Are you a clever girl?" he asked, in the voice you speak to a pet with.

I nodded. I held his gaze. We were moving in quickly.

"You're very clever?"

I said, "I'm clever." I put my teacup down.

"You don't like me, though?"—not whispering but nearly, still with this rise, this foolish intonation. He could see through me, I knew, so I said, "No, I don't like you." I shook my head for emphasis. He wore a linen tunic with wide tan buttons. His left hand was beneath the covers, and it could be that he held a gun there. Or maybe he would just use his bare hands. Maybe his will alone would do. I leaned until my cheek was against his chest, and when he set his teacup down and stroked my hair, I pulled my legs up onto the bed and settled.

"You hate me, Keke." He kissed the top of my head.

There were three or four things from home: the tea, the darkness of the room, the fire, the sound of the clock on the mantle. I nodded. "I hate you," I whispered. How good it felt. He knew just what I wanted.

"Everybody hates me, Keke. Everybody hates me." He paused. I closed my eyes. "Let's say you are the new housekeeper?"

I nodded, my cheek rustling against the linen. I could hear Stalin's heartbeat, which for some reason made me want to cry.

"You were cleaning when you came into my room?"

A nod. This was the voice I had heard when I read his letters—indulgent and sweet.

"You were cleaning."

Nod.

"Cleaning and what else? Were you spying on Stalin?"

He kissed me. I said no, but only because in truth I hadn't been spying—I had come into his room with no thought for Beria. If I had been spying, I would have said yes.

"You weren't spying?" No. "You were just curious, then? Girls are curious, I think—by nature. Isn't that true?" A nod. "It's a dark room, you know—very hard to clean. You forgot to put the light on. And what's worse, you forgot to bring your handcart with you—nothing to clean with. What a poor housekeeper, my little Keke." His voice swooned even higher. I nuzzled. There was something in his breast pocket—foil and paper, a pouch of tobacco. "You were curious. That's all. We get curious—boys, girls, we all do. We want to know, don't we?" Nuzzling. "We want to see a man shit sometimes. It's true. And so? Does that make us all spies? Sometimes we want to see a man at his worst—so what?"

I had been crying ever so slightly, but now I began to weep. Brushing the hair back from my ear, he said, "What should we do with you, little girl?" but his voice was not so good, slipping into a desperate range. I shook my head no against his chest. He said, "I don't know what to do, Keke—I don't know what to do," and my tears subsided, because he was quickly slipping past me. The first sobs shook his chest.

I lay still with my eyes open and rode the jolts and waited a little while more, through a series of deep sighs as he wiped at his cheeks, one hand and the other—a little frantic. He sniffled. *It's a good thing men don't cry often*, I thought. Finally he lay still. When he leaned, he held my head against him with his free hand, so that I would know he didn't want to disturb me. I watched him take hold of the knob on the small drawer in the bed table, but then I thought, *It's a gun*, and closed my eyes so that I wouldn't have to see it. He said *shh* and touched my hair. He lifted something from the drawer and leaned back. A part of my mind was scheming—spring for his hand, knock the barrel away—but the better part was relieved to be granted such an easy death and also relieved that I would not have to kill a man, even Stalin. Then he took the pouch from his breast pocket, so I knew it was only his pipe. Everything was quite familiar. I began to relax.

When he had smoked a little, he said, "Okay, up. Up, up." I sat and stood. He put the pipe down and turned onto his side to sleep. He said, "Keke?"

"Hm?"

"Don't leave my rooms." I didn't reply. He said, "They'll take you from me, is all."

In another minute or two he was asleep.

I TIPTOED and listened at the door. There was a good deal of agitation in the rest of the house—footsteps back and forth, the telephone, Vlasik shouting in the distance. I returned to Stalin's bedside, where it was quiet, and sat on the sofa to watch him. *Stalin sleeping*—I was full of these phrases that first day. *Stalin chewing. Stalin smoking his pipe*—a Dunhill, with the little white dot. In this room was another brass lamp, identical to the one I had held in my fist, and, even better, an iron poker by the side of the hearth. But what was the hurry? I felt almost relaxed, enclosed within his plans for me, and this was familiar too.

A little while later he woke with a start, surprised to see me. "Oh," he said to himself, remembering. He sat back and rubbed his eyes and said, "The least you could do is kiss me." I sat still. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Famished."

He ordered our dinner and then stripped off his tunic in the lavatory while we waited. I was in the hallway, watching him. He lathered and shaved and trimmed his moustache. "What should we do with you?" he asked, and I said, "Take me on a picnic?" He smiled dimly. "I'm still waiting for a nickname, you know," he said.

I said "Misha" then, because in this cave of his I would say whatever I wanted.

"*Misha?*" He frowned. "No." He pulled a face.

"Why not?"

"It's so *weak*, Keke. Is that how you think of me?"

"Yes."

"I see." He shook out the tunic. "Well, what can I do, then? *Misha*, if you like." He said it in a high voice, imitating me.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vlasik himself brought the dinner in and laid it on the table in the first of Stalin's rooms. We seated ourselves across from each other, and Vlasik uncovered a *tchokhom-bili:* chicken and rice and eggplant, tomatoes, summer melon, peppers. In addition there was borscht and Baltic herring, new potatoes, baklava, acorns in syrup. Vlasik whispered into Stalin's ear, and Stalin said fiercely, "No!" There was more whispering. "No one!" He flung his hand as if shooing a fly and caught Vlasik's nose. "Go away. Go."

We waited until Vlasik was through the door, and then he gave me his plate and I filled it for him. "They hate you now," he told me, but I shrugged. "They hate you, and you hate me, and here am I, left smitten. What kind of picture do we make?" he asked.

I said, "Stop talking and eat—you'll feel better."

He smiled at this. I was making him happy.

In the evening he built up the fire and we sat at the desk and played rummy. I said, "How soon will the Germans be here, Misha?"

He told me, "Don't ask that."

"Shall I bring the acorns from the table?" I asked.

"Not for me, no."

"Tomorrow," I said, "let's not stay in all day."

"We owe you a picnic."

"That's true—with cheesecake."

"You'd better tell the cook now." I shrugged. "Forget it, then." He tapped out his pipe and repacked and lit it.

I asked, "Will you kill me?"—the playful voice, floating.

He grinned and said, "Will *you* kill *me*?"

"I won't kill you if you don't kill me."

He said, "No deals. No business between lovers, Keke."

"But I don't love you," I said, while he counted his points.

"Nevertheless," he said, "no deals."

That night the fire reflected brightly off the glossy wood-slat walls, and in bed he lay on his back at first, nervous, with me just beside him. Then he rolled to face me with his poor arm tucked under the pillow. He said, "My second wife has been dead nine years. How long for your husband?"

"Almost one," I said, wondering how he had guessed I was married—if my face or figure made it clear.

Something in my expression must have worried him, because he said brightly, "Okay, then! That's enough of that—my mistake. Here, show me your breasts instead."

---

## STRAYS

They'd show up at evening, with the change
of light, between a long day and supper,
close to the road or edge of the yard,
heads low, half starved, but quick as crows.
If you fed them, left meat scraps out at night,
they'd come back hungrier, and if you didn't,
if you ignored them or threw stones, they'd
simply back away, wary, starving, waiting
for dark in order to raid the smoking ashes
of the garbage, sometimes alone or in pairs,
sometimes in cerberus three-headed numbers.
They seemed almost to live somewhere, and near,
as certain of their ground as neighbors.

Serious neighbors shot them or tried to poison,
while my father went to gather what he could
into the cowbed of his truck to be ferried.
Dogs that year were let out everywhere,
mongrels, pets, freak accidents, some with
mange or worse, the year of the holiday
death counts, the year somebody driving fast
blind-sided one in front of the house,
sent it flying all at once over the car:
it rose where it fell, where nobody wanted
to touch it since it acted still alive,
its puffed pink tongue lolling in its blood,
its canine neutral eye rolled over white.

We'd seen death before, and death brought back
to life, the spirit arm or leg of what was
missing from a boy, the mouth of the polio
friend breathing again, the ice of her face
on fire. But this was filled, unbroken flesh
continuous, the matted hair and open sores
unchanged. Somebody said, and I wished I'd
said it, let's find a place and bury it,
which nobody wanted to do, for fear of rabies
or a dog's disease. Finally one of the fathers
took a hind in each warm hand and dragged
the animal dead weight over to the shoulder,
where serious crows and flies resurrect.

—STANLEY PLUMLY



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I will not." I smiled, but my heart sank a little too. I had my uniform on still, though I had taken off my girdle and stockings and bra.

He said, "Oh, come now." He made a funny face like a boy. Less than a foot separated us in the bed, and the covers were up across our shoulders. He said, "I won't touch, just give me a peep. I've seen them before, you know."

I laughed a little. "You haven't seen mine."

"Well, that's just the point, Keke. That's my point exactly."

I said, "If you promise not to kill me, I'll show you some things." And this time *he* laughed—kindly but awful. He rolled over onto his back again and stared at the ceiling. After a while he said, "Not from Georgia, I know. Certainly not from Moscow. Where did they find you, Keke?"

I was pouting. I said, "I don't think I'm interested in this conversation anymore."

He said, "What makes you think you can act that way?"—very forceful all of a sudden, an entirely different tone. He turned to me and propped himself up on an elbow. Firelight is flattering to anyone, but it made him look younger, too, and virile, which wasn't a welcome impression just then. He pointed at me and said, "You take too many liberties."

The old thoughts returned to me: *How difficult can it be to crack a skull? If he is terrible, I can do it more easily.* Quietly I said, "If I vex poor Stalin, he should shoot me. Shall I get out of the bed for him?"

"What have I done to you?" he interrupted, still angry, and that made me sit up and lean. I said, "And *that* you don't want to ask *me*, Comrade Stalin!" Which broke him up, in small convulsions that he tried to keep his lips around, followed by a great wave of squinting laughter. I could feel a smile on my own lips as well, but I pushed him, both hands against his shoulders. He pushed me back, still laughing, and I pushed him back, harder this time. Then he had his hands inside my collar. It was a low, square collar, and his knuckles were against my bones there. He yanked the dress down with a little tearing; I felt a shot of pain when my nipples caught. He stopped laughing and stared hard at my eyes, not my bosom. My arms were confined by the sleeves tight around my elbows. He sat still, breathing. A door slammed in some distant part of the house, as if to remind me that the Germans were coming. Watching Stalin, I didn't think he was pleased with himself. This wasn't what he wanted, and he was still available to be won back—I could see that. So eventually I decided. I said, "Shall I take it off, then?" Not solicitous—just a question.

His laugh was thin and through his nose. He was frowning, but he nodded yes.

He was a suckler—like Sasha, but not like Father. Nothing like Beria. When you look down past your chin at such a man, it's difficult not to take responsibility. All I had ever done with men was make myself available. *Take what you need* was what I knew, although none of them had needed me yet. It wouldn't work with Stalin. He was so clumsy. I wasn't sure he would get past my bosom—stopping and starting, lying still while I touched his hair. What could be sadder than an old man's hair? And if I helped him, who would know? Most things would be erased once the Germans arrived, and even if my dead were with me, they could do nothing. I did think of Father, in fact. I closed my eyes, and there he was. *I'm not responsible*, I thought, crying, while Stalin huffed and breathed. *And where are you when I need you, anyway?*

HE was up before me, whistling "Douglas the Dog" in the lavatory while he shaved. Bare-chested, with morning male smells on him, he poked his head around the corner when he heard me rustling. "*Pod'yom*," he said. "We have a picnic to arrange." Look how cheerful I had made him.

I said, "A picnic for breakfast?" I had not fallen asleep for a long time, but then I had slept heavily. From the lavatory he called, "It's almost noon."

The tear in my uniform was in the back—not so bad, but it ripped more when I pulled it on. I said, "I need to change clothes."

Back around the corner came his head—concerned this time, thinking, as he buttoned up an identical tunic. I said, "Make them bring my clothes to me."

"No," he said, "I don't think so. Come." He strode past me while I found my shoes. My underthings were on his lavatory floor.

Remarkably, Stepan was still on guard. He must have gone and returned. Stalin looked at him with that combination of stern regard and trust that certain men can manage. Pointing at me, he said, "You're to escort her to her room, wait for her there, and escort her back to me. No stops for anyone—including Vlasik. Do you understand?" Stepan offered a military nod. I could think of no safe way to thwart the plan.

Only when Stalin was behind the door did Stepan face me—with a stare much too cruel for such a young man. Where did they find these boys? I stepped past him, and he spat on the floor before following me.

Apparently the despairing quiet had descended over the dacha again. We met no one all the way to my room. Stepan spoke over my shoulder in a hiss that began as a whisper but gained volume along the way. "You'd better have things to tell me, little *blyad'*. Beria would have me kill you now. What does he say while he fucks you, then? Hm? While the Nazis rape our sisters—what does he say? How does he like it while the tanks roll through our villages? Why don't you show me what you did for him—here." I closed the door. It had no lock, so I propped a chair.

I expected pounding or shouts, but when I heard nothing, I slipped out of the uniform, seeing the rip in back that must have dominated Stepan's attention. At the basin I scrubbed and brushed my hair. At first, out of habit, I picked a clean uniform from the closet, and had it on before I realized it wasn't necessary. I changed into a pale-blue dress from my



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first life, one of the three dresses I had carried with me this far into the next. It smelled of storage—cedar and dust—but it put someone else in the mirror before me, an image I doubted I could claim anymore.

When I was ready, I listened at the door. Nothing. I opened it quietly and slipped out and closed it without a sound. Then I leaped, because they were right there beside me, both Stepan and Vlasik. Vlasik was amused and red in the face. He said in a stage whisper, "Sneaky little mouse. Is this your new uniform? Have your duties changed?"

They blocked the way. I had never seen Vlasik so happy—his florid face was bright. Looking at Stepan, I said, "You heard his orders," which set him off like a dog, cursing under his breath and lunging. But Vlasik held him with a forearm and said, "Katia, dear. Ambitious little housekeeper." He pushed Stepan away. "We need to ask you just a few questions before we return you to your duties. We're concerned for Comrade Stalin, you see—just as you are, I'm sure." He leaned toward me, Stepan behind him. "You have a picnic planned—I know. We'll be sure to get you there safely. But you see, Russia is falling into Nazi hands just now, while you take him on this picnic, so that has us worried. You can imagine. We wonder why *Stalin* isn't worried, you see."

He waited as if for an answer. I was thinking how lucky I was to have no one in my life they could threaten me with. I said, "I'll tell him you asked."

He had a quick fake laugh, bright and high. "No, you won't, Katia. No, you won't. You won't tell him about this conversation at all. It's our secret, the three of us. Tell me please, do you care for Russia?"

"Get out of my way."

"Maybe you don't. Has she treated you poorly? Has Adolf Hitler been kinder?"

"He'll have you killed."

"Do you think? How long have you known him, Katia? What is it—fifteen, twenty hours, maybe? I don't have a watch. Let's say a full day, yes? Do you know how long I have known him?" He touched his chest, his eyebrows raised. "How long I have been in his confidence? Even poor Stepan here, still a young man, yet he's been with Comrade Stalin since he was a boy. I mean, yes, Katia, granted, it's a *very* fine dress." He touched me now, rubbing the fabric between two fingers. "And you look well in it, yes. And you and Comrade Stalin have become close in all that time—I know. But do you think it will be enough when he hears about your friendship with Adolf? Were your duties similar there, Katia?" He rubbed his knuckles up and down across my chest. "Did you wear this nice dress for him, too?"

I began to scream.

Immediately Vlasik said, "Shut up!" When I didn't, he put a hand over my mouth. Valechka, of all people, came running. "What's happening?" she shouted from the end of the corridor, as if we had failed to ask her permission. "Who do you have there?" Vlasik shouted back, "Shut up!"

Then came Stalin behind her. I hadn't seen him yet, but I turned to look when Vlasik let go of me. Stalin appeared more confused than angry, standing behind Valechka with his mouth open. After a long pause he said, "Keke! I'm waiting!" He held his hand out for me—stern and impatient in his paternal way, without a glance for Stepan or Vlasik. *What a strange man*, I thought. I looked at the other two, but their eyes were on Stalin and they were both terrified—for themselves, maybe, but also for him. I walked past them and took his hand. I was close to tears, and when we rounded the corner, I wrapped my other arm around his and squeezed. I had been wrong to worry that he would shoot me. In fact, I was safe only when I was beside him. He might kill me still—but just by sending me away, leaving me to my fate. I leaned against him, and he patted my cheek.

The cook had packed a great basket, which Stalin carried. Not until we were outside in the garden did he speak to me. "You dressed properly," he said. "Good girl."

He led me across the terraces and into the trees behind, where the forest floor was cleared of brush and picked clean and mowed. Deck chairs stood in front of crude cottages, but we walked past these to where the trees were closer and darker. When we settled, I noticed that three guards had followed us from the dacha. They posted themselves in a triangle around us, politely distant. Stalin spread a gingham cloth. An oversized meal had been packed: cheese and salads and pickled beets. A wine from Georgia that Stalin was proud of. He collected some stones and built a fire within them and cooked *shashlik*. He was becoming himself again, I imagined, expansive and instructing. I thought, *Just one night, true, but look what I've done for him*. "What can I feed you next?" he asked, and I said, "A black olive." We lingered over it awhile, licking fingers. He was at ease with me now, his smile presumptuous.

Some folders were at the bottom of the basket, and later on he opened them while I lay back on the gingham. A blotch of sun warmed my stomach, and I meant to let him be, remembering what Vlasik had said. But when I looked over, he was intent, already beyond me. Everyone knows that they come at night, when you're least expecting—they knock on the door and take you with them. They might kill you that evening, or send you away, and everyone knows you don't get a last meal.

"Misha?" I said.

Still intent on the page, he said, "Hm?"

"What did you do to me last night?" I asked, my voice coy and desperate. "I can't remember now."

It worked, of course—he turned and smiled. And he seemed surprised by what he saw. His smile quickly drained away. Quietly he said, "You can't imagine how good you look, Katia."

That hurt very much. "Don't say my name."

"How sweet you are to me." He leaned and kissed. "What a good girl," he whispered.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOLOTOV and another man were waiting for him in the dining room. I thought they looked scared, prepared to beg. Stalin told me, "Wait in my room now. Finish your nap." He spoke quietly, so that they wouldn't hear, and he had let my hand go before they saw us. I made it safely into his rooms. I lay curled up in the bed for a short time, but eventually I came to my senses. I went to the desk and turned on the lamp. I took a barrette from my hair and bent it and picked the lock on the bottom drawer. Start at the bottom. A man will think he has hidden something farther out of reach there. It was crammed full of envelopes from the Council of Ministers, the Defense Ministry. Most had not been opened, but the few that had been contained money—thick packets of large notes and receipts. They were his wages. I took a fat-bellied envelope from the bottom of the pile and left it out on the desk.

The drawer above this had two things in it: a strange telephone with no numbers on the front—just a plain black face—and a revolver loaded with three bullets. It was a heavy, gleaming gun, more substantial than the one at Lipki. I put the telephone up on the desk and carefully lifted the receiver. A conversation was in progress on the line, two men involved in an argument. Between the unfamiliar terms and the poor connection I couldn't follow it well. But they seemed to be talking about troops—artillery, divisions. The voices sounded antique on the line, hollowed out and distant, their urgency a little comic. I had held my palm over the speaking end, but now I said, "Boo!" My voice bounced back to me in a dead way, making no impression on their argument. I hung up and put the telephone away.

I was trained not to press my luck, so I closed up the drawers. But I kept the revolver out along with the envelope, and found a place to hide them, wedged between the headboard and the wall. I waited for a long time more. The proper thing would be to anticipate him now, gun in hand, perhaps in the narrow lavatory. I could call to him, and he would come to see if I had left the door open. He would round the corner hopeful and lascivious. Two bullets for him and one for me.

But after I had sat a little while on the cold tiles, I realized I didn't want him dead—at least, not if he would come back to me. If he would come and be good to me again, I would trade that for revenge—my own and everyone else's, too. I would let him keep me if he was sweet; I would make the bed and wait around for him. Be nice. Let him take care of me. Stop saying no all the time.

I went to the last of his private rooms, where I could peek into the parlor. Approaching the door, I heard music playing on the phonograph. It was the folk song "In This Tiny Village," which I had always known, and I wouldn't have believed this was his voice singing out over the recorded tenor if I hadn't seen him through the keyhole. It was a high, weak sound that his speaking voice would never have betrayed. His brow knit in a foolish way, and his mouth bent into shapes. In my narrow view I could see Valechka behind him, and the cook, both watching with indulgent smiles, and just a shoulder past the cook, which was enough to know it was Vlasik. That was as much of the room as I could see. But when the song ended, applause and "Bravo"s came from the near side. How proud and shy he looked in the lamplight. "Encore!" someone shouted—a girl. "Encore!" And when the needle was dropped and the song began to play again, he laughed and turned to a part of the room not available through the keyhole. "Please, Setanka. Once was enough." But he was happy, ready to be budged, and his daughter began singing it herself to prompt him. Her voice fell away when he took it up again. He watched her this time—it was evident in his smile. He sang and watched her. They broke my heart. I turned away to the dark room and sat with my back against the doorframe, listening. I had an image in my mind of my father and husband huddled together in the next dark room, their ears pressed at that door, listening after me. And then more again in the room past them—a sequence of ghosts left out in dark rooms, each listening after the one before.

WHEN the men woke me in the middle of the night, I thought they were Nazis. Perhaps I'd been dreaming. They were impatient but gentle.

"We've packed your bags already," they whispered. "They're in the car. Hurry. Stalin is waiting." It was a mean and unnecessary lie: I was perfectly pliant.

They had told the truth about my bags, though. They were there on the seat. While the driver pulled away, I searched for the photo of Father—quickly, so that I could ask him to turn the car around if necessary. But there it was. I took it from the bag and sat with it in my lap. I couldn't see it in the dark. "Where are we going?" I asked. The driver said, "We won't be long."

He took me to the station and put me on a train. It was a very short train, just two cars: the engine and a good clean passenger car, such as you seldom saw in Russia in those days. A porter carried my bags. I carried the photo. No one else was in the car, though—only the porter and I. He picked a banquette toward the middle, identical to all those around it. "This one?" he asked. I frowned and stared, but he evidently didn't know any more than I did. "It's fine," I said. He got down from the train, and I was left alone. When I had settled and looked out the window, I saw the driver still there, leaning against his car. The whistle blew and I waved. We pulled away.

At the next station we picked up a string of regular cars, and the platform was full of passengers loading and other people staying behind. They were women and old men and the crippled—no one fit for service. No one was loaded onto my car, and the old women watched me through the window and pointed and whispered. When we pulled out again, the sun was up. There was a water closet at one end of the car. I washed my face and combed my hair. I remembered the gun I had left hidden, and the envelope of money, and wondered if they would change my present destination, whatever it was, when Valechka found them. I tried the door at the end of

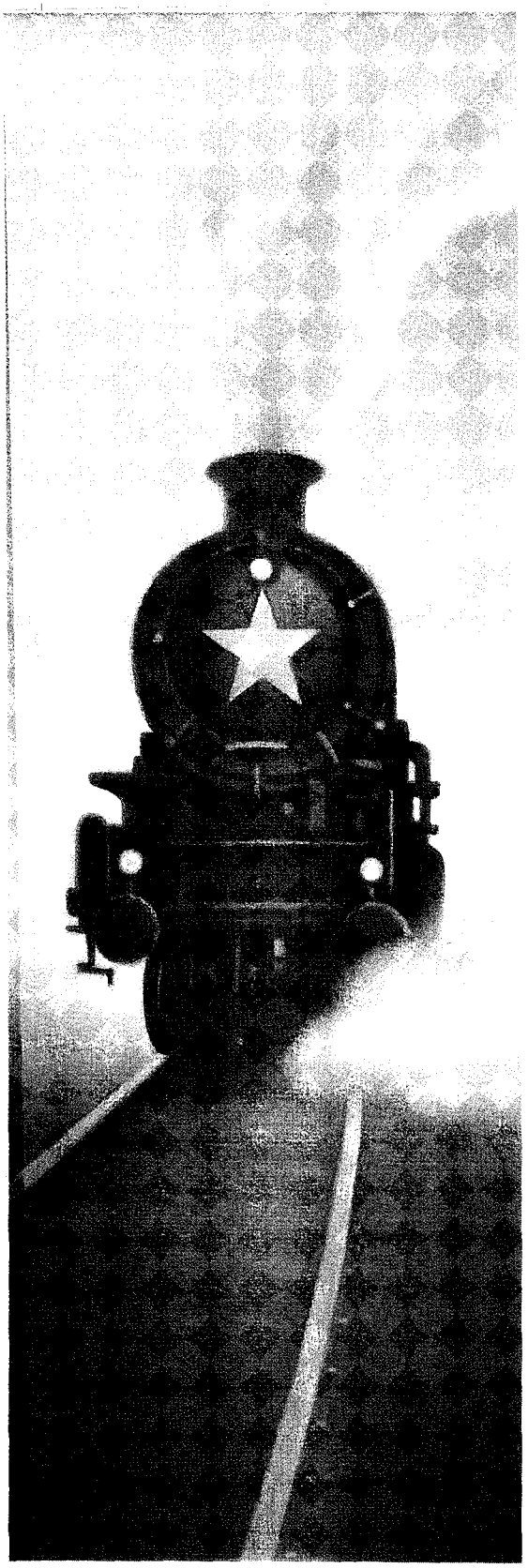


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the car, but I wasn't surprised to find it locked. When I called out, the voices chattering in the next car grew quiet. I resettled and fell asleep.

I woke to a more familiar landscape. We were traveling east. A porter came with a key and let in an old man who sold me tea and a sausage. He wouldn't speak—just held things out to show and then took my money with a little bow. We stopped again at Kazan', Sarapul, Yekaterinburg, in the Urals. We passed my town, but I won't name it. I got tired of looking at Father in the photo. I thought, *He wouldn't recognize me now*. Then Omsk and Novosibirsk, into Siberia. All the way I had the whole car to myself.

The second night the porter let a band in. I had heard them playing for the car behind mine. They shuffled up the aisle, wary, clanking with cymbals tied to their knees and bells attached to the tips of their shoes. They had the big, flushed faces of old men from the steppe, and the bandore player had no teeth. I didn't know the song, but when it was through, I leaned and clapped. They promptly stood and turned to go, but I said, "No, wait. Another, please, one more!" It was as if they couldn't hear me. "I can pay you," I said, willing to lie. This led the last man to touch his cap, but the porter freed them and locked the door behind.



They took me off the train at Tomsk—two officers from the camp. They were strangely polite, loading me into the car. They allowed me to bring my bags, though after that ride I would never see them again. The Victorian houses of Tomsk sink a little farther each year into the melting permafrost, and in some the ground-floor windows were not much above the sidewalks. The houses were painted bright colors, with turrets and spires, but past the last street the forest crouched above them. We drove to Kolpaševo, on the Ob. Slabs of ice still lounged along the bank. It was a low building with a tin roof. They took my blue dress and my bags. The showers ran yellow—I don't know why. They gave me pants, a sweater, a vest, a quilted jacket, and felt boots and puttees. Special treatment—they were expecting me.

Then I cut timber. Because it was July when I arrived, we still had black bread. We had turnips and goose feet for broth. But by January it was cattle feed and meatless bones boiled for the marrow. Also groats—groats and groats. You rot from the inside, eating that way. Through the war I cut timber, and afterward, too, until Stalin was dead and I felt old and homely. I made no friends at Kolpaševo. No one forgave me, and I didn't want anyone to. One night I was sitting by the stove, rolling a *papirosa*, when some Leningradka with rings around her eyes and no hair left on her head said to me, "Did he touch you?"

She—this woman, if you could still call her that—she looked at me with disgust, repulsed by the very thought. Everyone waited for my answer.

Staring through my smoke, I said to her, "He suckled like an infant."

But she was as good as dead, you know. What was I thinking? I didn't impress her. She looked at me the way Stepan and Vlasik had—a cruel look that no one would have thought to give me when I lived on Semya Street with Father and Sasha, before I was so [illegible]rable (as I never would be again). And though I should have been long past it by then, I thought I might cry under her withering gaze.

So I tapped my ash and said, "He loved me."

She stared and stared.

"I could have killed him a thousand times," I said.

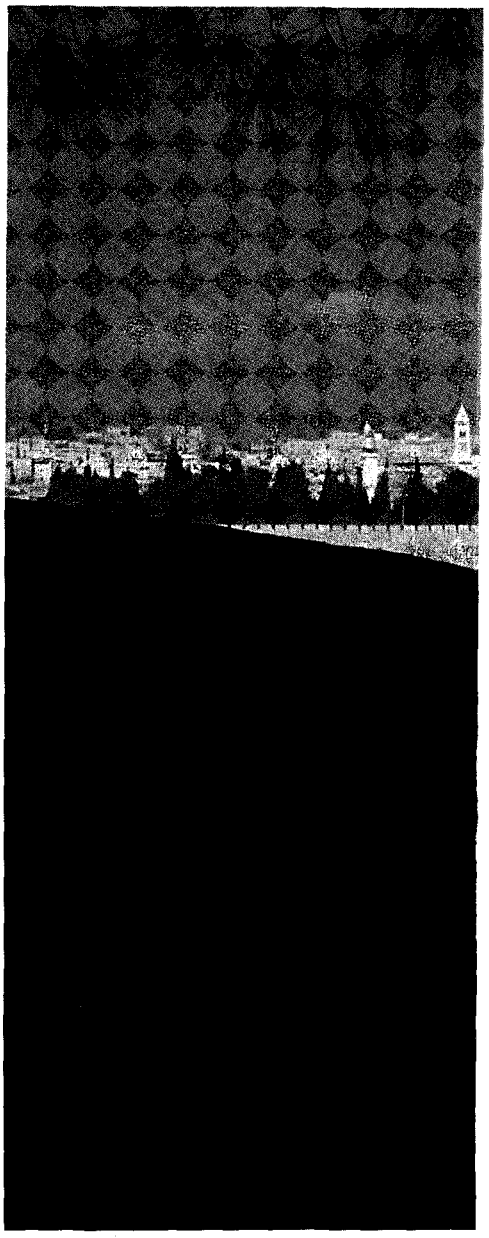


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ISRAEL NOW

by ROBERT D. KAPLAN

*The author, a former resident of Israel, finds that raw power and economic forces are redrawing the map of the Middle East, and peace talks will merely formalize the emerging reality*



In his autobiography, *The Road to Mecca* (1954), Muhammad Asad looked to Abraham, the forefather of the Jews, for understanding.

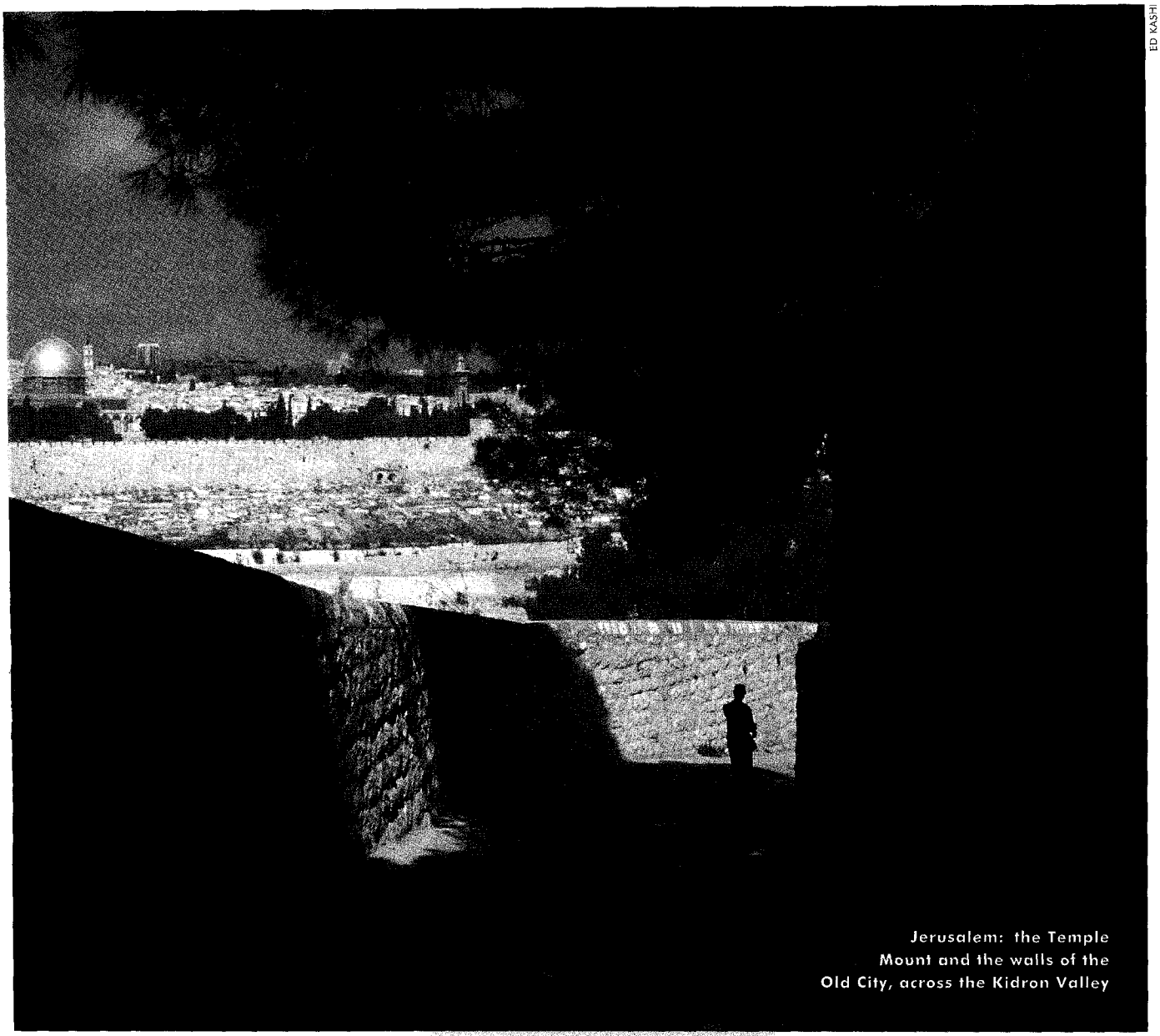
> That early ancestor of mine whom God had driven toward unknown spaces and so to a discovery of his own self, would have well understood why I am here [in Arabia]—for he also had to wander through many lands before he could build his life into something that you might grasp with your hands, and had to be guest at many strange hearths before he was allowed to strike root. To his awe-commanding experience my puny perplexity would have been no riddle.

## CROSSING THE JORDAN

LEOPOLD WEISS, THE GRANDSON of a rabbi, was born in the Polish city of Lwów in 1900. In 1922 he went to Palestine to visit an uncle who was a psychiatrist at a hospital in Jerusalem. From Jerusalem, Weiss began traveling through North Africa and Arabia, where he became deeply attracted to Arabs and to life in the desert. Weiss converted to Islam, changed his name to Muhammad Asad, married an Arab woman, and made the holy pilgrimage to Mecca. Asad was among the few Westerners who had ever visited Mecca and Medina, and also among the early-twentieth-century explorers of the Arabian and Libyan Deserts. He was befriended by King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, of Saudi Arabia, and became one of the King's envoys and troubleshooters. Asad also helped to set up the modern world's first Islamic state, Pakistan, which he represented as its minister plenipotentiary to the United Nations. For a decade after Asad converted to Islam, his father refused contact with him. But in 1935 the two began exchanging letters. The correspondence continued until 1942, when the Nazis deported Asad's father and sister to a concentration camp, where they both perished.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ED KASHI

Jerusalem: the Temple Mount and the walls of the Old City, across the Kidron Valley

Asad, who looked back on his Jewish childhood as "happy" and "satisfying," was the ultimate free man, reinventing and negating himself, and thus full of contradictions. I was attracted by his autobiography because of the contradictions in my own life.

In the 1970s, when I was in my twenties, I traveled throughout Islamic North Africa and the Middle East, settling in Israel, where I served in the military. In Israel, finding life among people of my faith claustrophobic, I rediscovered my Americanness. What I took away from Israel was not Zionism so much as realism: whereas Israel's phobias about security might seem extreme to outsiders, life in Israel taught me that the liberal humanist tendency to see politics predominantly in moral terms was equally so. In Israel I often met foreign journalists who demanded absolute justice for the Palestinians and talked constantly about morality in politics, which in practice meant that anyone who disagreed with them was "immoral." You couldn't argue with these people. My right-wing neighbors in a poor, oriental part of Jewish Jerusalem sought absolute security. You couldn't argue with them either, but at least their arguments were grounded in self-interest and not in airy abstractions. (A confidant of the late King Hussein's and Prince Hassan's once told me

I decided not to take the new road and instead to follow the old one I knew from decades ago. That way we would approach Jerusalem in traditional, romantic fashion, coming around a bend to behold the Old City. "You what?!" my friend said when I arrived.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the two men trusted Yitzhak Rabin, then the Israeli Defense Minister, because he always framed his arguments for peace in terms of Israel's self-interest rather than morality.) Self-interest at its healthiest implicitly recognizes the self-interest of others, and therein lies the possibility of compromise—and realism. A moral position admits few compromises. That's some of what I took away from Israel.

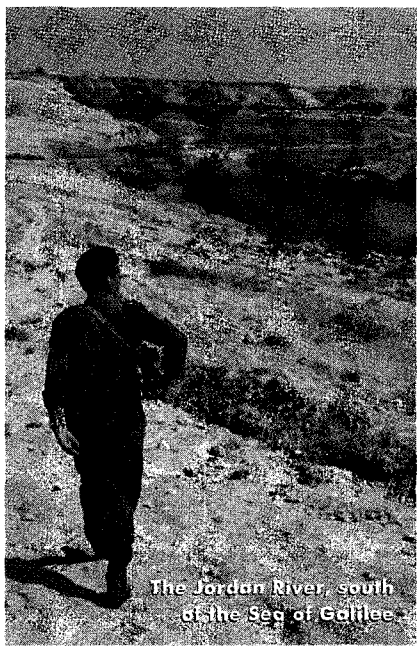
Two days after finishing my military service in Israel, I flew to the Balkans to restart my career as a journalist. Within weeks I was back in the Arab world, and I traveled in Syria, Iraq, Algeria, and elsewhere throughout the 1980s, keeping the Israeli part of my life a secret. As I had learned from the foreign correspondents I met in Israel, being an outsider is easy, and so I enjoyed the Arab world, just as I did the Balkans.

But in Israel, though my Hebrew is now very rusty, I will never be completely an outsider. Thus I had mixed feelings last year as I prepared to leave Amman and cross the border after several weeks of travel in Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan. In Israel I would be less a traveler than someone returning to a former home, and would experience reality at a level different from that elsewhere in my journey.

FROM Amman I took an early-morning bus north, toward the Syrian border, alighting at Irbid. Irbid was a summation of what I had experienced in the Arab world over the previous weeks. Like many other places in Jordan, it has clean sidewalks and clean public spaces, but few trees. The streets were dominated by men in drab clothes; boys carried trays of coffee and tea into offices; and the bus station was a jumble of produce stands amid lines of vehicles departing at no particular time—no disadvantage for me, because this was a traditional society in which strangers are immediately looked after. Irbid lies almost twenty miles east of the Jordan River, the border with Israel. Though the bus station was busy, I was the only person traveling to the border, so I had to take a taxi, for the equivalent of $15.

The Jordan River Valley is part of a deep rift in the earth's surface that stretches from Jordan to East Africa. The descent to the river from the biscuit-brown tableland where Irbid sits was dramatic. The temperature climbed steadily as we neared the hazy ribbon of green fields along the Jordan, on the other side of which, in Israeli territory, the mountains rise steeply. Occasionally I saw a faded sign for the "Jordan Valley Crossing" ahead: there was never a mention of Israel. The road was lined, as roads so often are in the Arab world, with dusty garages, rickety fruit stands, and small groups of young men talking and smoking. The border post was a series of old ship containers in an empty lot, housing offices for customs, passport inspection, currency exchange, and other formalities. Four years old already, the ramshackle complex looked both temporary and sleepy. My bags were not inspected, and it took only a few seconds to have my passport stamped. The sole official signal that Israel lay about a hundred feet away came at the currency-exchange office, where my dinars were replaced with Israeli shekels.

ED KASHI



The Jordan River, south of the Sea of Galilee

**The descent to the river from the biscuit-brown tableland was dramatic. In Israel I would be less a traveler than someone returning to a former home, and would experience reality at a level different from that elsewhere in my journey through the Middle East.**

Though it was only a short distance to the Israeli side, I was not allowed to cross on foot. I was told to enter an empty bus whose engine was running. Soon two elderly Arabs in suits and ties took nearby seats. Then came another passenger, wearing dirty, baggy jeans, a short beard, and a yarmulke, and carrying an old briefcase. He might have been coming from one of the Israeli factories that had opened recently in Irbid. A burly fellow, he was brusque and alert, and didn't nod hello to me, as the two Arabs had done. There were no other passengers. The driver took his seat, and the bus headed toward the bridge.

The Jordan River, all the more precious here because it is so narrow, was an immaculate blue. On the opposite bank a landscaped park of grass and palm trees separated the traffic lanes—like a traffic island anywhere in the West, but a small wonder after the bleak public spaces of the Arab world and many parts of Turkey. The bus stopped beside two young men in Timberland shirts that were only partly tucked into their jeans, because of the handguns at their sides. Their bad crew cuts, hunted looks, and roving eyes indicated that they did not see themselves as heroes in an action movie playing inside their heads—as security men I have encountered in other countries do. These two young men were not aware of themselves, but they were aware of everything going on around them. They boarded the bus, glanced at our passports, and asked me to step outside with them.

The awkwardness and conciseness of modern Hebrew—a vernacular only a century old—struck me as poignant after the elegant elaboration of Turkish and Arabic. My conversation with the two security agents slipped between He-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brew and English. They had no interest in my whereabouts in the Arab world—they simply wanted to run a test on an immigration officer who had started work that day. They handed me the Israeli passport of an Arab, a commonplace item given that many Israeli Arabs live nearby, in the Galilee. The passport was phony, they told me, and they wanted to see if the new officer would spot it. The photograph in it vaguely resembled me, and they asked if I would try to get through immigration carrying it.

"Where will my American passport be?" I asked.

"In my back pocket," one of them said. "Don't worry, I'll be a few feet away from you. I will never be out of your sight."

"Fine," I said. Israel is a place where people are always running checks.

The immigration hall, with its luggage x-ray machine, looked like that at any small air terminal in the United States. I handed the passport to a uniformed officer, a woman in her early twenties. Her eyes ran over the document for about ten seconds; then, without even glancing at my face or asking me anything, she walked over to the security agent and slapped the passport on his chest. They smiled at each other, and he gave me back my real passport. Though Israel is a macho society in many respects, the gulf between the sexes is often curiously narrowed in the security forces.

Leaving the immigration building, I found a small bus-and-taxi terminal with a new sidewalk and benches, tourist maps, phone booths, and a bank. The bank teller looked up from her paperback just long enough for me to change more money. When I asked her where I could buy a long-distance phone card, she snapped "There," tilting her head toward a modern kiosk across the paved road. Suddenly, for the first time on my journey, I felt lonely, even though I knew much more Hebrew than Arabic or Turkish. The public spaces seemed vast, because nobody was hanging around: nobody here had time for strangers. In *East Is West* (1945) the British traveler and diplomat Freya Stark quoted a British official in Transjordan as saying "Years of Arab courtesy spoil us for the rough and tumble of the Western World." Though such a statement could mask an untoward political sympathy (as it did in Stark's case), it is nevertheless true.

With the phone card I called my friend Mitch, who lives in the central Galilee. He told me to take a taxi to the bus station in Beit She'an, a few minutes away to the west, where he would pick me up. On the way to Beit She'an I noticed signs in the other direction saying PEACE BRIDGE and JORDAN. Israel brags about the peace treaty and the open border that Jordanian road signs try to conceal.

## NEW REALITIES

BEIT She'an is one of the few places in Israel that did not benefit from the huge Russian immigration, the liberalization of the economy, and the software and cell-phone revolutions that, in a chain reaction, changed society here in the late 1980s and early 1990s. Its bus station brought back memories of the depressing development town, inhabited largely by Moroccan Jews, that I had known in the 1970s. The problem was cronyism: Beit She'an was testimony to the abject political failure of David Levy, the town's favorite son, and Foreign Minister under Likud governments and now under the newly elected Prime Minister Ehud Barak. Levy's family-based political machine failed to attract enough investors to the town. The first rule of politics is to help your constituents, but Beit She'an has little to show for Levy's years in Israeli cabinets.

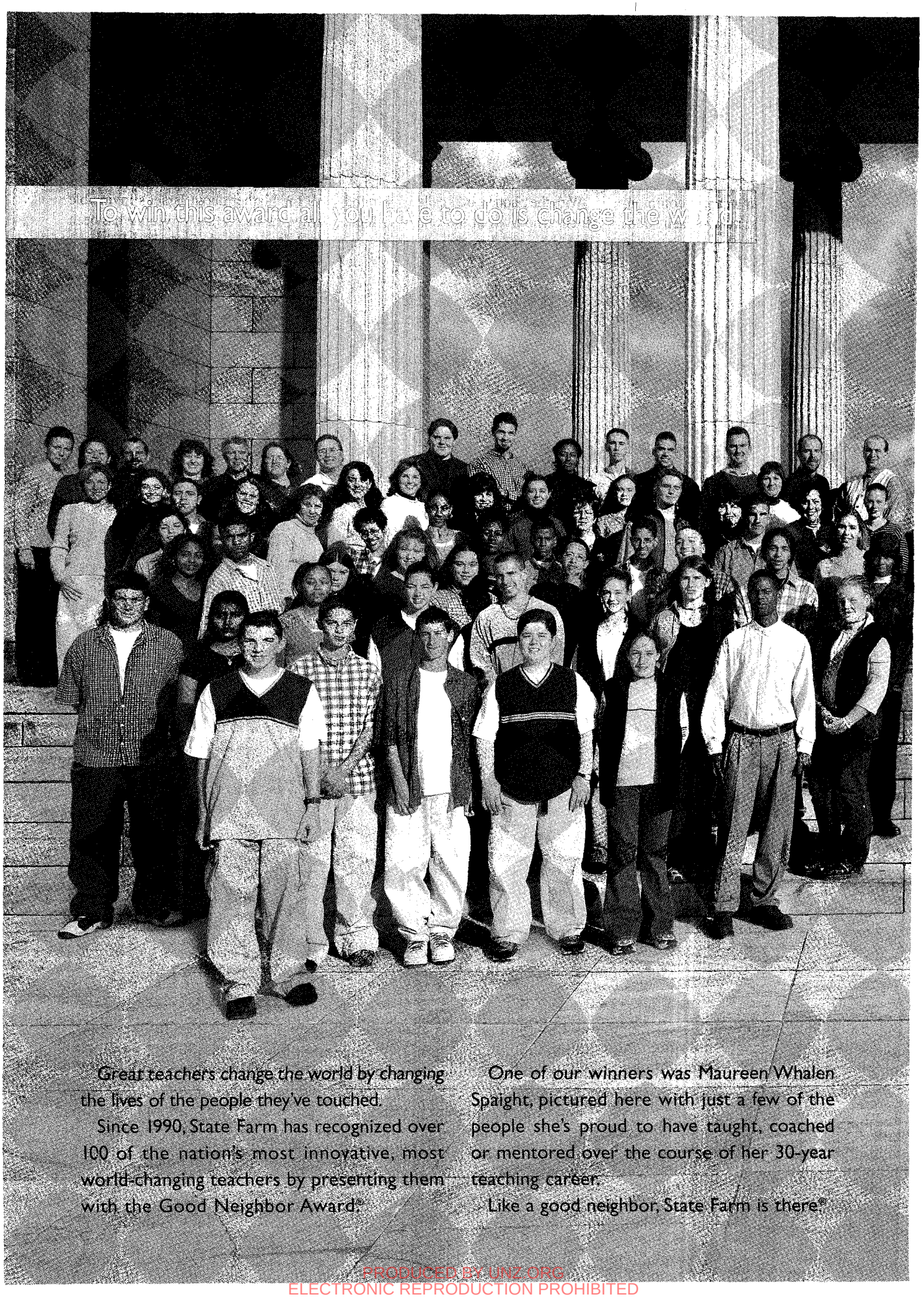
I had known Beit She'an in the past, but because it was the first town I saw in Israel after weeks in the Arab world, my perspective on it was new. At the bus station I sat in a crude plastic chair at a café in the shopping arcade and awaited my friend. The arcade was modern and cheaply constructed, with bubble-gum machines, plastic garbage receptacles, and self-service food counters. Machine-printed receipts littered the plastic café tables. People walked alone, rushing somewhere. Quite a few soldiers and civilians sat by themselves, reading newspapers. Armed soldiers were less threatening here than in the other Middle Eastern countries where I had been: their assault rifles were pointed downward and the safety latches were on. Also, these soldiers looked middle-class. For all the blather about Israel's invincible army, the fact is that for years it has been evolving into one of suburban kids who just want to get home at night without having anything bad happen to them. The Palestinians who came with Yasser Arafat from abroad to the casbahs of Nablus and Hebron are veterans of the Lebanese civil war. That's really why Israel had to give up the West Bank: it couldn't win an urban war there.

Except for the soldiers, who came from all over Israel and were merely changing buses here, the people in the bus station had none of the sophistication of the wealthier Arabs I had seen in Beirut and Amman, or the dignity of the poorer ones in Amman's downtown souk. There were men with ragged long hair, earrings, and garish T-shirts, women in athletic shorts and hair rollers who chewed gum, and people of both sexes wearing baseball caps, some of them backwards. As in Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan, falafel sandwiches in pita bread were for sale. But here there were few employees at the counters, and pickles, peppers, and other condiments were self-service. This is a Western economy without the child labor and double-digit unemployment of the non-oil-producing Arab world. And Israelis never tired of telling me, *We are picky—we don't trust someone else to fill our falafel sandwiches.*

Americans who fly to Israel see an ethnic society that is cohesive by comparison with the one they know in the United States, but I noticed a loneliness and an alienation that are missing from the traditional societies across the border. Even the most Westernized places in Turkey appeared less rootless than Beit She'an, whose bus station I could almost have mistaken for one in a fast-buck Mexican border town. Many foreign journalists have never liked Israel, because it is rude and jarring rather than exotic—too new. But social and economic dynamism command ugliness; an aesthetic, like a fine garden or a spoken lan-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




*Great teachers change the world by changing* the lives of the people they've touched.

Since 1990, State Farm has recognized over 100 of the nation's most innovative, most world-changing teachers by presenting them with the Good Neighbor Award.®

*One of our winners was* Maureen Whalen Spaight, pictured here with just a few of the people she's proud to have taught, coached or mentored over the course of her 30-year teaching career.

Like a good neighbor, State Farm is there.®

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guage, requires years of elaboration.

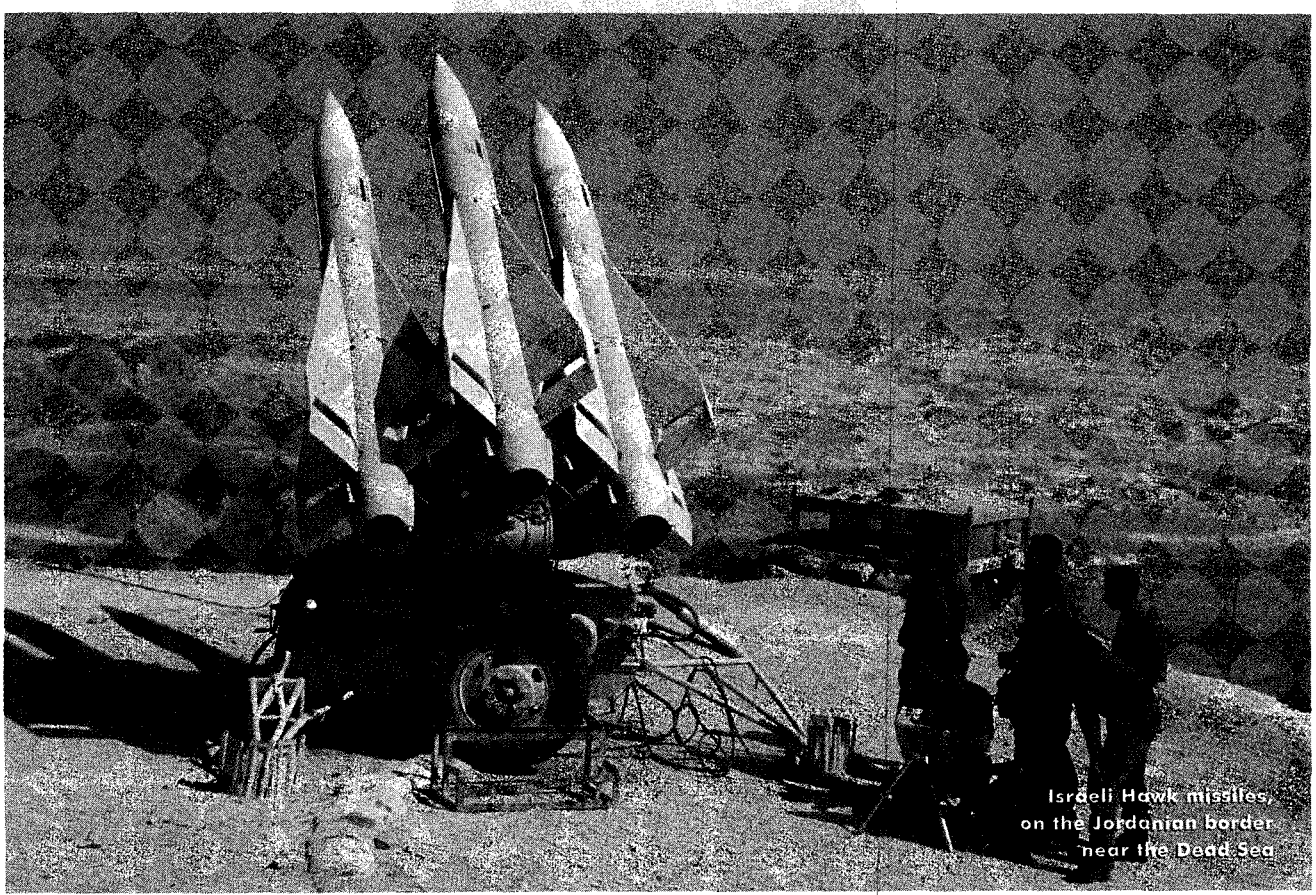
Mitch arrived and led me to his car for the drive north, along the Jordan River Valley, to the Sea of Galilee. From there we would climb into the hills to his home in Zippori, a village halfway between the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean. Mitch, who had served in the paratroops and in the media spokesman's office during his military service, had left Jerusalem some years earlier to renovate an abandoned old Arab house in the Galilee. Using his Arabic, he hired some Israeli Arabs from nearby Nazareth, and together they fixed up the house, installed a well and a septic system, landscaped several acres, and then built four vacation homes for tourists—mainly young Israeli couples from Tel Aviv seeking a romantic weekend in the countryside. Mitch's politics are right of center, yet he shops and rents videos in Arab Nazareth, buys his construction materials there, and uses a local Arab provider for Internet access; his children were born in Nazareth's Protestant hospital. Mitch is one of my oldest friends, and among the best-read, most observant people I know, partly because instead of going to college he spent several years traveling.

As I gazed at a landscape of bicycle paths, flower gardens, reforested hills, fish-breeding ponds, and prefabricated farm sheds and subdivisions, Mitch talked nonstop about Israel, revealing changes for which the international media—at the time concerned mainly with the peace process and Israeli politics—had not prepared me. Israel, it seemed, was no less an undiscovered country than the others in the region. Among the things Mitch told me, which I confirmed and came to understand more fully through reading Israeli newspapers and conducting interviews, were the following:

**Now so many Israelis are entrepreneurs whose businesses would suffer in their absence that missing reserve duty has become commonplace. In an age of high-tech warfare and relatively high population growth, the military doesn't need many of these aging reservists.**

• Israel's military-reserve system is weakening. According to myth, Israel has a small regular army capable of holding off Arab invaders for forty-eight hours—long enough to mobilize its citizen army of reservists. But accounts of the 1973 war revealed that many reserve units had performed poorly. The 1973 war was followed by a small baby boom; thus in the early 1990s the military was flooded not only with immigrants from a collapsing Soviet Union but also with a relatively high number of eighteen-year-old recruits, and the need for older reservists decreased. Meanwhile, the liberation of

DAVID RUBINGER/ASAP



Israeli Hawk missiles, on the Jordanian border near the Dead Sea



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Israeli economy from its socialist straitjacket—the result of both pressure and advice from the former U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, an economist by training—meant that reservists who were entrepreneurs, and whose businesses would suffer in their absence, were too many in number to work out individual arrangements with the military. Now so many Israelis are entrepreneurs that missing reserve duty has become commonplace. In an age of high-tech warfare and relatively high population growth, the military doesn't need many of these aging men. For example, Mitch had just received a notice from the army spokesman's office for a day of reserve duty in southern Lebanon, but his commander had phoned and asked him not to appear—the bus seated only fifty-five reservists, but eighty had been called up, and more were willing to come than had been anticipated. A former Israeli general told me that in the future the military draft will continue "for cultural reasons," because Israel requires a society more cohesive than America's. But for protection from surrounding Muslim states a high-tech, highly paid volunteer force may ultimately be more efficient.

• Over the years the number of combat officers who are religious Jews has increased significantly. Now there are whole army units composed of graduates of *yeshivot hesder*—religious seminaries where study is combined with athletic and military training in a unified youth culture. Elite army units have also attracted Russian and Ethiopian immigrants, who, though not always religious, are—like the yeshiva students—not part of the country's founding secular Ashkenazi establishment.

• The most vibrant anti-establishment force in Israel was Shas—an openly ethnic and sectarian party primarily representing religious Moroccan Jews. Shas (the word is a Hebrew contraction of *Shisha Sedarim*, the "Six Orders" of the Mishna—the written collection of the oral law that forms the basis of the Talmud) illustrates that what Western experts call corruption is sometimes just an alternative power network that emerges when the official bureaucracy is unyielding or too infirm to help the downtrodden. "The working poor all over the world are struggling and out for themselves," Marwan Kassem, a former Prime Minister of Jordan, had told me, "and they are cynical about the anti-corruption language of elites who use words like 'transparency'" at fancy conferences. Some of Shas's officials had been indicted; and though they looked and operated like Iranian *bazaaris*, they had established education and social-welfare networks as impressive as those run by Hamas in Gaza and by the Muslim Brotherhood in Egypt. Shas's shadowy grassroots system is a rebuke to David Levy's machine politics, which delivered insufficient benefits to the Sephardim in Beit She'an. Shas is not closed-minded regarding peace. The party has always been willing to be part of any coalition, however hawkish or dovish, provided it gets money for its religious schools and day-care centers. Religious schooling is increasingly in demand in Israel, as Zionism weakens and secular schools lose a part of their mission while facing more drugs and delinquency.

• Foreign workers are another sign of Israel's increasingly complex postmodern society. A veritable caste system has emerged, with Thai farmhands, Romanian construction workers, and Nigerian day laborers, as Israelis grow increasingly uncomfortable about hiring Palestinian workers. Southern Lebanese work as hotel maids, and thousands of Jordanians who have overstayed their visas take off-the-books jobs. The Israeli economy, though it stalled recently after years of sustained growth, has reached a level of such wealth that it is a magnet for outside labor regardless of regional politics.

• While the outside world hopes for Arab-Jewish cooperation, the most obvious sign of it—and one that Israelis incessantly talked about—is car theft. Everyone I met in Israel had either had a car stolen or knew someone who had. Almost every parked car I saw, except for the old ones, had a device to lock the steering wheel or a decal announcing some sort of electronic tracking system. It is a national issue so mundane that it doesn't qualify as news, and isn't written about overseas. Yasser Arafat's Palestinian Authority is involved to such a degree that after a leading rabbi had his car stolen, a call to Arafat's office resulted in its return. The Israeli security services do little to stop the thefts. According to one prevalent theory, the security services see the thievery as a political concession to the Palestinians that also stimulates the Israeli economy, because it forces victims to buy new cars. A name that comes up in discussions of the unpleasant aspects of Israeli-Palestinian cooperation is that of Jibril Rajoub. A friend of mine labeled Rajoub "Israel's Somoza," referring to Anastasio Somoza, the late pro-American dictator of Nicaragua. Rajoub, a ruthless security czar for Arafat, is helping the Israelis enforce the interim peace agreements and fight terrorism. Though the international media rarely mention him, I heard Rajoub's name all the time in Israel. He spent a decade and a half in Israeli prisons, speaks fluent Hebrew, and has far more influence with Arafat than more quotable Palestinians such as Abu Mazen, Saeeb Erekat, Nabil Shaath, and Hanan Ashrawi. When I asked an Israeli intelligence officer if Rajoub might eventually replace Arafat, he replied, "Someone like Abu Mazen, a leading Palestinian negotiator, could initially replace Arafat. But if Abu Mazen, say, were assassinated and the cruder element took over, I would not be totally surprised."

• Arab towns in the Galilee are in turmoil. Local elections that took place during my visit demonstrated not the primacy of ideas or even of issues but the increasing power of the old clans, the *hamoulas*. Concomitantly, violence between Muslims and Christians is on the rise. One night in Nazareth I saw that some Muslims had set up a makeshift mosque next door to the Church of the Annunciation, using carpets and overhead blankets, and heard them blast the Muslim call to prayer. Claiming that the site of an old Turkish barracks had religious significance, the Muslims were threatening to build a new mosque with a minaret higher than the church, which is a focal point of international Christian pilgrimage. Nazareth, 90 percent Christian several decades ago, is now 70 percent Muslim, and that percentage is



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rising. The Israeli government is not eager to help the Arab Christians: Israel's ties with Muslims in the Galilee are more important, and Christian groups worldwide (evangelicals excepted) have never been particularly supportive of Israel.

NEARING Mitch's house, we passed through Hoshaya, which resembles an upscale community in southern California, with bougainvillaea, security gates, and speed bumps on winding streets that are lined with identical houses with red-tile roofs and neat lawns. A few days later I spent a morning stranded in Hoshaya without a car. Finding someone on the street at midday was difficult. When I did locate some people, they were all busy. None of them would admit to knowing where a public phone was or invited me to use his. They looked at once shy, preoccupied, a little annoyed, and suspicious. Finally I found an Arab watchman who lent me his cell phone. At such times I reminded myself that Israel is a drastic, tactless expression of concreteness: of facts to replace other facts. Here the Holocaust remains an unsparing assemblage of gruesome details that are commemorated not by intellectual abstractions but by, among other things, a security service, a military machine, and Jewish settlements like Hoshaya, whose significance is not that they are alluring or friendly—they aren't—but that they are *there*. And there is another concrete reaction to the Holocaust: machismo, in women as well as in men, directed not just against weakness but against anybody who doesn't know the score, anybody stranded in Hoshaya in the middle of the day without a car.

## SEPPHORIS AND ANCIENT ASSIMILATION

THE balcony of Mitch's house offered a prospect of serene harmony. There were hills in the distance to the northwest, a valley to the north, and a large, softly contoured hill dominating the view to the northeast. The valley was the Beit Netofa, mentioned in the Talmud, where I could discern the remains of the Via Maris, the old Roman road to the Mediterranean. The large hill, known in Greek (and therefore to classical scholars) and in English as Sepphoris, was the site of ancient Zippori, from the Hebrew *zippor*, for "bird," because the town had sat "at the top of the mountain like a bird," in the words of the Babylonian Talmud.

Now a national park, Sepphoris was continuously inhabited from the late sixth century B.C. until 1948, when the population of the Arab village of Saffuriyeh fled en masse as the newly created Israel Defense Forces invaded during the War of Independence. Many of the 10,000 Arabs escaped north to what became the Palestinian refugee camp of Ein Helweh, near the Lebanese port of Sidon. Mitch showed me a black-and-white photograph of Saffuriyeh taken in 1945. It resembled many of the dusty, dun-colored, and treeless checkerboards of towns I had seen throughout Syria and Jordan.

GADI GEFFEN/ASAP

The Shas spiritual leader Rabbi Ovadia Yosef and followers

**What Western experts call corruption is sometimes just an alternative power network that emerges when the official bureaucracy is unyielding or too infirm to help the downtrodden. Shas's shadowy grassroots system was a rebuke to old-fashioned machine politics.**

The Arab flight left Sepphoris unoccupied for the first time in more than two millennia. In 1949 a *moshav*, or Jewish cooperative settlement, of which Mitch's property now forms a part, was established immediately to the south of the hill. Sepphoris is testimony to the repeated invasions, infiltrations, and displacements that have lent the Middle East—geographic Palestine in particular—its distinctive feature of discontinuity, especially by comparison with such aged and revered regions as India and China.

I mean discontinuity only in the grand sense: Hittites being replaced by Phrygians and Assyrians, Assyrians by Medes and Babylonians, Byzantine Greeks by Arabs, and Arabs by Jews. For there is much continuity in the history of ancient Sepphoris. Indeed, Sepphoris's story is one of political and cultural compromise that is pertinent to the challenges facing Judaism in Israel today.

WHEREAS Jerusalem was oft-destroyed, Sepphoris was continuously inhabited by Jews from at least the first century B.C. For that reason, and also because Sepphoris was central to early-medieval Judaism and to the Mishna, it is the most popular archaeological site in Israel among Israelis themselves. Tourists and foreign travel writers tend to focus instead on Caesarea and Masada, whose connections to Judaism are respectively marginal and brief.

Sepphoris first emerged from obscurity in the first century B.C., when Herod the Great fortified it with a royal palace. Though the Syrian legate, Varus, destroyed Sepphoris upon Herod's death, in 4 B.C., Herod's son, Herod Antipas, soon rebuilt the town, making it, according to a historian of the era, the "ornament of all Galilee." That historian, Flavius Josephus, wrote in his autobiography,

> The greatest cities of Galilee . . . were Sepphoris and . . . Tiberias; but Sepphoris, situated in the very midst



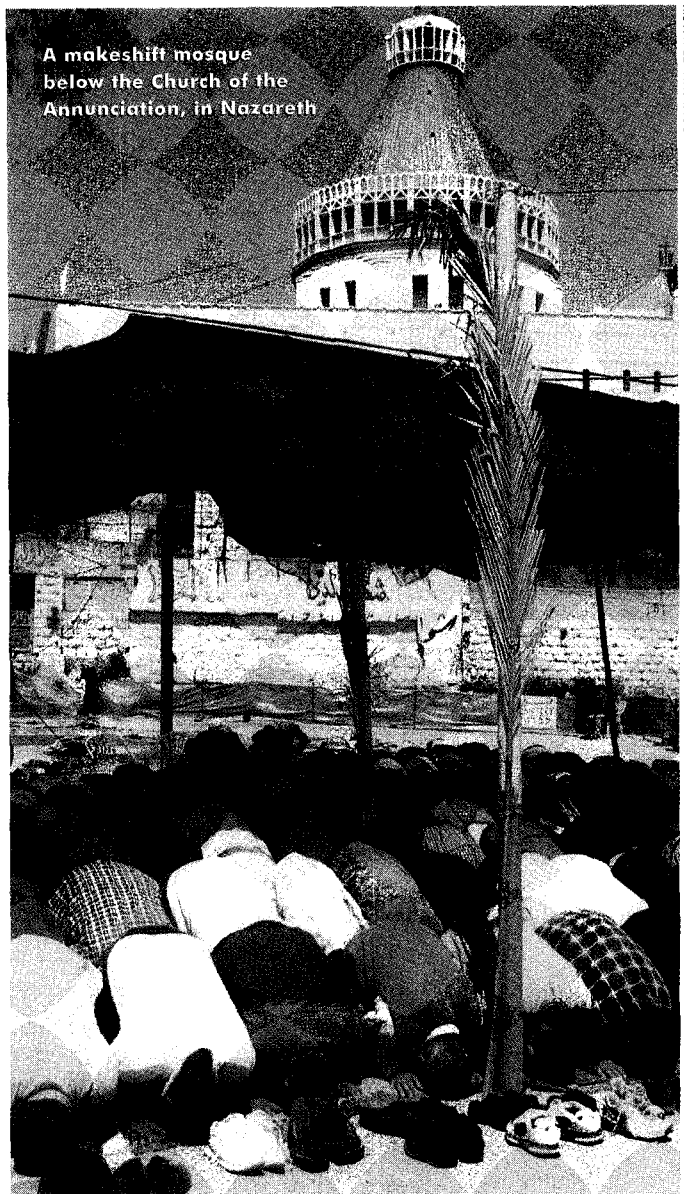
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Galilee, and having many villages about it, and able with ease to have been . . . troublesome to the Romans, if they had so pleased, —yet did it resolve to continue faithful to those their masters.

Because the Jews of Sepphoris collaborated with Rome, Jewish life there continued long past the first century, not only prospering but producing the Mishna and other books that give Judaism its current wealth. In A.D. 68 Sepphoris acquired a Greek name—Eirenopolis, "City of Peace." Such collaboration kept Judaism alive. In contrast, the Jews of Yodefat, nearby in the Galilee; the Jews of Jerusalem; and the Jewish zealots atop the rock of Masada, in the Judean Desert, all resisted Rome, and from 66 to 73 they were utterly destroyed.

Jesus was growing up in the village of Nazareth, about three miles southeast of Sepphoris, just as Sepphoris was beginning its collaboration with Rome. Like Joseph, Jesus was a "carpenter." But the Greek word in the New Testament for "carpenter," *tekton*, can also be translated as "builder." Herod Antipas' fortress complex was built during Jesus' boyhood. Whether or not Jesus and Joseph plied their trade in Sepphoris, it is likely that Jesus went there often, walking from Nazareth up the very side of the hill that is visible from my friend's balcony. Jesus' grandparents, Joachim and Anne, lived in Sepphoris, where their daughter, Mary, was raised. The Virgin Mary, as Mitch nonchalantly put it, "was a Zippori girl."

What is, according to legend, the site of the home of Joachim and Anne became a Crusader church, amid the ruins of which I found a reused second-century stone with a Greek inscription saying that it was from the synagogue of the "Jewish community of Tyre, Sidon, and Zippori." These ruins were beautiful and forlorn. Getting in required asking for a key at the adjacent Arab Christian orphanage, with whose director I drank Turkish coffee. The ruins and the orphanage—not Nazareth, debased by tacky tourist development—were the genuinely evocative holy places here, I thought.



A makeshift mosque below the Church of the Annunciation, in Nazareth

RONI SHITZER/ALLPIX

Unlike many Jews of his time, Jesus did not become a zealot. Rather, he spoke about peace and universal love. Might the atmosphere of Roman-Jewish conciliation in Sepphoris—a commercial town whose inhabitants preferred trade to warfare—have influenced him? Might he have cultivated his gift for speaking in sophisticated and commercial Sepphoris, rather than in small and rustic Nazareth? Scholars passionately debate these points.

In A.D. 132 an irascible warrior, Simeon Bar Kokhba, gathered the descendants of those who had survived the destruction of Jewish Jerusalem sixty-two years earlier and launched an ill-fated revolt against the Roman authorities, which the Emperor Hadrian crushed in 135. The survivors of the Bar Kokhba rebellion fled north, and by the middle of the second century Sepphoris had become the center of Jewish learning in Palestine. Here the Sanhedrin, which was both a Jewish court and a legislative body, was relocated. And at the beginning of the third century Rabbi Yehudah ha-Nasi ("Judah the Prince"), the patriarch of the Palestinian Jews and a descendant of the great sage Hillel, moved to Sepphoris. He lived here for seventeen years, during which time he completed the Mishna.

**Arab towns in the Galilee are in turmoil. Local elections that took place during my visit demonstrated not the primacy of ideas or even of issues but the increasing power of the old clans, the *hamoulas*. Concomitantly, violence between Muslims and Christians is on the rise.**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unlike Bar Kokhba and the zealots of Masada and Jerusalem, Rabbi Yehudah was a diplomat. According to the Talmud, he was a friend of one of the Antonine Emperors (either Antoninus Pius or Marcus Aurelius), with whom he discussed philosophy.

Acquiescence to the rule of the great powers paid dividends. Sepphoris remained an outpost of rabbinical scholarship and Jewish culture for almost 400 years after Rabbi Yehudah's death, as evinced by the remains of a sixth-century Byzantine synagogue with a magnificent mosaic floor. The Muslim conquest in the seventh century led to the town's decline, and it is likely that many Jews converted to Islam. But not until the First Crusade, late in the eleventh century, did Jewish life definitively end here. The Crusades ended here too: at the top of the hill of Sepphoris is a citadel from which Christian soldiers departed in July of 1187 for Karnei Hittin ("the Horns of Hattin"), two large hills overlooking the Sea of Galilee. Saladin's troops set the fields afire, roasting the knights in their armor and all but ending Christian control of the Holy Land.

Sepphoris is a story of cultural osmosis, of Jews thriving even as they adapted to pagan and Islamic mores. Among the vast remains of Roman-Byzantine Sepphoris is a theater probably attended by assimilated Jews. The most intriguing of the remains is a Roman villa dating from the early third century, during the life of Rabbi Yehudah. The villa includes a dining room with a resplendent mosaic floor—virtually a picture postcard from the past—dedicated to Dionysius, the Greco-Roman god of wine and ecstasy. In the mosaic's central panel he is shown in a drinking contest with Hercules. Who lived in this villa? Most likely, to judge by the mosaic, a pagan notable. "However, one cannot rule out the possibility that a wealthy Jew may have resided here," write Ehud Netzer and Zeev Weiss, of Hebrew University, in Jerusalem. Might Rabbi Yehudah himself have visited this villa, or lived here, and sipped wine over the mosaic of Dionysius?

Such a question is extremely sensitive. It touches on a quarrel among Jews today in Israel, where there are still religious zealots and pagans, and also rabbis—following the example of Yehudah ha-Nasi—who are trying to steer Jews away from political and cultural confrontation so that they might rediscover, according to their own needs, the riches of their religion.

## JUDAISM'S CHALLENGE

IN the Muslim world the rise of political Islam means the end of real devotion; in Israel the identification of Judaism with extreme nationalism has threatened a similar result. In fact, in Josephus' 2,000-year-old account of the internecine conflicts that wracked Jewish Jerusalem before its destruction by the Romans, the various zealot factions—who resented Rome's tolerance and humanism as much as its paganism—bear an eerie resemblance to the parties of the Israeli right today. This history may suggest why Ehud Barak's desire to foster national reconciliation has proved to be right on target.

Yehudah Gilad, a young rabbi with a dark, closely cropped beard and a knitted yarmulke, who lives at Kibbutz Lavi, a collective religious settlement near Sepphoris, told me in his relaxed manner, "The tragedy has been that because so many religious Jews are on the far right, secular Israelis say, 'If this is religion, we don't want it—so let's vacation in Sweden and eat pork.'" Gilad's home, bare except for religious books and a few pieces of simple furniture, reminded me of the homes of Muslim clerics I had visited in the Shi'ite holy city of Qom, in Iran, some years before.

At the time we spoke, Gilad was associated with Meimad (the word is a Hebrew contraction of *Medinat Yehudit, medinat demokratit*, "a Jewish state, a democratic state"), a dovish offshoot of the National Religious Party. Though politically marginal, Meimad interested me, because it occupies the space where many Israelis want to live their lives—away from the extremes of global universalism on the one hand and ultra-orthodoxy on the other. "Israelis are still new to the global village," Gilad told me. "Suddenly they have dozens of television channels, and because Israel is less diplomatically isolated than in the past, they can travel all over. But such cosmopolitanism will ultimately not satisfy them. Israelis will need to be anchored, like other people, in their own religion. And because our neighbors, friendly or not, will always be of another faith, universalism will not work here." A "new modern orthodoxy" is needed, he said—one in which, for example, people can be comfortable observing some aspects of the sabbath without observing others, and not feel like hypocrites.

"Religious Jews," Gilad told me, "have a duty to make secular Jews feel more comfortable with religion, rather than intimidated by it. I think it has been a disaster to mix theology with nationalist politics. I also have a dream of Jews in all of Eretz Yisrael, but I have to tackle reality."

Judaism in Israel has yet to respond to the challenge of modernity by seeking a renewed humanism and cultural identity, Gilad said. Instead Judaism has be-

---

## POTATO

There is one beauty
it knows. The rest is blindness,
earth closing around itself,
surrounded by hunger.

For a hundred days,
a thousand, it is the same
dark eye looking
inward. Thinking of light.

Remembering the pressure
of soil. The seam
of water finding its heart.
And afterward,

blossoms ringing through
stone.

—LAURIE LAMON



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Introducing The Sex Education Videos That Increase Sexual Pleasure For Both Partners.

*Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is an all new video series from the Sinclair Institute, America's premier producer of exciting sex education videos for adults. Developed by Dr. Sandra Scantling, one of America's most renowned sex educators and counselors, *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is an astonishing combination of visual excitement, sexual intensity and emotional intimacy.

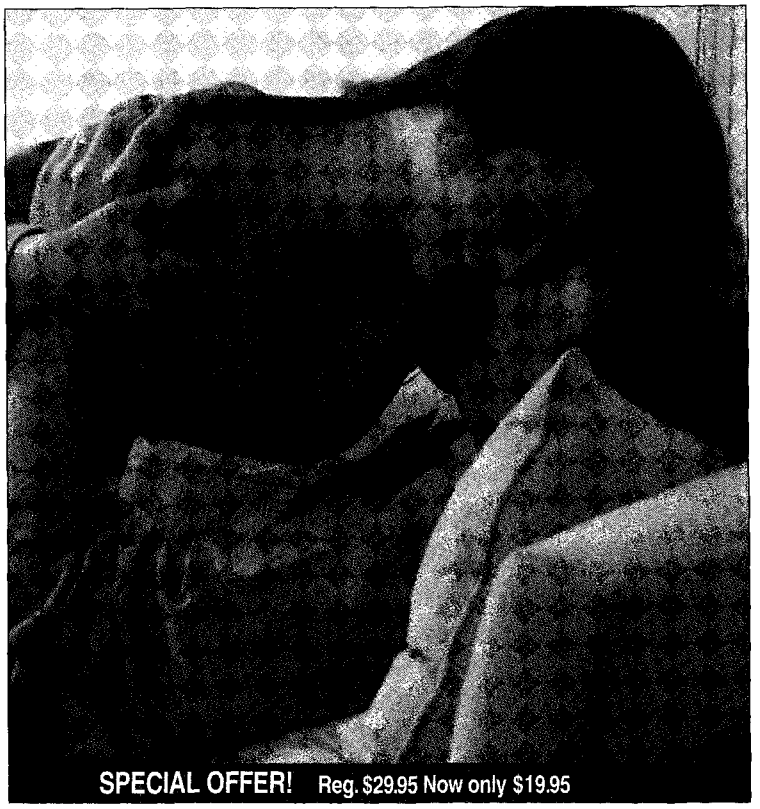
## *Dr. Sandra Scantling's*
## *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex*

Each hour-plus video illustrates a path to sexual pleasure as revealed by loving couples who permit us to view the intimate details of their private lives. Many couples find that their interest in each other increases substantially after watching these videos. And Dr. Scantling shows how to transform that interest into life-long sexual pleasure.

Here are some comments from people who have previewed these videos:

*"Some of the demonstrations are exquisitely intense."*

*"Sharing these couples' explicit emotional and physical intimacy produces stronger sexual responses than I ever imagined possible."*




## Special Pricing *plus* a FREE VIDEO OFFER!

*Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* is being offered at a special price of $19.95 for each video or $49.85 for all three. All orders will also receive a free 28 minute video on *Advanced Sexual Positions* and our new brochure filled with videos and other adult products designed to help you spice up your relationship. Order today, and sex will never be ordinary again!

**1-800-955-0888 Ext. 8ATL15 (24 Hrs)**

Browse our entire video library at
**www.bettersex.com**

SINCLAIR
Intimacy Institute

***Call to order:*** **1-800-955-0888** EXT.8ATL15 (24HRS) OR ***Mail to:*** Sinclair Intimacy Institute, Dept 8ATL15, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

| | | Total |
|---|---|---|
| Vol. 1: Discovering Extraordinary Sex (#1050) | 19.95 | |
| Vol. 2: Getting Creative With Sex (#1051) | 19.95 | |
| Vol. 3: Keeping Sex Extraordinary (#1052) | 19.95 | |
| **Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save $10** (#1053) | 49.85 | |
| Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (#1521) (FREE with Purchase) | — | FREE |
| postage & handling | | 4.00 |
| TOTAL | | |

☐ BANK MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ DISCOVER ☐ AMEX

CARD# _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

( I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18 )

*Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy*

NC orders please add 6% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. $5 shipping. • Tapes are VHS only. • Sorry – no cash or C.O.D.

***100% Satisfaction Guarantee***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come synonymous with "the land" after the capture of the West Bank in the 1967 war, thus acquiring a blood-and-soil cast similar to that of Orthodox Christian churches in the Balkans. Now the task is to make Judaism constructively relevant—a challenge that Rabbi Yehudah successfully faced when he sought compromise with pagan Rome while articulating a body of religious law that guides Jews to this day.

Adapting Judaism to new and more-complex times will not be easy in Israel, where Orthodox nationalist parties have built walls between Jews and Arabs and between Jews and Jews, and have turned religion into a patronage mill. Israelis have become cynical about Judaism. Because nearly everyone here is Jewish, and Hebrew is the vernacular, people can go bathing topless on Yom Kippur and still be good Jews overall—something impossible in the Diaspora. Moreover, says Yehudah Mirsky, a doctoral student in religion at Harvard and a longtime friend of Gilad's, "Conservative and Reform Judaism as practiced in the U.S. seem rather too thin and obviously American for Israeli tastes. Some new religious expression is fitfully struggling to be born."

## TWO SEPARATE COUNTRIES

I DROVE to Jerusalem with Mitch's wife and two of their children, south through the Jordan River Valley to Jericho, and then west up the hills of the Judean Desert to the Holy City. For much of the trip we were in the West Bank, but on main highways used by Israelis. Seven miles before we reached Jerusalem a new highway branched off to the right, connecting the large West Bank Jewish settlement of Ma'ale Adumim directly to the Jewish part of Jerusalem. Night had fallen, but I decided not to take the new road and instead to follow the old one I knew from the 1970s, which passed through the Arab town of El Azariyeh—the Bethany of the New Testament, where Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead. That way we would approach Jerusalem in traditional, romantic fashion—coming around a bend at the edge of the Judean Desert where, suddenly, the Temple Mount and the walls of the Old City appear across the narrow Kidron Valley.

El Azariyeh had grown considerably since I had last seen it; it was a crowded jumble of concrete rather than the sleepy town I remembered from two decades before. Young Arab men thronged the streets beside our slow-moving car. Farther on, as I remembered, the road curved, and the stars seemed to touch the burnished gold dome of the Mosque of Omar, on the Temple Mount; the floodlit Turkish walls of the Old City evoked a fairy tale. We followed the walls to a stoplight, where we turned left. Three quarters of a mile beyond, the Arab world disappeared as though someone had wished it away, and a pseudo-Western world, homely and intimate, began. Rain clouds smudged the sky. Here I had lived in a poor, Sephardic neighborhood where Menachem Begin, then the Likud opposition leader, was for all intents and purposes elected Prime Minister years before the rest of Israel elected him. The 1977 election that brought Begin to power did not surprise me or anyone else in the neighborhood, though the world's media and political elites barely knew at the time who he was.

I was dropped off at the home of another friend, Edit. "What route did you take to Jerusalem?" she asked me.

"Through El Azariyeh, so we could see the Temple Mount," I replied.

"You what?!"

Edit told me that the Arabs of El Azariyeh throw stones at cars with Israeli license plates. I called Mitch to apologize for putting his family in danger. "Forget it," he said. "It's not that it's so unsafe, it's just that nobody does it anymore"—meaning no Jews. The new highway had been built to avoid that very road, and another new road, called Highway One, which runs north from the Damascus Gate, effectively seals off Arab East Jerusalem from Jewish West Jerusalem.

Nor did Israelis hike anymore in Wadi Kelt, a scenic riverbed east of Jerusalem and the site of several beautiful Greek monasteries and the ruins of Herod's winter palace. Hiking in Jordan was said to be safer than hiking anywhere in the West Bank. In the 1970s Israelis went almost everywhere in the West Bank; now they go almost nowhere. In the Galilee, Mitch had taken me to a large supermarket used by both Jews and Arabs; in Jerusalem there was no such mixing. The soft, Italianate landscape of the Galilee works to reduce ethnic divisions, as the history of Sephoris implies. The Tel Aviv–Haifa coastal strip, all Jewish and upscale, with its hedonism encouraged by the Mediterranean, is also without unrest. But in the harsh desert surroundings of Jerusalem one confronts all the tensions and contradictions of the Middle East. There is a divide not only between Jewish West Jerusalem and Arab East Jerusalem but also between Orthodox Jews in north Jerusalem and secular Jews in south Jerusalem.

The next day I took a day trip from Jerusalem to Ramallah, Arafat's unofficial capital in the West Bank. From Edit's house I rode a bus to the railway station and then walked a few hundred yards to the Old City's Jaffa Gate. Entering the Arab Old City early on that weekday morning, I left Israel. The few Israelis I saw—police officers, soldiers, or civilians—were all in groups. When I exited the Old City, at the Damascus Gate, and entered Arab East Jerusalem, the newsstands had a completely different selection of local papers: not only were Hebrew papers replaced by Arabic ones but the English-language Israeli *Jerusalem Post* was replaced by the *Jerusalem Times*, an English-language Palestinian weekly. From East Jerusalem I took a minibus—in which I was the only Jew—to Ramallah. Whereas in the 1970s Ramallah was a sleepy hilltop town to which secular Israelis drove on the sabbath for ice cream, this time I saw no Jews there. Ramallah was now bustling, with fancy new villas and malls filled with designer clothes and the latest electronic gadgets, and a sophisticated class of Palestinians, many of whom had returned from abroad. On the way back to Jerusalem I overheard an angry conversation among the Arab passengers about Jews who were still grabbing territory around Jerusalem. A



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

few moments after I left the bus, I was back in the Jewish half of the city.

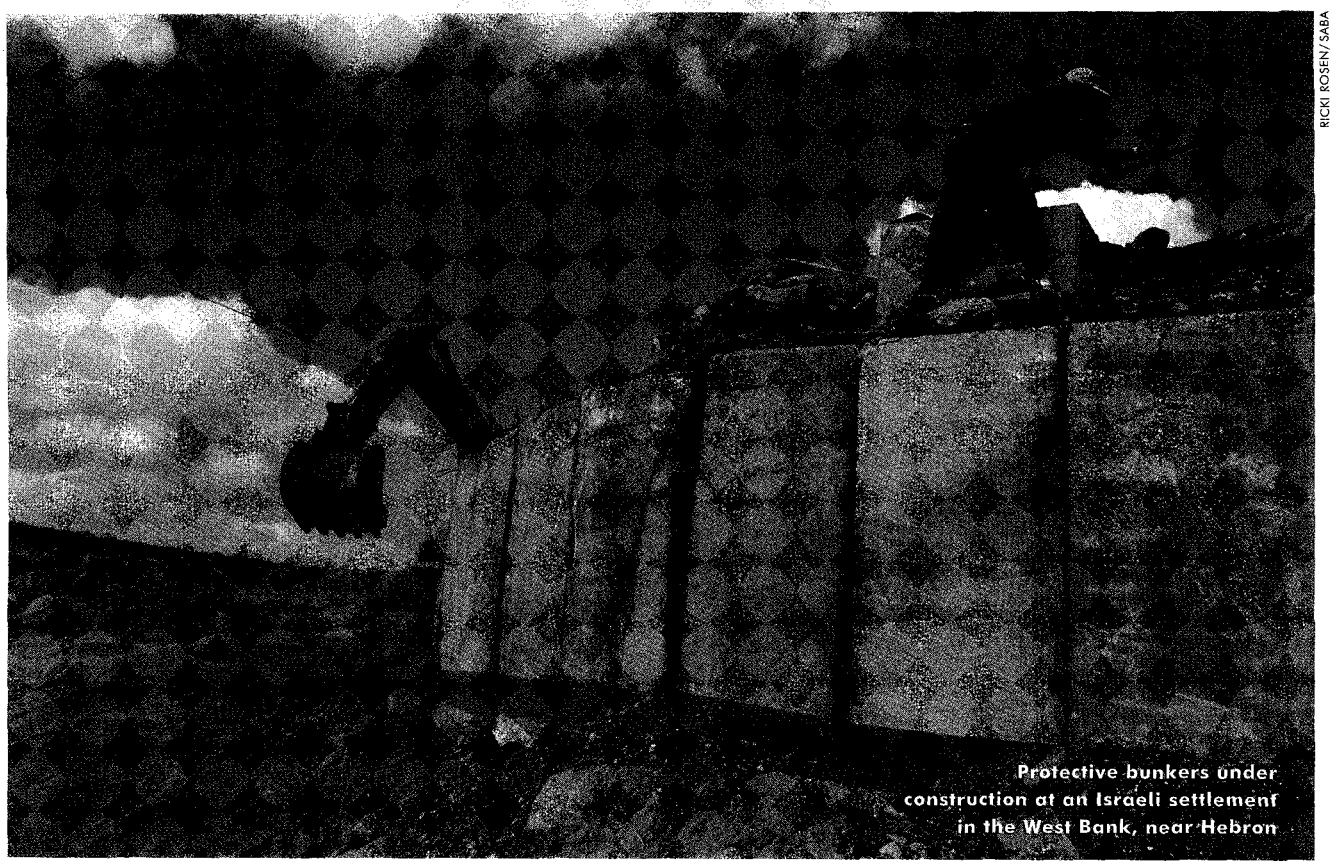
When I told Israeli friends that they should visit Ramallah, they were skeptical. I saw why a few weeks later, when an Israeli soldier was pulled from a car by university students in Ramallah and stoned nearly to death. The stoning was videotaped and shown on national television. I know Israelis who go trekking in the Himalayas but are afraid to venture into Ramallah, the most modern city in the West Bank.

Without a passport, I had slipped back and forth between a country where Israelis live and a country where Palestinian Arabs live. A de facto Palestinian state has been in existence since December of 1987, when the Intifada began and Israelis no longer felt safe in Gaza, the West Bank, or parts of East Jerusalem. This Palestinian state—now more than a decade old—is no strategic threat to Israel, because Israel controls the airspace above it and the main highways through it; the Palestinian police are permitted to carry only small weapons. The de facto state is equivalent to the indefensible, disconnected Jewish state that Israel would have become had the Palestinians accepted the 1947 partition proposal agreed to by the Zionist leader David Ben-Gurion.

As some people remarked to me, the peace process was a divorce process for a couple that had long lived apart—a messy and complex divorce that would take a while longer to settle. Water resources, like bank accounts, had to be apportioned. Jerusalem, like a child, could not be divided; it would require the equivalent of a joint-custody arrangement, with multiple flags and sovereignties. Like a financially dependent spouse, the Palestinians could not prosper without access to the Israeli economy, so there would be trade and labor agreements. Once the divorce was final, the two parties might gradually come to treat each other with civility; Israelis might once again go to Ramallah for ice cream on the sabbath. In sum, the outcome of the Israeli–Palestinian peace talks—unlike the future of, say, Syria, Iraq, and Jordan—was predictable, and therefore uninteresting: the result would be just a legalistic variation of what already existed on the ground. And because little would change on the ground, the peace talks would give few insights into the geostrategic future of the early-twenty-first-century Middle East.

For example, the future status of the Temple Mount was in plain sight.

**Judaism in Israel has yet to respond to the challenge of modernity by seeking a renewed humanism and cultural identity. Instead Judaism became synonymous with "the land" after the capture of the West Bank in the 1967 war, thus acquiring a blood-and-soil cast.**



RICKI ROSEN/SABA

Protective bunkers under construction at an Israeli settlement in the West Bank, near Hebron



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ARE you Jewish?" the Israeli security officer barked at me in Hebrew, eyeing my dark hair and complexion amid a group of blond Christian pilgrims.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then don't pray inside!" he said, shaking his finger at me.

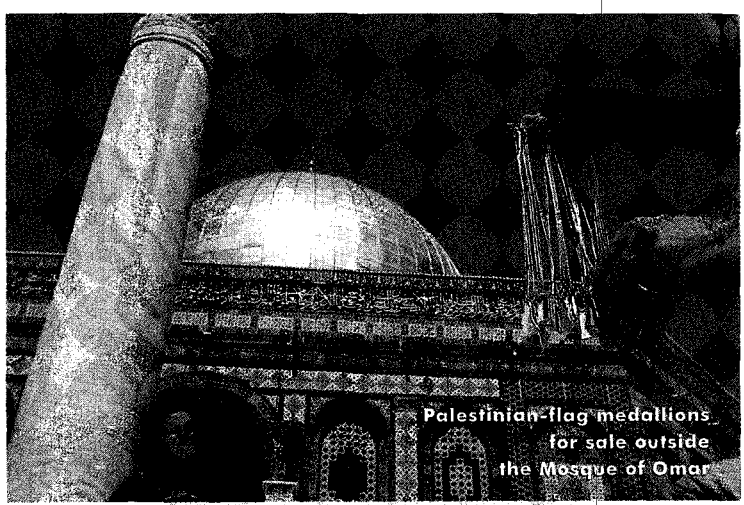
"Inside" was the Temple Mount: holy to Jews as the site of the First and Second Temples, with the western retaining wall of the latter (the "Wailing Wall") the only remnant after its destruction by the Romans, in A.D. 70; holy to Christians because of its association with Jesus' preaching; and holy to Muslims as the site of Mohammed's ascension to heaven, commemorated by the gold-domed Mosque of Omar and the silver-domed Mosque of Al Aqsa. Because I did not look like a tourist, the security officer thought I might be a Jewish extremist bent on provoking an incident. Despite claims to possession by religious Jewish nationalists, Jews who are not tourists rarely venture onto the Temple Mount.

In a manner of speaking, I did go to pray. As someone enraptured with history, and visiting around the time of the eightieth anniversary of the end of the First World War, I went to offer my respects at the tomb of Hussein ibn Ali—the Grand Sharif of Mecca, the father of Emir Abdullah, and the great-grandfather of King Hussein. It was Sharif Hussein who in 1916 ignited the Arab revolt against the Turks, thus setting in motion the collapse of Ottoman Turkey in the Middle East and creating a political riddle that is still waiting to be solved, given the region's unstable dictatorships. Before the guns went silent on the western front, on November 11, 1918, eight and a half million men had died. In Europe the slaughter led only to a bitter peace that in turn led to the Second World War; in the Middle East, President Woodrow Wilson's ill-conceived policy of national self-determination crumbled amid the realities of power politics. The emergence of the monarchy that still rules Jordan is among the few graspable benefits of the Great War. I said a silent prayer for the survival of the family of Sharif Hussein, whose tomb, surrounded by white marble and rich carpets, lies inside a wall.

Finding the tomb on the thirty-six acres of the Temple Mount took time. The first Arab I asked shot back, "Give me twenty shekels and I'll show you." The Arabs on the Temple Mount had a certain arrogance about them. Whereas the Christian and Jewish tourists were circumspect in their behavior, moving around with their cameras in quiet little groups, for the Arabs the Temple Mount was simply home. They picnicked on tea, goat cheese, and olives in the cypress grove beside the seemingly Persian magnificence of the Mosque of Omar. Arab women passed by with plastic bags full of groceries and stopped to gossip with one another. Arab boys played a noisy game of soccer by the Herodian pavement near Sharif Hussein's tomb. Elderly Arab men washed their feet in the fountains before going into the Al Aqsa Mosque to pray. This was an Arab place, and it would stay that way, whatever the symbolic formalities of any future peace agreement.

I exited the Temple Mount through the Muslim Quarter, with its peeling walls and knots of street children. At a certain point the stones suddenly became clean, and there were new lights and guardrails for archaeological cutaways going back to the eighth century B.C., the time of the First Jewish Temple. I found fancy tourist shops, Israeli flags, and hordes of Jewish tourists. This was the Jewish Quarter, whose historical preservation was a tribute to the former mayor Teddy Kollek, Jerusalem's greatest builder since Herod. At another point the stones became stained again, and on the walls I saw maps and posters with grisly photos of the Turkish massacres of Armenians in 1915. This, of course, was the Armenian Quarter. According to the maps, a major route of murder and exile led from Kayseri through Antioch to Aleppo—the same route I had taken from Istanbul to Jerusalem. There had been no such posters here in the 1970s, when ethnic identity and remembrance were not as strong as they are now.

The Old City's various ethnic and religious groups coexist thanks to *wilayet*, the Ottoman system of communal self-government, with which the Israeli authorities have only modestly tampered. I was sure that *wilayet* would survive longer than Israeli rule in the parts of Jerusalem where Jews do not live and rarely venture.



STEVE LEHMANN/SABA

Palestinian-flag medallions for sale outside the Mosque of Omar

Arab boys played a noisy game of soccer by the Herodian pavement near Sharif Hussein's tomb. Elderly Arab men washed their feet in the fountains before going into the Al Aqsa Mosque to pray. This was an Arab place, and it would stay that way, whatever the formalities of a peace agreement.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## THE HEART OF GREATER SYRIA

IT was forty-five minutes by bus from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv, where I took a taxi to a northern seaside suburb to meet an official in Israeli intelligence. He looked to be straight out of central casting, with thick wire-rimmed glasses, black clothes, a nervous and emaciated look, and a jaded, world-weary manner. The subject was Syria. Over coffee and cake at a swank café, I spun out my theory of its future.

Syria might be a Yugoslavia in the making, I told him. If the country breaks apart, the Druze region of southern Syria could amalgamate with Jordan, while an Alawite mini-state could be carved out of northwestern Syria, becoming a refuge for President Hafez al-Assad's clan after he dies and Sunni fundamentalists start ruling a rump state from Damascus. The new Alawite warlordship would be supported by both the Lebanese and the Israelis, who would see no irony in supporting Assad's clan under the circumstances.

The intelligence official nodded and smiled. "The problem," he said, laughing, "is that anything is possible. One thing is for sure: Assad will die or become senile. Then," he said, making a fist, "it will be a matter of natural selection—which faction of the military or the security services is the strongest." In other words, brute force, not ideas, would determine Syria's future—and Iraq's, too, for that matter. As when Alexander the Great died, the generals would fight over the spoils.

"As for Jordan," he went on, "everyone has a use for its continued existence, because none of the other Arabs want a border with Israel. A Palestinian state, as you say, already exists. But the West Bank and Gaza have no common frontier, no clans or families linking them. Before 1967 Gaza was ruled by Egypt, the West Bank by Jordan. It could take maximum force for an Arab to keep the two places together after Arafat goes." I thought of the late-Omayyad period, in the early eighth century, when armies were the personal property of the ruler. The spread of commerce, the growth of cities, and the diversification of society subjected the empire to great strain, and various sectarian movements and preachers, backed by armed groups, arose.

This official, like many specialists on the Arab world, had an affecting sympathy for his subject. When I mentioned Aleppo and Damascus, where I had recently been, he responded reverently. "*Ah*, Aleppo—you know what a great civilization you are talking about . . ." But when I mentioned Jerusalem, he waved his hand dismissively, telling me he went there only on business—a real Tel Aviv attitude. "This," he said, pointing to the shops around us, "is what you should really look at."

He was right. This northern Tel Aviv beach suburb—a cluster of tall, well-constructed apartment buildings, with rows of shops selling foreign luxury goods—hadn't existed when I lived in Israel. There were hair stylists and expensive cafés, in one of which we sat. Beautiful men and women walked around with showy shopping bags. It was Israel's version of Silicon Valley. While Jerusalem and the West Bank settlements have provided the politics, the Tel Aviv–Haifa coastal strip, with its multimillion-dollar software firms and hundreds of computer-related start-up companies, pays the country's bills; its annual per capita income of $17,000 is close to Great Britain's and eighteen times Syria's. As in America, a rampaging materialism pours more fuel on the economy. Later, eyeing the hard women in their thirties and forties with their revealing clothes and shopping bags, a cabdriver told me, "You need three jobs here to satisfy your wife. The women here want and want . . ."

Tel Aviv was loud, rude, and pulsing with intense, stressed-out conversation at Italian coffee shops. There were airlines that connect Israel with the Muslim countries of ex–Soviet Central Asia; new malls by the dozen; armies of Romanian and Nigerian guest workers inhabiting the poor quarters around the old bus station; and videos with high-pitched soundtracks blasting at the new bus station. As I waited in line for the late-afternoon bus back to Jerusalem, a small religious Jew with a brimmed hat slipped quickly in front of me when I wasn't looking, continuing to talk on his cell phone. In the bus people were not just talking on cell phones but also writing in notebooks and business diaries and using pocket calculators as they did so. Beirut was somnolent compared with this. And here there was much more of a modern middle class. Tel Aviv will be the Tyre of the twenty-first century.

As it did in antiquity, power will radiate inland from the Mediterranean coast, and Tel Aviv and Beirut, replicas of the Phoenician city-states, will vanquish the less dynamic capitals of the desert, Damascus and Jerusalem. Syria's is a pathetic economy compared with Lebanon's: Syria's control over Lebanon has been possible only because Assad holds Syria together. Tel Aviv, not the Jewish settlements on the West Bank, is ground zero for Greater Israel—an economic dynamo that exports twice as much as Egypt, Jordan, and Syria combined. And those countries' exports are mainly agricultural commodities, textiles, and natural resources, whereas Israel's are increasingly software.

For decades I have heard that there will be either a Greater Israel or a Palestinian state. It turns out that there will be both: a Palestinian mini-state, without control over its skies or main highways, will exist within a dynamic Israeli economy that will continue to attract workers from across the border and will serve as the stabilizing force of historic "Greater Syria." The current Syrian state will weaken and pay the price for decades of Soviet-style calcification.

Israel may fantastically prosper, surrounded by pathetic Palestinian bantustans that are kept quiescent by the police-state tactics of a Jibril Rajoub. But this may only encourage a climate of deep cynicism within Israel itself. Such cynicism is close to the "consistent realism" that the English historian Edward Hallett Carr says "excludes moral judgements." The similarities between the ancient and postmodern Middle Easts could be striking, and Israel will require a distinctly moral realism to both survive and flourish.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Closing the Education Gap

*Forge a corps of dedicated, highly trained black educators who wield influence from kindergarten through city hall, and you can help to bridge the education gap that persists in the United States between far too many black youngsters and their white counterparts.*

# A race against time

By Angela G. King
Photography by Dan Wilby

This is the mission that has driven the National Alliance of Black School Educators for nearly three decades. As the millennium approaches, and with legions of America's black primary- and secondary-school students struggling to make their way up the learning curve, this 6,500-member national organization of black school superintendents, principals, administrators, and teachers is giving the problem fresh attention. Quentin Lawson, the former Baltimore-based educator and activist who is now NABSE's executive director, is blunt about the situation many young black students face: "The achievement gap has been getting wider, especially in the mid and late 1990s," he says simply.

NABSE's work represents a race against time. Forty-five years after the U.S. Supreme Court's landmark ruling in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* sent shock waves through this country's system of segregated public schools, black children still score significantly lower than white children and children of other races on standardized tests. Despite the substantial gains that black youngsters made in America's public schools throughout the 1980s – the high-school graduation rate for black students grew from 51.2 percent to 66.2 percent, according to data from the U.S. Census Bureau, while the percentage of black students age twenty-five or older who hold four-year college degrees grew from 7.9 percent to 11.3 percent – those gains have not led to further advances in the 1990s. In fact, progress has all but come to a standstill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> "People always want to make a comparison or talk about 'the gap,' but they don't want to compare the conditions and the circumstances and the advantages that have been traditionally afforded to white people."

Recent studies have shown that black students perform substantially worse on standardized tests – such as the Scholastic Assessment Test – than other children do. In 1995, the most recent year for which figures are available, only 465 black high school seniors out of the 103,872 black seniors who took the SAT scored 650 or higher on the verbal portion. On the math portion, only 1,437 scored higher than 650. In contrast, 36,700 white high school seniors out of the 674,343 who took the SAT scored 650 or higher on the verbal portion, and 51,306 scored 650 or higher on the math portion. The reasons for this disparity vary from poverty to a lack of computers and other technology in urban schools to low expectations of black children. They include a lack of such resources as basic school supplies and modern, well-equipped school buildings; teachers who are instructing students in areas outside their expertise; and peer pressure that equates academic achievement with "acting white."

"People always want to make a comparison or talk about 'the gap,' but they don't want to compare the conditions and the circumstances and the advantages that have been traditionally afforded to white people," says Charles D. Moody, Sr. There is perhaps no one who better understands America's black educators – and the young black minds those educators are trying to reach – than Moody, one of NABSE's founders and, at sixty-seven, still a director on NABSE's board. A native of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Moody holds a bachelor's degree in biology from Central State College, in Wilberforce, Ohio, and a commission as second lieutenant in the United States Army. He began his career in education in 1959, teaching the mentally handicapped in Chicago. Later he taught science and social studies in junior high school. Moody broke new racial ground when, in 1968, he was appointed the first black superintendent of schools in Harvey, Illinois. In 1971, a year after he had completed a doctoral dissertation at the University of Michigan on the scarcity of black school superintendents in the United States, Moody and fifteen other black superintendents formally launched the National Alliance of Black School Superintendents. Two years later, the organization opened its arms to school administrators and became the National Alliance of Black School Educators. Teachers were finally invited to join the association in 1974.

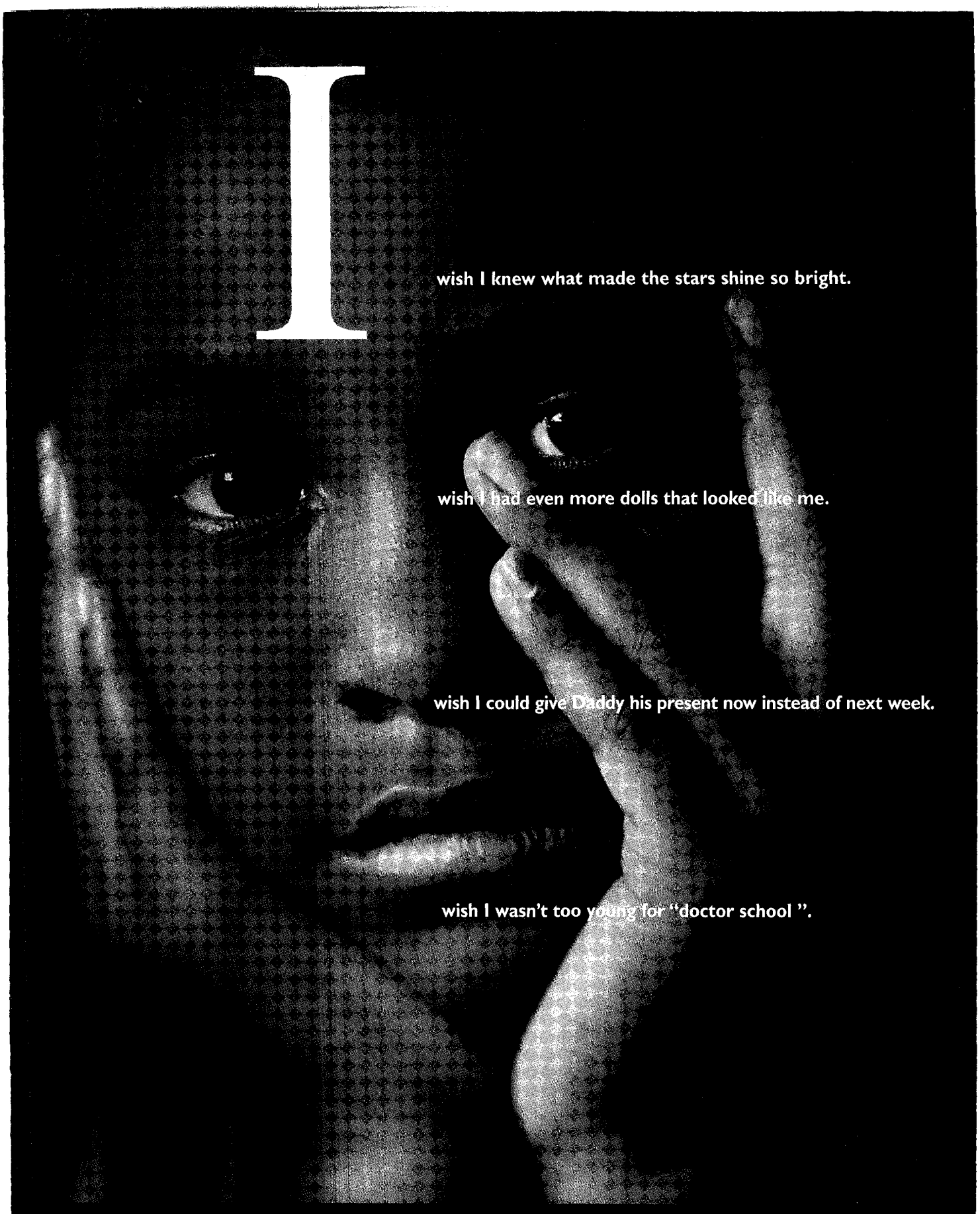
Moody points out that this nation's educational disparity between blacks and whites goes all the way back to slavery, when it was illegal for blacks even to learn to read. Needless to say, the disparity survived through decades of segregation in America. And, of course, it persists.

Whatever the causes of the gap, the National Alliance of Black School Educators has sought to draw increasing attention to the problem. Indeed, it has become the group's main focus. "NABSE has recognized this and selected a five-year period for making a substantial impact on reducing the gap," Lawson says.

From the outset, NABSE has taken on the challenge of trying to better educate African-American students with a top-down approach – that is, by encouraging more African-Americans to enter the education field to begin with, and by then providing these men and women with the support, the networking, and the training they need to teach black students. Among the NABSE offerings that are already available to educators:

- *An annual meeting where teachers and administrators can exchange pedagogical ideas and strategies. This conference, says Lawson, is America's "largest congregation of black educators, ranging from pre-kindergarten through higher education."*
- *An intensive, two-day conference in Washington, D.C., every spring, where members can address a variety of educational issues that affect black students.*
- *A Web site called NABSENet, accessible at*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

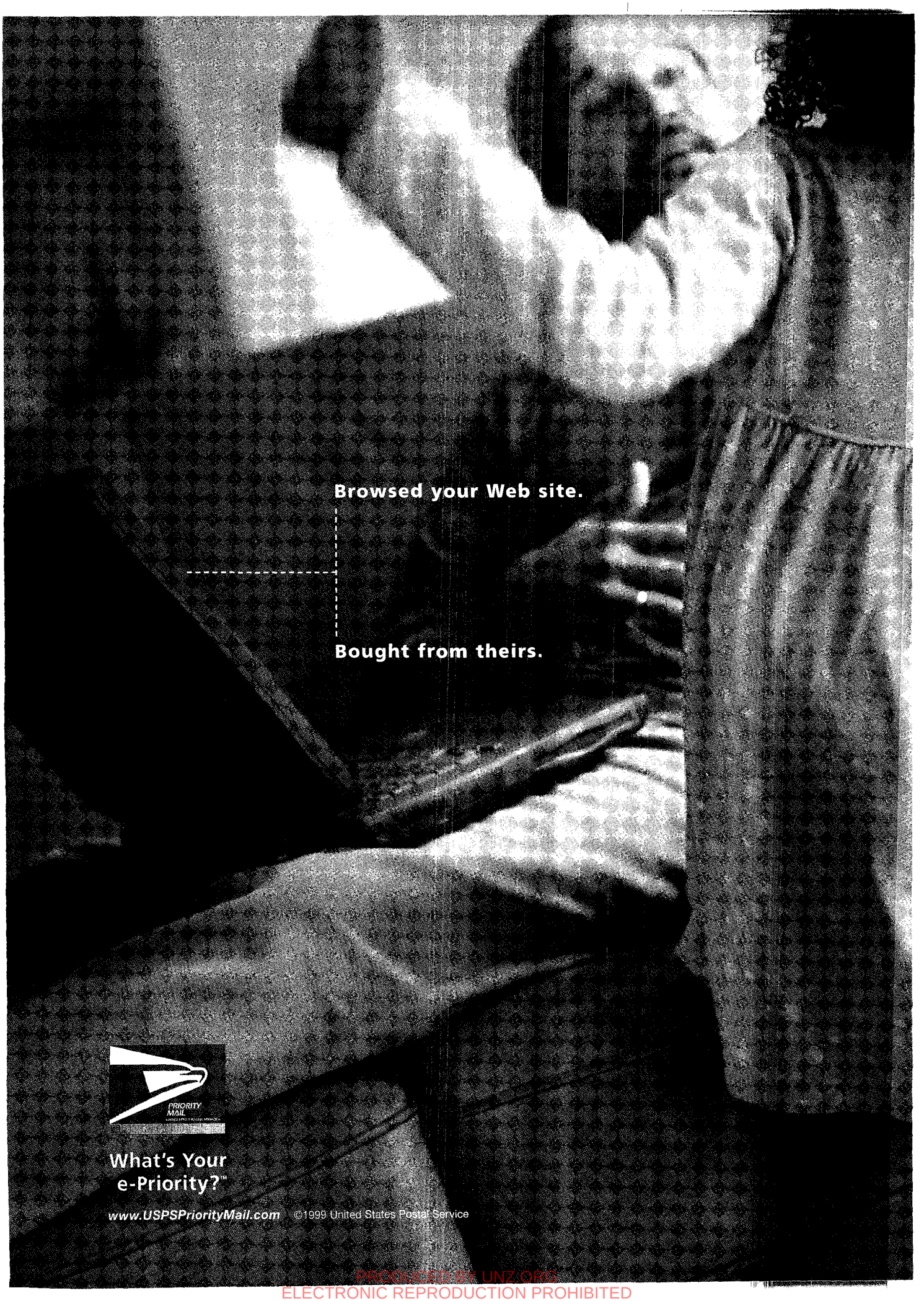



For the last ten years Honda has proudly supported higher education at Historically Black Colleges and Universities by sponsoring the academic competition, Honda Campus All-Star Challenge. It's our way of ensuring that even the smallest dreams have a chance to become reality.

HONDA

© 1999 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. is the exclusive sponsor of the Honda Campus All-Star Challenge.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*www.nabse.org. Among other things, the site lists employment opportunities in education nationwide.*

NABSE has just established what it calls the NABSE Network, a high-speed digital communication system that outlines and highlights the best teaching and leadership practices that the organization has identified among its members. The organization is also operating a support program to encourage African-American teachers to become National Board Certified. National Board Certification is regarded as one of the highest honors in the teaching profession. Teachers who are successful in obtaining it earn the right to teach anywhere in the country, regardless of where they received their teaching license. Only 48 percent of the teachers who apply for National Board Certification succeed in achieving it. Of those who succeed, only three percent are black teachers. NABSE hopes to adjust that number upward.

In addition, NABSE is encouraging members who can show that they have made strides in improving reading, math, science, and even attendance to apply to have their schools named as NABSE demonstration schools. The group hopes that over time new ideas will be replicated throughout the country. "There might be a math and science curriculum that's working well in Detroit, or an after-school program in Philadelphia," notes William Shelton, the treasurer of the NABSE Foundation, the alliance's fund-raising arm. "There are so many teachers and schools across the country that are doing a great job, but you never hear about them."

NABSE's efforts do not stop at nurturing educators already within its ranks. The organization is also hoping to lure more black young people into the field of education – a profession that has seen the number of entering whites as well as the number of entering blacks dwindle over the years. One form of

**NABSE is also hoping to lure more black young people into the field of education – a profession that has seen the number of entering whites as well as the number of entering blacks dwindle over the years.**

encouragement that NABSE has pursued has been helping more students get college scholarships. "You look anywhere, there's always a teacher shortage and an administrator shortage," says James Wilder, who serves as a trustee of the NABSE Foundation. "You don't have that many people going into education because there are much more lucrative fields. You've got to mentor students to show them that education is a valuable alternative. And you have to pay teachers enough to make it an enticing field."

NABSE also plans to launch a leadership academy at the beginning of next year to groom aspiring superintendents of schools. The need for this academy, to be based in Washington, D.C., is critical, given the dismally low number of black school superintendents in the United States. In 1971, only twenty-two out of the 21,000 school superintendents in this country were black. There has been considerable consolidation since then, but the basic scenario hasn't improved much. At last count, only 253 of more than 14,000 U.S. school superintendents were black. That represents less than two percent of the total.

Meanwhile, as it pursues its educational agenda, NABSE is preparing to vacate the cramped row house on the outskirts of the Howard University campus, in Washington, D.C., that has served as the alliance's headquarters for the past ten years. Being just a stone's throw from an institution of higher learning that has long been one of the crown jewels of the black educational establishment may seem like the perfect site for a group like NABSE – and, indeed, for a decade it has been. But Quentin Lawson emphasizes that raising the bar of educational achievement for young black men and women now requires urgent efforts in new directions – and greater access to the ears that need bending.

Specificially, the alliance needs to have a base near the epicenter of national policy-making – the U.S. Congress. If all goes as planned, by next May NABSE will occupy a new neadquarters building on Capitol Hill. Lawson sums it up this way: "You can't afford to not be where policy is being made."

As for what lies ahead, Charles D. Moody argues that it is time to abandon simplistic notions of what true integration requires, and what our real yardsticks should be. "People approached the whole era of desegregation as just a matter of mixing bodies," Moody says. "They didn't look at the notion of access to all of the resources, all of the opportunities, that were available in schools. What you ended up having in a lot of schools was segregation within schools – almost like two schools in one."

"We need to make more progress, there's no doubt about it," Moody goes on. "But you can't put all the responsibility for making progress on the shoulders of kids. Who are the people who are willing to be mentors to these children? Regardless of how competent you are, of how smart you are, if you don't have a mentor or a sponsor, your career ability is limited." ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# What's Amazing About These Articles Is Who Published Them.

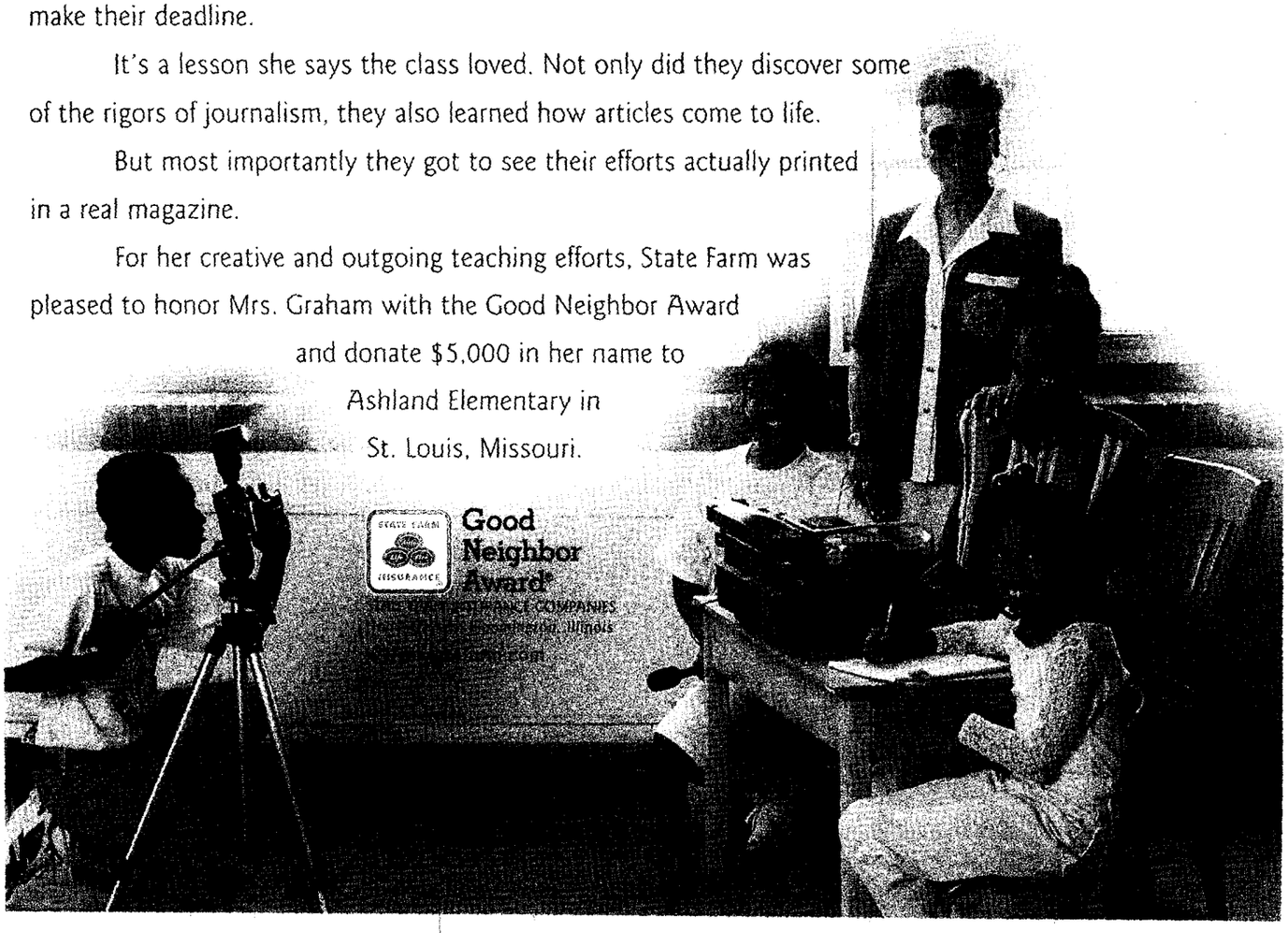
Getting published has never been easy. Just ask any third or fourth grader in Mrs. Graham's writing class. They've experienced the challenge firsthand. It was part of an assignment in which she had her students create articles that actually ran in a local magazine.

First came assigning individual responsibilities to the class. Each student was given a position just like you'd find at any magazine. Positions like editor, operations director, art director, photographer and journalist. Then with unheralded enthusiasm the class began the hard work of getting their story to print. They handled everything – research, layout, design, proofing, even production – all in time to make their deadline.

It's a lesson she says the class loved. Not only did they discover some of the rigors of journalism, they also learned how articles come to life.

But most importantly they got to see their efforts actually printed in a real magazine.

For her creative and outgoing teaching efforts, State Farm was pleased to honor Mrs. Graham with the Good Neighbor Award and donate $5,000 in her name to Ashland Elementary in St. Louis, Missouri.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Beverly Hall

## Superintendent of Schools

## Atlanta, Georgia

Whenever there's a major urban school district that's in big trouble, Beverly Hall seems to be the person called on to turn things around. The state of New Jersey tapped the tough-minded educator in 1995 to overhaul Newark's public schools – a system that was so beleaguered by academic troubles, corruption, and financial mismanagement that the state had seized complete administrative control over it. Hall, who left her job as deputy schools chancellor of New York City to become superintendent in Newark, spent four years battling politicians, educators, and parents who resented a state-appointed outsider telling them what was best for the district's 44,500 students.

Despite the contentious landscape, Hall laid the foundation for a far-reaching academic revival in Newark, with such initiatives as all-day kindergarten, cleaning up school buildings, placing professional-development experts for teachers in all eighty-two of the city's public schools, and training teachers to incorporate technology into their instruction. She also oversaw such unpopular moves as the dismissal of 600 members of the school system's top-heavy administrative staff, the replacement of a number of principals, and even the closing of an entire middle school. Hall was in the process of shutting down a high school because of poor academic performance when the Atlanta public-school system reached out to her to become superintendent, overseeing the education of 58,000 students, 90 percent of whom are African-American.

"I try to separate out the politics of the situation from my role as an educator and the superintendent of the school system," Hall says. "You have to have courage and not back away if what you're doing ultimately will help the children. In Newark, I think we were able to really focus the system on students, on teaching and learning, and on putting an infrastructure in place that would lead to more success over time."

By Hall's account – and judging from reports citing improvement in the test scores of Newark's schoolchildren – her stint in that city left its mark. "We had the highest student attendance in over thirty years when I left, and we were beginning to see improvement on the test scores," Hall points out. By the time Hall left Newark for Atlanta, 50 percent of Newark's high-school juniors were able to pass the math section of New Jersey's statewide High School Proficiency Test; 61.9 percent passed the writing part; and 63.3 percent passed the reading part. Before she arrived, only about a quarter of Newark's high-school juniors passed the various portions of the statewide test.

Hall, fifty, is poised to institute the same kinds of sweeping changes in Atlanta. She has been in Georgia less than a year, and already she's courting major businesses with hopes of getting support to revamp Atlanta schools. She is also on a quest to boost test scores, and mulling such initiatives as longer school days and year-round schools. The task ahead is a big one. Between 1994 and 1997, to take a recent period, fewer than half of Atlanta students performed at or above national norms on the Iowa Tests of Basic Skills. Last year scores went up by four percentage points in both reading and math, but they still top the halfway mark only in math.

"There is a lot of infrastructure in place in Atlanta – community support, technology, materials – that I had to put in place in Newark," Hall says. "But the student achievement is much lower than it should be, and there is a lot of work to be done."

About what she has already achieved in her career – and what she still hopes to accomplish – Hall says: "The reputation that I'd like to believe that I have is that I'm able to go in and focus very intensely on achievement and on putting in place infrastructure to make achievement happen. By this time next year, I hope to have created a sense of focus in Atlanta on better teaching in our schools. I want to bring in models of good instructional practices that teachers can be trained to implement. I want our leaders in our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school buildings – our principals – to become instructional leaders. You don't have to re-invent the wheel."

"We already know what we need to know to educate our students – we need to have high expectations for children, more time for instruction, teachers who know what they're doing and who care, good leaders at the principal level," Hall adds. "But the thing is to replicate this to such a degree that the system will change, not just the individual school. That's the challenge for me as superintendent."

At the top of her agenda for revamping Atlanta schools is Project GRAD (Graduation Really Achieves Dreams), a program where the business community contributes money to help improve schools. Project GRAD draws on learning strategies that research has shown to help boost reading and math test scores, reduce dropout rates, and impel more students to attend four-year colleges and universities. The Ford Foundation and Tenneco Inc. launched the intensive curriculum-reform program in Houston schools six years ago, and the number of graduating seniors in that city increased to 68 percent, from less than 40 percent. Hall was able to get Project GRAD off the ground in Newark just before she left, and is now seeking $15 million to launch the program in Atlanta. "The Ford Foundation approached me in Newark and asked me if I was interested. Lucent Technologies was willing to pay for it," Hall says of how she first got involved with the program. "When I came to Atlanta, I asked the Ford Foundation folks and the Houston folks to come and talk about it. The school board has endorsed the program. The funders are all looking at it. A number of the major foundations here in Atlanta are very interested. It looks as if I will be able to get the support to bring the program here next year."

**"We already know what we need to know to educate our students – we need to have high expectations for children, more time for instruction, teachers who know what they're doing and who care, good leaders at the principal level."**

Hall was born in Montego Bay, Jamaica, and went to high school in Kingston. She came to the United States in 1965 to attend Brooklyn College and earned a bachelor's degree in English five years later. She earned a master's degree in guidance and counseling from Brooklyn College in 1973, and a doctoral degree in administration, policy, and urban education from Fordham University in 1990. Hall began her career as an educator when she took a job in 1970 as an English teacher at Junior High School 265, in Fort Greene, Brooklyn. She eventually moved on to become the principal of Public School 282, in Park Slope, Brooklyn; principal of the Ronald Edmond Learning Center, also in Brooklyn; and then superintendent of District 27, in Ozone Park, Queens. Hall's climb to superintendent puts her among only a handful of African-American – not to mention female – school superintendents in this country.

"We still have a long way to go in terms of taking our rightful place at the very highest levels in this society," Hall says. "There are lots of hurdles that have to be crossed," including what she sees as an implicit double standard for African-Americans. "There is even more pressure and attention for us to do a good job. You have to stay focused on student success and you have to behave in a way that shows you're serious and you have to have integrity in everything you do. You don't get a second chance."

In these circumstances, camaraderie is important. Hall goes on, "I have colleagues who are in similar situations, whom I've met through NABSE's superintendents commission. The position is such a lonely one, and such a stressful one, that it's good to have colleagues who have walked in your shoes. It's important to have a group that advocates on behalf of African-American students. You have to remember that there will always be issues of equity and fairness that we have to be vigilant about in this country. Even though education is on everybody's mind, minority youngsters are more vulnerable than any other group. They cannot be written off and ignored, and it's going to take groups like NABSE to keep reminding African-American educators that they have a critical role to play." ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SATURN SURVEY

Your name Mike Sheridan Age 30

Occupation TRAFFIC REPORTER

Where is your Saturn retailer located? Saturn of Warwick

If you had to share one story or experience about your Saturn, what would it be?

I see hundreds of cars every day. If not thousands. But for some reason, the Saturns seemed to stand out. Anyway, I took a test-drive, and ended up getting an SL2. And I've been really happy with it. It handles well. And it's very quick. Unless you happen to be driving in the morning, between 7 and 9. Or in the afternoon, between 5 and 7.

Which Saturn do you drive? Saturn SL2 Color Silver

*124-horsepower, dual-overhead-cam engine. The new, redesigned Saturn S Series.*
A Different Kind of Company. A Different Kind of Car.

*The 2000 Saturn SL2, M.S.R.P. of $13,335 including AC, retailer prep and transportation. Options, tax and license are extra. 1-800-522-5000 or www.saturn.com. ©1999 Saturn Corporation.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Elsie Mescudi

## Teacher, Monticello Middle School

## Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Elsie Mescudi had no intention of becoming a teacher. She had every intention of becoming an opera singer when she entered her freshman year at Central State University, in Wilberforce, Ohio. "My goal was to get to Juilliard," says the fifty-one-year-old classically trained singer. "I had this passion for singing, and I really wanted to perform."

But Mescudi's life took an unexpected turn when, after getting a bachelor's degree in music education from Central State, in 1970, she had no money left for graduate school. "My mom was a single parent and raised four of us alone, so there was not a lot of money. After graduating from college, I was on my own for graduate school," Mescudi explains. On the advice of her mother, Mescudi had taken some education classes at Central as a fallback, and, after graduating from the university, decided that she would teach school until she could get to Juilliard. Mescudi never made it to the prestigious New York conservatory. Instead, she has used music in the classroom to educate, enlighten, and inspire children in the Cleveland area for thirty years.

"She's an exemplary educator," says Denise Ricciarelli, an eighth-grade English teacher who has been a colleague and friend of Mescudi's for nearly two decades. "She's a true advocate of children. And she has this fierce independence backed up by knowledge and talent – it's almost like a magnet. You want to model yourself after that in many ways, because you see the success that it has in the classroom."

Mescudi never accepts mediocrity from her students. She gives them enormous amounts of encouragement, especially in the first few weeks of a class. "I tell them, 'You don't have to be exceptional to do this. It just takes hard work and focus and a willingness.' I tell them that I know each group is going to be better than the last. I just keep stroking them." To introduce new students to her choir class, Mescudi shows them videos of performances of past school choirs she has overseen. "They can't believe that they're going to sound like that," she says. "Once [the realization] takes hold, it's amazing how many changes happen. You can see the improvement right away."

Just ask former student Sharon Brown Chestin, today a forty-year-old mother of three, about Mescudi's impact on young lives. Brown Chestin encountered Mescudi a quarter of a century ago, in sixth grade. She had auditioned to sing for the school choir and didn't make it, but managed to participate anyway because she played the piano. After two years in Mescudi's classroom, Brown Chestin eventually went on to earn a degree from the conservatory at Baldwin-Wallace College, in Berea, Ohio, and a doctorate in music education from Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, where she dedicated her dissertation to Mescudi. "She was just a really cool teacher" who would do fun things, such as entering her students in a music-composition contest among local schools, Brown Chestin recalls. "She seemed to be so gung-ho." Even though Brown Chestin was only a kid, Mescudi "took me very seriously."

When Brown Chestin formed a community choir in the seventh grade, called the Cleveland Voices of Soul, Mescudi gave up her Saturday afternoons for three years to direct the forty-student ensemble. During the summers, when Mescudi taught music enrichment in summer school, she would bring Brown Chestin along as her assistant. "She would pick me up every morning. I did this for at least two summers," Brown Chestin says. Over time the relationship between Mescudi and Brown Chestin evolved into a friendship. "As [my sister and I] became older and dealt with boyfriends and things and we didn't feel comfortable talking to our parents, she always had a listening ear even though she was trying to raise four kids," Brown Chestin says. "We've remained friends. She sang at my wedding. I've written scores for shows and she always comes to see everything. She has been there for anything I've ever done."

Mescudi's impact on students is no small feat for someone who at one point had thrown up her hands and stopped teaching in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

order to go back to school herself. After graduating from Central State, Mescudi began her career as a music instructor in Cleveland. She taught at various schools for a number of years, and then suddenly brought her career to a halt, to take stock of it. "I was single, I didn't have kids, and I think I was just spooked," she says. "I really did not think I was making a difference, and I felt frustrated. I literally quit and went back to school thinking that I had missed something." She earned a master's degree in guidance and counseling at John Carroll University, in University Heights, Ohio, and, as she tells it, "came back with a whole new attitude. I felt strongly that now I was ready to really be a teacher." Mescudi then worked as a substitute teacher at elementary, junior high, and high schools around Cleveland. She also married and began raising a family. To date, she has worked in the Cleveland Heights-University Heights public-school district for nineteen years. She taught vocal music at Roxboro Middle School, in Cleveland Heights, for seventeen of those years and called upon her master's degree in guidance and counseling to provide those very things to students at Heights High School for another two years. Mescudi came to Monticello Middle School this year to teach vocal music, general music, and a life-skills class. "Music is necessary for the development of the whole child," she says. "I have tried to make it my life's work to challenge and encourage and nurture students through the medium of music."

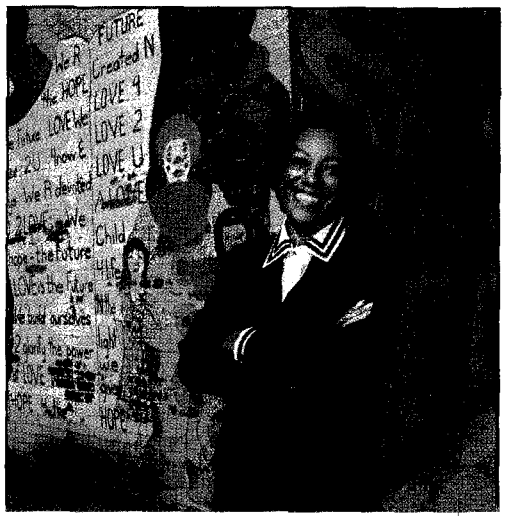
Mescudi credits the National Alliance of Black School Educators for helping her to be the teacher she is today. "NABSE is phenomenal," Mescudi says. "I've always been critical of my teaching [and] looked at it seriously to see where I could improve. NABSE has been an inspiration to me. It's a wonderful organization that really encourages staff development and personal growth." Mescudi is president of the Heights Alliance of Black School Educators, NABSE's affiliate in suburban Cleveland. She is also the group's head facilitator, helping teachers in the Cleveland Heights-University Heights school district in applying for National Board Certification. "I'm even interested in taking the national [certification] test," she notes. "Even though I am a thirty-year veteran, I just want to do this. I'm not ready to throw in the towel because I have thirty years of teaching experience. I'm always striving to do something to better myself, and I think the test would give me an indication as to how I've been as an educator."

Throughout her years as a teacher, Mescudi never gave up her singing – not only does she occasionally grace her students with a song in class, but she sings professionally in and outside of the Cleveland area, a pursuit that landed her a solo singing performance with the DuffyLit Ensemble as part of a gathering of the National Association of Performing Arts Educators, at Carnegie Hall, last year. Mescudi, who has a special interest in Negro spirituals, is currently working on a recording project that will be used as a resource for a music-appreciation class. She has somehow managed to squeeze in time for her other passions – calligraphy, swimming, and reading. She's proud to say that her four children are also musically inclined. Three of them play instruments. Her youngest child, Scott, fifteen, has acquired her gift for singing.

Of her career, Mescudi is quick to say: "I have no regrets. I love music and I love teaching. I know I'm a much better person because of my experience with kids. I'm blessed. I am, truly." ■

**"She's a true advocate of children. And she has this fierce independence backed up by knowledge and talent – it's almost like a magnet. You want to model yourself after that in many ways, because you see the success that it has in the classroom.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# Fannie Gibson

## Principal

## Benjamin E. Mays Academy

## Chicago, Illinois

Let a student miss too many days of school, and Fannie Gibson will walk to that child's home if necessary to find out why. If a student needs an adult to talk to, the door to her office is open. She has even been known to dig into her own pocket to come up with the money for anything from glasses to a school uniform to pencils and books for a student who otherwise would go lacking.

When it comes to the kindergartners through fourth-graders at Benjamin E. Mays Academy, in Chicago, this native Texan is big on doing whatever it takes to help them learn. Her relentless passion has made a big difference at the public elementary school in the New City neighborhood on Chicago's South Side. When Gibson arrived as the principal of Mays, ten years ago, only one percent of the students could read at the proper grade level. Last year more than 36 percent of the students at Mays scored at or above their grade level on the reading comprehension portion of the Iowa Tests of Basic Skills – still far too low, but improving. "Every year we are pushing to get that to over fifty percent, but I would like for one hundred percent of our kids to be on or above their grade level," Gibson says.

Among the initiatives that Gibson has implemented to help push students' reading test scores higher: she has aligned all of the textbooks at Mays with the state standards and with the Chicago public-schools objectives; has conducted extensive test-readiness practices; has put a lot of parent volunteers and teacher assistants in classrooms to help with the instruction; and has instituted an inclusion program enabling special-education teachers and their students to work in the same classrooms as mainstream teachers and students.

"Her aim is to improve student learning, and that happens," Elaine Daniels says of Gibson. Daniels has worked with Gibson in the Chicago public-school system in one capacity or another since 1979. For the past six years Daniels has served as Gibson's assistant principal at Mays. "This is a totally different school than it was in 1989," according to Daniels. "It's simply because she has taken a number of measures to make sure that it has improved."

For starters, Gibson made sure that the school – once a branch of Fulton Elementary, a larger school that's about two blocks north – got a new name. As Gibson tells it, "When I came here the name of the school was Fulton" – the "Fulton" in question was Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat – and I said, 'Oh no.'" She felt that it would be better if the school was named after a prominent African-American leader, so she held a naming contest among the children. Preparation included a quick introduction to the lives of a number of black leaders the students as yet knew little about – people like Rosa Parks and Fred Luster Sr., the late black haircare entrepreneur. Benjamin E. Mays, the legendary former president of Morehouse College, in Atlanta, won out. "I thought that [the contest] was a good way for the children to learn about African-Americans they should know about," Gibson says.

Believing deeply in the motivating power of strong identity, Gibson also set out to establish Mays Academy as a separate school, rather than just a branch of Fulton Elementary. "We wanted to present our own unique image in the community because we felt that what we would bring to our students would bring about a different caliber of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# You can encourage students to chase their dreams. Or you can show them how to catch them.

Help your students get a leg up on their future with Embark.com™ (formerly CollegeEdge). We have information on every two- and four-year college in the U.S. Our matching system will recommend the schools that best meet your students' needs, based on everything from size and major, to cost and campus lifestyle. It can also provide them with help planning their career path. And, we have information on obtaining scholarships and financial aid. There's even a simple, secure way to apply online. Find out why Embark.com is the leading college resource on the Web. Visit us at www.embark.com.

***Find, apply and get into the right school.***

EMBARK·COM™


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

student," Gibson says. "We were exposing our children to a lot more than the regular curriculum." According to Gibson, Mays educates the whole child by exposing students to diverse offerings: school visits by members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; a chess team that took second place last year in a citywide contest; and such field trips as a recent one to the Universal Soul Circus. Gibson worked with the school board to revise the school district's boundaries for the neighborhoods where Mays students lived, so that they no longer overlapped with Fulton's boundaries. She had children start wearing uniforms. Mays Academy has also gained a library, a music program, and a special-education program.

Gibson's efforts seem to be paying off: in 1998, 94 percent of the third graders at Mays were writing at or above grade level. That was a 23 percent increase from two years earlier in statewide writing scores.

Gibson's zeal isn't limited to students. She encourages parents to work as volunteers at Mays Academy, and urges the teachers at Mays to get involved in organizations such as the International Reading Association and the National Alliance of Black School Educators. Gibson says she herself has benefited from her involvement with NABSE, and also from her involvement with an affiliated group, the Chicago Alliance of Black School Educators. She first became active in CABSE in the1980s, and eventually became familiar with the wealth of information that both groups offer on teaching techniques geared specifically to African-American students.

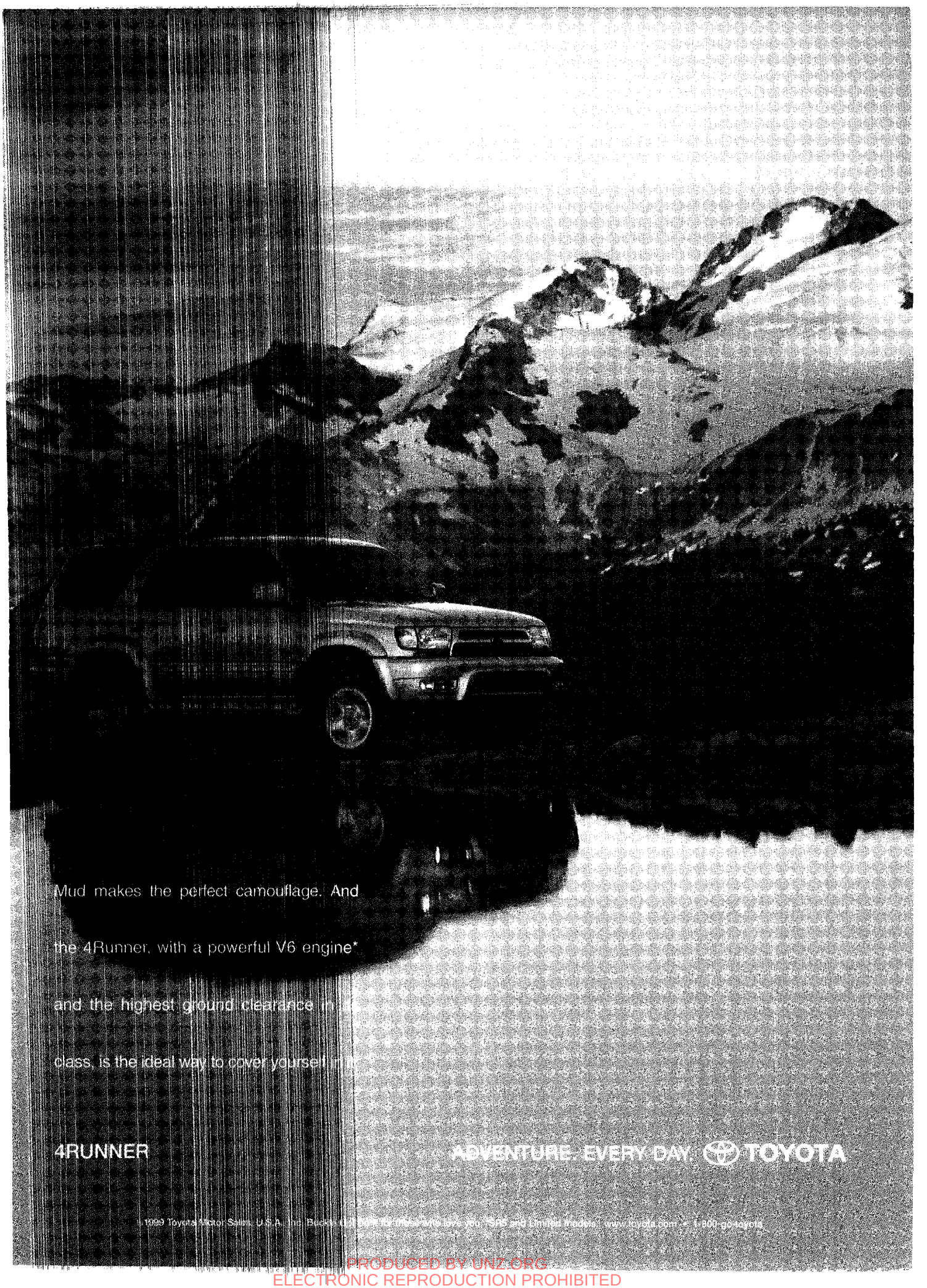
Gibson's pedagogical drive may stem from the fact that she didn't just stumble into her career--family circumstances offered a kind of natural tutorial: "I'm the oldest of five children, so I always had a class at home," she explains. There was never any question that she and her four brothers and sisters would attend college. "My parents, Dorothy and Garfield Thompson, had always told us that we had to go to college," Gibson says. "It was not even a question of *if* we were going to college, but *where*." A native of Fort Worth, she went to Wiley College, in Marshall, Texas, with the intention of eventually becoming a high-school business teacher, and earned a bachelor's degree in business education in 1964.

After graduating from Wiley, Gibson went to Chicago to take a teaching job, because there weren't any immediate job openings in Texas. She landed a job teaching reading at John Spry Elementary School (now Hammond-Spry Elementary School), in the largely Hispanic neighborhood of Pilsen, and discovered that she liked working with younger children. So in the middle of pursuing her teaching certification in high-school education, Gibson changed her focus and ended up getting her certification in elementary education instead. She later earned a master's degree in inner-city studies from Chicago's Northeastern University. A year after arriving at Spry, Gibson was selected as one of the first teachers to participate in Chicago's Intensive Reading Improvement Program, as a result of her efforts to find creative ways to help children who had difficulty reading. Gibson went on to become a reading coordinator, working with teachers throughout the city, and then moved into an office job at the school district's headquarters. She missed interacting with kids so much that she sought a new outlet – and embarked on her current job as principal at Mays Academy.

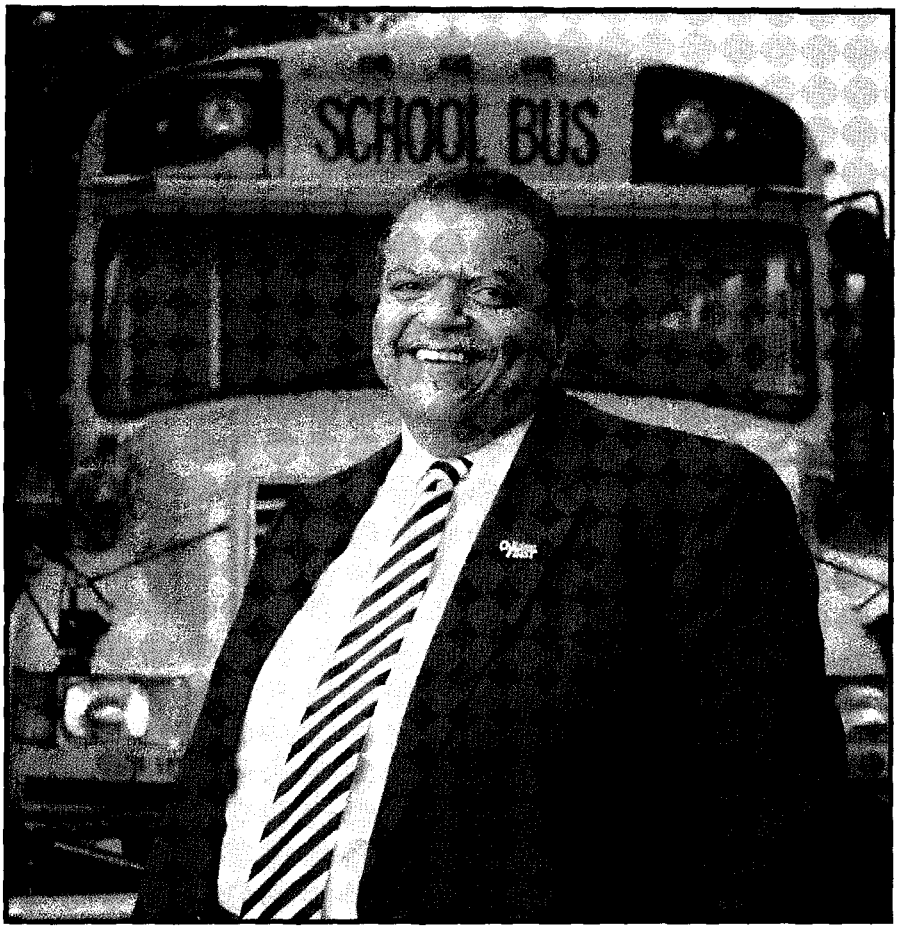
**Believing deeply in the motivating power of strong identity, Gibson also set out to establish Mays Academy as a separate school, rather than just a branch of Fulton Elementary. "We wanted to present our own unique image in the community."**

Looking back on her thirty-four-year career, Gibson expresses nothing but gratitude. "I feel very blessed to have a job where I have the most precious commodity in the world to be responsible for – our children," she says. "It's so rewarding to have children as your business. You think about them all the time, about what they will become. It's just great." ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# Lucian Yates III

## Superintendent of Schools

## Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Lucian Yates III remembers the episode vividly. It was 1962, and he was in the fifth grade at Harrodsburg Elementary School, in Harrodsburg, Kentucky. He had been transferred to the school that year from his neighborhood school, the all-black West Side Elementary School, as part of the integration effort that was slowly taking hold in the United States. By his account, the frequent taunting and belittling he endured made life at Harrodsburg Elementary miserable. To make matters worse, his fifth-grade teacher, a white woman, had made it all too clear to her new black students that she thought they were too stupid to learn to play the plastic flutophone she kept in her classroom.

Incensed, Yates was determined to master the instrument. So when school let out for the summer, he secretly began taking piano lessons once a week, at seventy-five cents a session, to learn how to read music. Yates had already racked up a $17 bill – no small amount back then – by the time his parents discovered he was taking the lessons. His mother agreed to pay for him to continue, and by the time summer ended Yates had used the music-reading skills he acquired from playing the piano to teach himself to play the flutophone. When he returned to Harrodsburg Elementary as a sixth grader, he persuaded the very teacher who had been so demeaning to him during the previous school year to let him play her flutophone. "I played that thing flawlessly," he recalls, to the teacher's surprise and consternation.

That, says Yates, the superintendent of the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, school district, was a defining moment in his life – the sort of moment that has helped to make him the relentless, in-your-face advocate for children that he is today. Yates knows that there are systemic problems in the Harrisburg schools, and he is working furiously to turn things around. "I believe that if I live to be a hundred years old, I won't have enough time to do what I need to do, so I don't waste time," he says.

He has inherited a school district where a record 1,241 students last year received overall failing grades. He is determined to slash the district's failure rate by next year, and has started down that road by weeding out poor principals, teachers, and administrators. Already, Yates has demoted two principals and one central-office administrator in the Harrisburg district and fired more than half a dozen teachers. Before he got to Harrisburg, the school district had fired only one teacher in fifteen years. "It's not something that I'm proud of, but when they don't want to get on board and put children first, then they have to go," he says.

From his tough days in elementary school to his rocky climb to one of only a handful of school-superintendent slots in this country that are filled by blacks, Yates has been determined to do everything within his power to smooth the road for black school-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children. "As far back as the sixth grade, I said to myself that if I'm ever in the position to change things, I don't ever want other kids to have the difficult time in school that I had," he says.

In high school, with the rebellious winds of the civil-rights movement swirling about, Yates says he "made a conscious decision that I hated that place, and I needed to get out of there." He pushed himself to graduate from high school at sixteen years of age. But simply ending his schooling at that point was not an option. "I was the fourth of six children born to parents who emphasized education," Yates explains. Yates soon found himself a freshman at Morehead State University, in Morehead, Kentucky. He was, of course, young, and almost flunked out. That summer, he says, "I had a talk with myself and said, 'If you're stupid, you don't need to be in college. But if you're not stupid, you need to be making better grades.'" Yates decided that he wasn't stupid. He pulled himself together and earned a bachelor's degree in history and political science from Morehead in 1974 and then a master's degree in history and education from the same university two years later.

Yates began teaching social studies to seventh and eighth graders at Mount Logan Middle School, in Chillicothe, Ohio. After seven years teaching there he started to think, "Here I am in a position where I affect 125 kids a day, but if I became a principal I could affect an entire building." So Yates went on to Ohio State and Ohio University, and earned his principal's certification and became an assistant principal at Chillicothe High School. He worked there for about four years, during which time he was named Social Studies Teacher of the Year by the Ohio Council for the Social Studies. He was also chosen to be a Martha Holdings Jennings Scholar, at Ohio University, where he eventually earned a doctoral degree.

**Yates has been determined to do everything within his power to smooth the road for black schoolchildren. "As far back as the sixth grade, I said to myself that if I'm ever in the position to change things, I don't ever want other kids to have the difficult time in school that I had."**

Yates says he and his wife decided to move back to Kentucky so that their daughter, Leslie, who was in elementary school at the time, could grow up near family. He took a job as an assistant principal of Ballard High School, in Jefferson County, in 1988. He was named principal of Western High School in 1989, and in 1993 he was promoted to the districtwide post of high school advocate. Yates became Jefferson County's assistant superintendent for equity and poverty issues and compliance in 1996. After being turned down for a superintendent's job in three Kentucky school districts last year, Yates publicly blasted the state for not having a single head school superintendent of color. As debate simmered, he left his job in Kentucky to take his current position in Pennsylvania.

Since arriving in Harrisburg, Yates has managed to infuriate Pennsylvania Governor Tom Ridge by arguing that the governor's push to implement a school-vouchers program in the state would devastate black students by taking money out of public schools and giving it to private schools. "He called for my resignation. Some of the powerful senators did too," Yates says. "But my school board stood behind me, flat-footed and firm." Yates is now embroiled in a court battle with the Harrisburg juvenile justice system to keep probation officers armed with guns out of Harrisburg public schools.

"In this district we've adopted the slogan 'Children First'. This is a wonderful district. Yet Harrisburg is one of the only minority districts in the state of Pennsylvania," Yates points out. "We have 9,000 students, and probably 85 percent of them are black. Any time the powers that be want to attack a school district, they attack this one."

Yates credits the National Alliance of Black School Educators for helping to spur him on. "NABSE is a network of like-minded people who have the education of African-American children as their focus," he says. "The voice that NABSE has at the national level is very powerful." Yates says that when he found out about the organization, ten years ago, he started a local chapter in Louisville. Now he's working to form a chapter in Harrisburg.

Yates takes his mission as an educator so much to heart partly because of his parents. His father, Lucian Jr., had gone to college to become a doctor, but dropped out in order to take care of his family, after his own father died. "They told me, 'If you can read, you can go places,'" Yates says of his parents. "I was stupid enough to believe them, and so I used to read all the time. When people told me that I couldn't do something, I would always say 'Watch me.' Some of those early defining moments have created who I am and the need I have to help others.

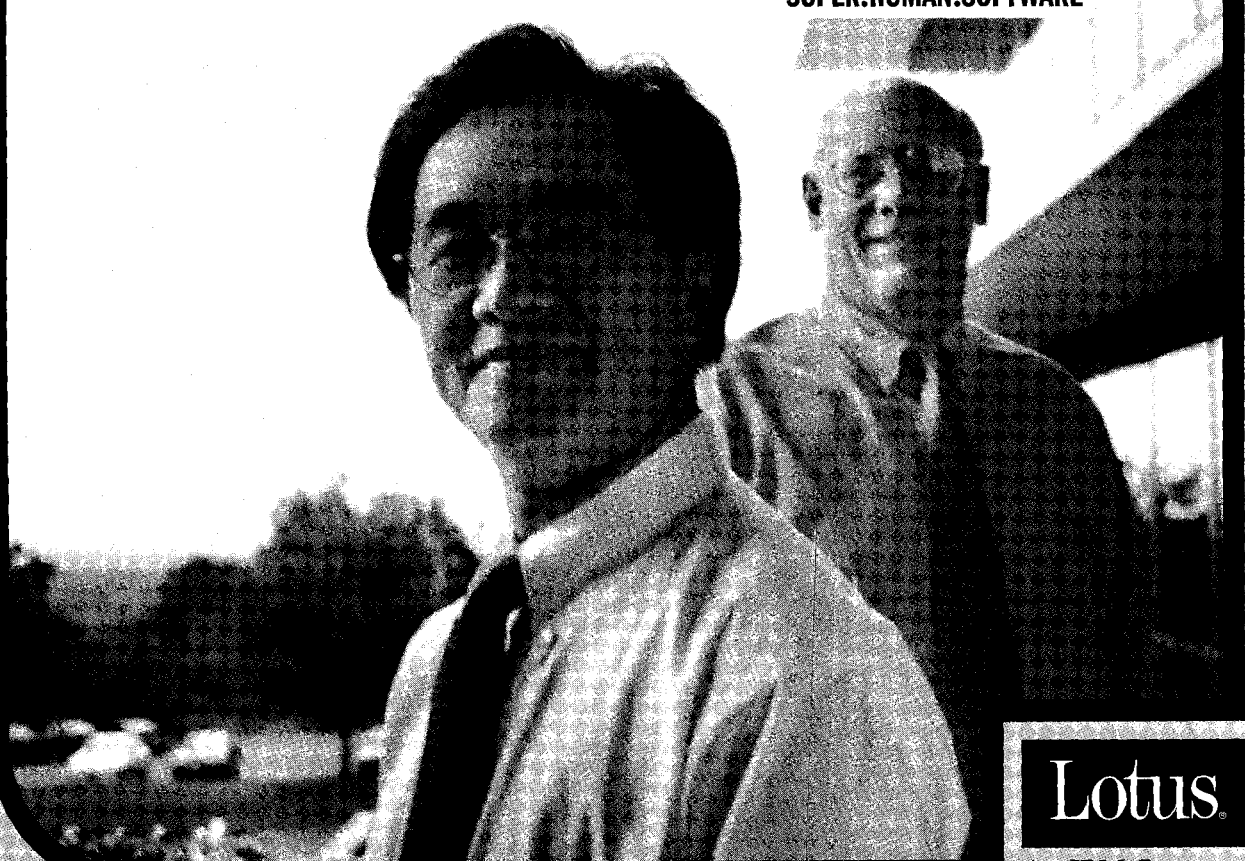
"We're not God and we can't determine the altitude at which kids will travel. All we can do is believe in them, nurture them, and love them, and they can become shining stars." ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# IN THE FAR EAST, JON PETERS AND TONY WONG HAVE CUT 20% OFF VAN HEUSEN'S OVERHEAD WITHOUT LOSING THEIR SHIRTS.

By using the superior collaborative ability of Lotus Notes,® Jon Peters, Executive Vice President and CIO, and Tony Wong, Vice President and Managing Director, enabled Van Heusen employees to work remotely rather than occupy office space in the world's most expensive real estate market. This cut their operational costs by 20%. Also, Notes helped them improve productivity and customer service, thanks to more efficient workflow. Their supply chain management improved too – from inventory control to processing. All done without being taken to the cleaners. To learn more about R5, the newest version of Lotus Notes, visit **www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware**

**SUPER.HUMAN.SOFTWARE**



Lotus.

*An IBM Company*

©1999 Lotus Development Corporation, an IBM company. All rights reserved. Lotus and Lotus Notes are registered trademarks of Lotus Development Corp. IBM is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corp. All other company names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRIS COWARD AND REX HUGHES

*HAVE SHOWN GOVERNMENTS HOW TO*

# *MAKE POLICY*

## AT 186,000 MILES PER SECOND.

# *ARE THEY SUPERMAN?*

At the University of Washington's Institute for International Policy, they're reengineering diplomacy for the Internet age. Thanks to help from Lotus, they developed a customized Webtop for diplomats on Lotus Domino,™ providing a fast way to conduct foreign policy across the Net. This has allowed diplomats from around the world to exchange sensitive information and collaborate quickly and securely. For more information on R5, the newest version of Domino, visit **www.lotus.com/superhumansoftware**

**SUPER.HUMAN.SOFTWARE**

Lotus.

*An IBM Company*

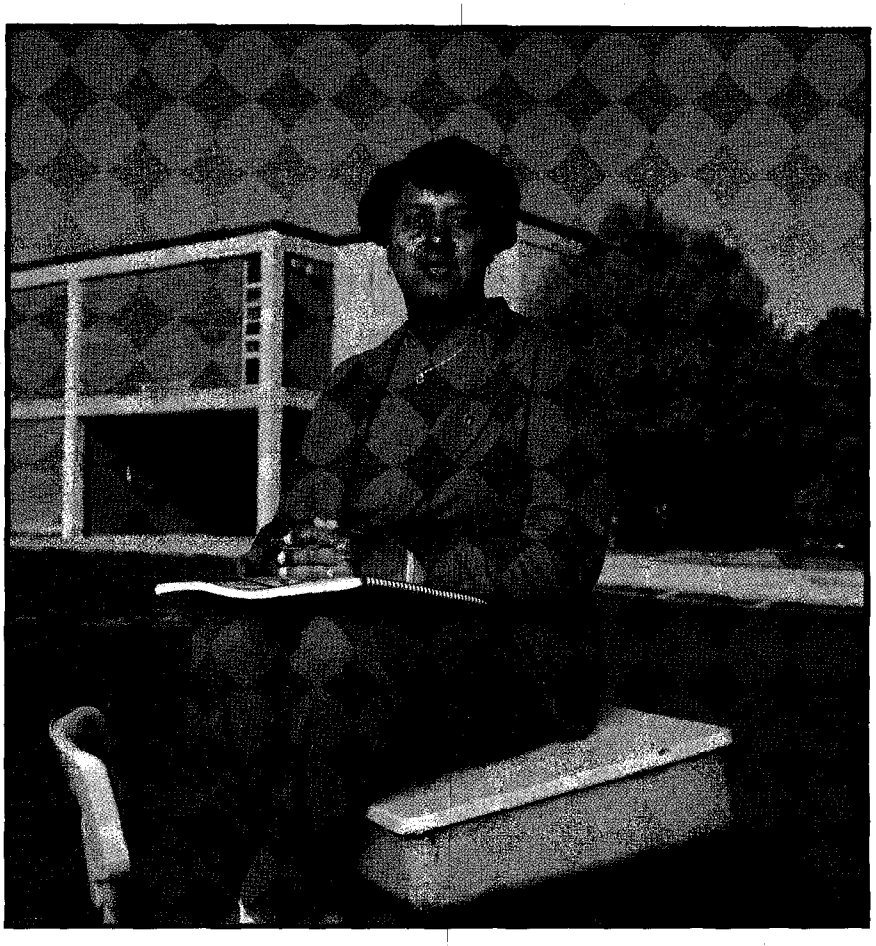
© 1999 Lotus Development Corporation, an IBM company. All rights reserved. Lotus is a registered trademark and Domino is a trademark of Lotus Development Corp. IBM is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corp. Superman and all related characters, names and indicia are trademarks of DC Comics ©1999. Used with permission. All other company names and products are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective companies.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teaching is more than just a profession for Janice James. For the fifty-year-old native of Louisville, Kentucky, it's a way of life. In fact, you could almost say that it's in her blood. James's mother, Clara Randle, was studying to become a teacher when she dropped out of college to get married and, eventually, raise five children. She worked for years as a substitute teacher by day, and as a custodian cleaning the very classrooms in which she taught by night – anything to keep her connected to helping kids learn and develop. Finally, by the time her oldest child, Janice, was in high school, she was able to go back to school at the University of Louisville and get her degree.

"My mother was my inspiration for becoming a teacher," says James, who received her teaching certificate a mere two years after her mother did. "Seeing her work that hard for something inspired in me the thought that this must really be a great job. I always knew I would be a teacher."

At one point, James notes, she and her mother were both in college at the same time. The seventy-three-year-old matriarch, who was awarded her teaching certificate in 1968, has long since retired from teaching second grade at Klondike Elementary School, in Louisville. But James, who was awarded her certificate in 1970, continues to carry on the pedagogical legacy. She teaches the first, second, and third grades in an advanced preparatory program at Sara J. Price Elementary School, in Louisville. Price is an accelerated school where, according to James, all the children are "treated as if they are gifted" and pushed to excel. At Price, she adds, teachers and administrators have done away with a remediation mindset for children who may struggle in their efforts to learn. "Instead, we look at their strengths to improve their achievement," James says.



# Janice James

## Teacher

## Sara J. Price Elementary School

## Louisville, Kentucky

For instance, if a student at Price is a strong writer, that talent is encouraged in the hopes of accelerating that child's reading skills because, as James explains, "we know that there's a clear connection between reading and writing." There is a bulletin board at Price where the names of students who are recognized as writer-of-the-month are posted. Student compositions are routinely entered in contests outside the school as well, and there is a plaque in the school that lists the names of those who have won in the contests. The plaque is now full, boasting at least a dozen students' names. "Some have won national contests, others have won state contests, some have won money," James says. "We give them encouragement in one area and it encourages them to be a risk-taker in another area."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If the students at Price are recognized as special, so is James. She recently received an Excellence in Teaching Award from the National Council of Negro Women, and was named Kentucky's 1999 Teacher of the Year. Over the years, James has also garnered such distinguished honors as the Garnett Guthrie Award, from the Jefferson County Teachers Association (the local teachers union), which is awarded for the teacher who follows the example and principles of Martin Luther King Jr. She also earned the Excel award for leadership and excellence in the classroom, given by two local corporations, WHAS-TV and PNC Bank.

James has been working for more than a dozen years with the Jefferson County public schools, in Louisville, to help increase the number of African-American youngsters in local programs for gifted children. Last year James organized an extracurricular program for students at Price called PLOT – Price Leaders of Today – to cultivate their leadership potential. PLOT now has sixty students in grades two through five who meet twice a month. During PLOT's first year in existence the students conducted a beautification project for one of the neighborhoods in Louisville and a relief project in which they worked with a local church to collect soap and other toiletries for earthquake victims. "We can't wait until these children are in middle school to try to develop those talents," James asserts. "They are leading other children now – let's focus it in a positive way."

Doing all she can to help children achieve – whether it's through after-school programs or by encouraging more skillful use of language in the classroom – is typical of James, and it's what makes her stand out among her peers, according to Carletta Bell, the principal at Price. "It's the individual connection that she makes with every child that makes her special," Bell says. "I have never ever heard her put a child down. Everything that she says to a child is said in a manner that will build him or her up, and make children feel better about themselves or what they're doing."

> "She understands how to make learning fun for children. She understands the value of humor to all of us. What she really understands more than anything is that children might forget what we say, but they're never going to forget how we make them feel."

James has never stopped learning, Bell says. "Educators who have been in the profession for fifteen or twenty years are very quick to adopt the attitude 'been there, done that.' You don't hear that from Janice. What you hear from her is, Let me find out what's new. She is always looking for a better way to work with children and to help them to grow and learn." James attends numerous conferences and workshops every year to expand her knowledge in particular subject areas. She recently attended the International Space Camp, sponsored by the national Teacher of the Year progam and Coca-Cola Inc., where, as she says, "my learning curve really zoomed up in the area of science."

James has a special place in her heart for Price – the school is located in Newburg, the very Louisville neighborhood where she grew up and went to school. Back then, though, the neighborhood was a predominately black community where many of the working-class residents were employed at the nearby General Electric factory. Now Newburg is fully integrated – the result of new subdivisions that have been built – and her old elementary school is today the neighborhood middle school. James, who readily mentions that she went to Seneca High School, the same school as the broadcaster Diane Sawyer, went on to earn a bachelor's degree in elementary education at Morehead State University, in Kentucky, and a master's degree in the same concentration from the University of Louisville.

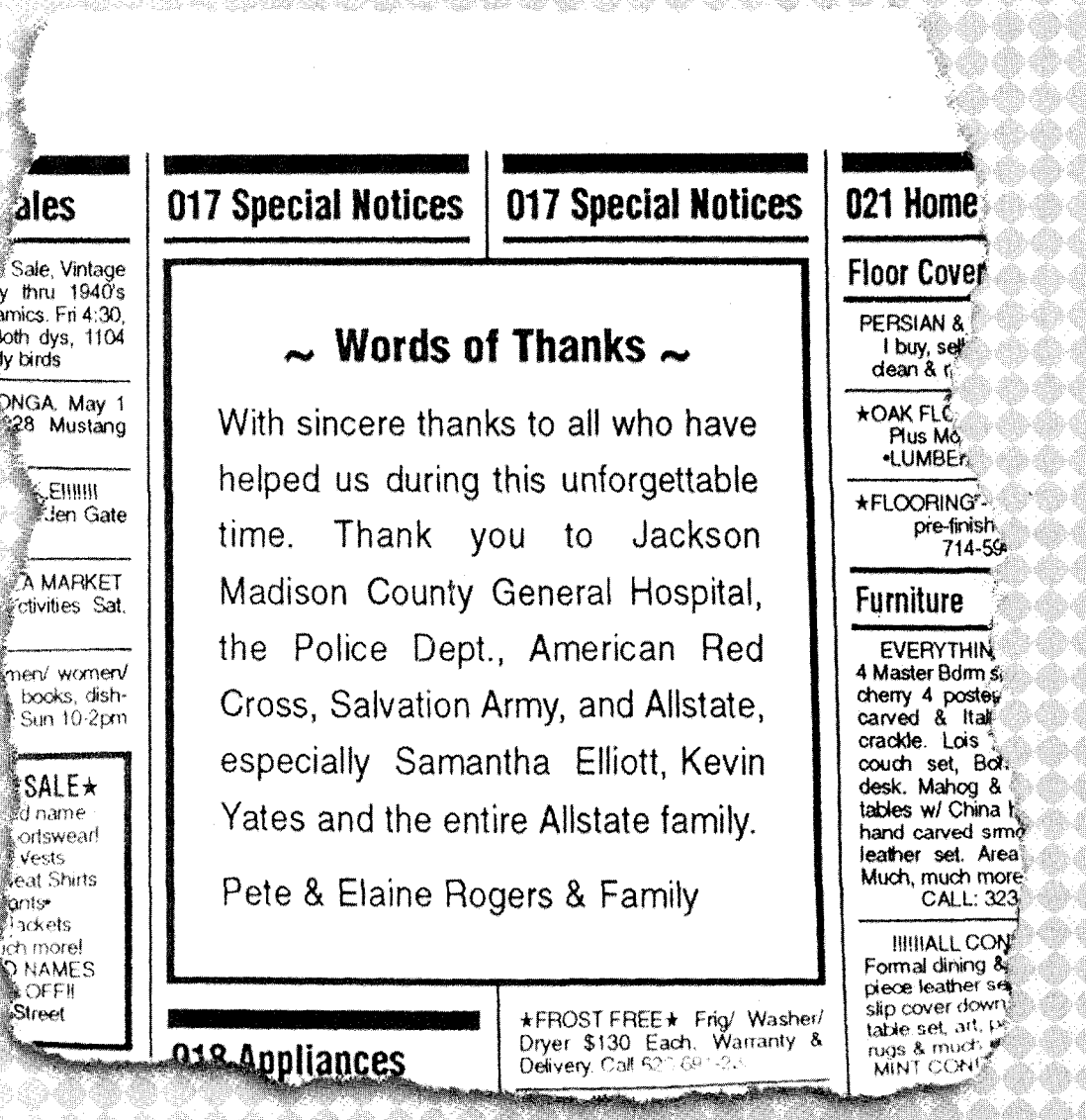
The National Alliance of Black School Educators has played an integral part in helping James to carve out her career. "NABSE has given me encouragement because I teach in Louisville, and we don't have as many African-American teachers as we would like to have," she says. "Sometimes when you're in the minority, you're not sure that you're making progress. You're not sure that things are okay. But when you're with a gathering like NABSE, of educators throughout the country, you get a better sense that things are not as bad as they seem."

Thinking back on Janice James's contributions, the principal Carletta Bell makes this point: "She understands how to make learning fun for children. She understands the value of humor to all of us. What she really understands more than anything is that children might forget what we say, but they're never going to forget how we make them feel." ■

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1999 Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, IL.



ales

Sale, Vintage
ry thru 1940's
ramics. Fri 4:30,
Both dys, 1104
arly birds

ONGA. May 1
28 Mustang

EI!!!!!!
den Gate

A MARKET
ctivities Sat.

men/ women/
books, dish-
Sun 10-2pm

SALE★
d name
ortswear!
Vests
eat Shirts
ants
Jackets
ch more!
NAMES
OFF!!
Street

017 Special Notices

017 Special Notices

~ Words of Thanks ~

With sincere thanks to all who have helped us during this unforgettable time. Thank you to Jackson Madison County General Hospital, the Police Dept., American Red Cross, Salvation Army, and Allstate, especially Samantha Elliott, Kevin Yates and the entire Allstate family.

Pete & Elaine Rogers & Family

018 Appliances

★FROST FREE★ Frig/ Washer/ Dryer $130 Each. Warranty & Delivery. Call

021 Home

Floor Cover

PERSIAN &
I buy, sel
clean & r

★OAK FL
Plus Mo
•LUMBER

★FLOORING
pre-finish
714-59

Furniture

EVERYTHIN
4 Master Bdrm s
cherry 4 poste
carved & Ital
crackle. Lois
couch set, Bo
desk. Mahog &
tables w/ China
hand carved sm
leather set. Area
Much, much more
CALL: 323

!!!!!ALL CON
Formal dining &
piece leather se
slip cover down
table set, art,
rugs & much
MINT CON

AT WORK

Allstate.
You're in good hands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How To Get Involved With NABSE

*The National Alliance of Black School Educators welcomes the help of individuals and groups. You can call NABSE's Washington, D.C., headquarters toll-free (800-221-2654) to get involved at the national level or to be referred to the NABSE affiliate in your area.*

*"When you call and say, 'I'm interested in working with NABSE,' our first question is where," says Quentin Lawson, the executive director of the group. "Our next step is to find out just exactly how you want to help. Then we forward the information to our local affiliates, and they take it from there. We want to keep it very informal and decentralized."*

## How individuals can get involved:

- Become a tutor in a public school. Lawson says, "Tutoring is extremely important to NABSE because the success of kids hinges largely on one-to-one support or small-group support. The more individual attention a student gets, the more likely it is that intervention will succeed."
- Volunteer as a teacher's assistant. You don't need to have a college degree or even a high-school diploma to help a teacher, just a willingness to pitch in. Your contribution may be as simple as helping to prepare materials for class. No job is unimportant or unappreciated. Once you call NABSE and let them know that you're interested, you'll be referred to a school and given a profile of the teacher you'll be assisting.
- Make a financial contribution to support such NABSE initiatives as scholarships, mentoring, teacher certification, and after-school programs. You can make a contribution to your local NABSE affiliate or to a local NABSE school, or to the national organization. Contributions are tax deductible.
- Invite one or more students to spend the day with you at work.
- Volunteer to run an after-school or summer-school program.
- Clean, paint, and help maintain a school.
- "Adopt" a parent, and help that parent supervise his or her children – or help the children manage their homework.

## How corporations and institutions can get involved:

- Become a NABSE corporate member, which offers all the benefits and privileges enjoyed by NABSE's educators.
- Contribute financially to help NABSE fund such projects as teacher certification and licensing; mentoring; the Leadership Academy; the annual Education Policy Institute; various NABSE research projects; and assistance to retire the organization's mortgage. The publishing company Holt, Rinehart & Winston plans to award four scholarships to NABSE's greater Nashville chapter at the alliance's annual conference, in Nashville, this month. NABSE's James Wilder says, "We hope this will motivate other corporations to join in a collective effort to encourage more African-Americans to pursue education as a career."
- Provide short-term staff relief at a NABSE office by lending personnel.
- Provide in-kind services such as printing NABSE publications or acquiring furniture and equipment.
- Employ students from NABSE schools as summer interns.
- Adopt a NABSE school and encourage employees to get involved with that school by granting leave for volunteering.
- Support the maintenance of a NABSE school through funding and in-kind services.
- Underwrite scholarships to students who pursue teaching as a career.
- Sponsor such local NABSE projects as science fairs, oratorical contests, and writing contests.
- Participate in a work-study program for NABSE students.

The need for more people to get involved with NABSE is great. "We haven't been as successful as we want" in attracting volunteers, says Lawson. "The potential is high, but the level of participation has been moderate. Once people find out that this opportunity is available without going through a convoluted application process, then my prediction is that we'll find a major surge in the number of people who say, 'Look, I want to help.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# We're building a better future for **both** of them

**The world is changing.** Life is unpredictable. To keep up, they *both* need world-class learning in school and on the job.

That's why the **National Alliance of Business** focuses exclusively on raising student achievement and improving workforce competitiveness to world-class standards. And we're not alone. We work together with the nation's top business executives; every major business and education organization; more than 600 state and local business coalitions; and policy-makers and community leaders in the nation, in the states — and in *your* community.

With these powerful and committed partners, we are working to improve America's future by:

- Raising student achievement with high academic standards
- Improving teacher quality
- Promoting accountability for performance
- Increasing lifelong learning opportunities

**NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF BUSINESS**

Get to know us at **www.nab.com** or call **800/787-2848.**


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NOT ALL TALK IS CHEAP

Edward Said
Tracy Kidder
Jane Smiley
Vikram Seth
Annie Proulx
Cynthia Ozick
Edward Sorel
Richard Rorty
Patricia Williams
Philip Levine
Mary Gordon
Bret Easton Ellis
Nicholas Lemann
Francine Prose
Donald Hall
Jack Beatty
Wendy Lesser
Robert D. Kaplan
Roy Blount Jr
Anne Fadiman
Robert Pinsky
Garrison Keillor
Jane Hirshfield

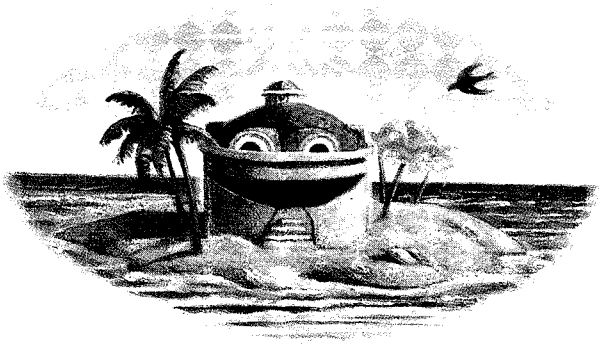
## WEB-EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH TODAY'S MOST COMPELLING VOICES

Atlantic Unbound is not only *The Atlantic Monthly*'s home on the Internet — it's an online publication offering a weekly assortment of Web-only columns and interactive features. In addition to interviews with leading writers, many of whom appear in the pages of *The Atlantic*, you'll find timely commentary on politics, books, and the arts; explorations of digital culture; online dispatches from foreign correspondents; interactive roundtable discussions; poetry readings; and more. Atlantic Unbound is also home to a thriving online community engaged in continual conversation and debate in Post & Riposte, our reader forum. Come introduce yourself, and join the conversation.

**Atlantic Unbound**
*www.theatlantic.com*

John Irving · Joseph Epstein · Chitra B. Divakaruni · John Edgar Wideman
Colum McCann · Tess Gallagher · Seymour Hersh · Nathan Englander
Carol Shields · E. O. Wilson · Richard Wilbur · Barbara Dafoe Whitehead
Stephen E. Ambrose · Cullen Murphy · Mary Anne Weaver · Paul Theroux
Hunter S. Thompson – and many, many, more.


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Five and a Half Utopias

by STEVEN WEINBERG

*Despite its dismal record, the utopian impulse is by no means extinct. An eminent physicist looks at several of the guises in which utopian thinking is likely to appear during the century ahead—and at the perils that lurk behind each one*

I USED to read a good deal of science fiction when I was a boy. Even though I knew pretty early that I was going to be a scientist, it wasn't the science that interested me in science fiction; it was the vision of future societies that, for better or worse, would be radically different from our own. This led me on from science fiction to utopian literature, to Plato's *Republic*, Thomas More's *Utopia*, and Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, and also to the literature of anti-utopias, to Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984*. I have been more interested in other things in recent years, but now that we are starting a new millennium, it is natural to start thinking again about what sort of utopia or anti-utopia might be waiting for us in the future.



Illustrations by Robert Crawford



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was a great deal of this sort of speculation at the end of the previous century. The characters in Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters* (written exactly a hundred years ago) seem captivated by utopian dreams. Here, for instance, is Colonel Vershinin, in Act II:

> In a century or two, or in a millennium, people will live in a new way, a happier way. We won't be there to see it—but it's why we live, why we work. It's why we suffer. We're creating it. That's the purpose of our existence. The only happiness we can know is to work toward that goal.

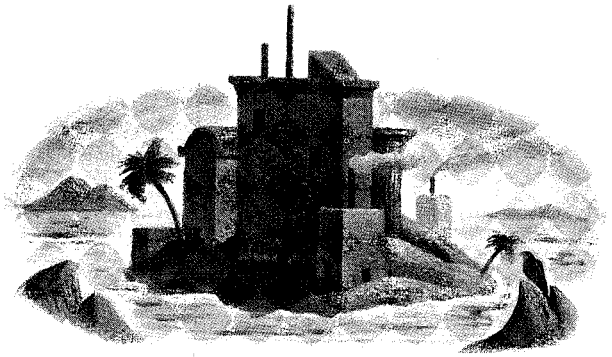
Vershinin's hopes have not worked out so well in this century. The most influential utopian idea of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was socialism, which has failed everywhere. Under the banner of socialism Stalin's USSR and Mao's China gave us not utopias but ghastly anti-utopias. It is ironic that in the heyday of utopian thinking, in the nineteenth century, Karl Marx himself sneered at utopian thought, and claimed to be guided instead by a science of history. Of course, there is no science of history, but that's almost beside the point. Even if we could decide that some type of government or economy was historically inevitable, as Marx believed communism to be, it would not follow that this would be something we would like. If Marx had been an honest utopian, and recognized his responsibility to describe the society he wanted to bring into being, it might have been clearer from the beginning that the effort would end in tyranny. Hitler's Germany, too, started with utopian rhetoric: socialism combined with a maniac vision of a master race.

Even so, I can't believe that we have seen the last of utopia-mongering. Indeed, five nonsocialist styles of utopia seem (in various combinations) to be emerging in public debate. We had better watch out for people selling these utopias; each of these visions abandons one or more of the grand causes—equality, liberty, and the quality of life and work—that motivated the best utopian ideas of the past.

## The Free-Market Utopia

*Government barriers to free enterprise disappear. Governments lose most of their functions, serving only to punish crimes, enforce contracts, and provide national defense. Freed of artificial restraints, the world becomes industrialized and prosperous.*

THIS STYLE OF UTOPIA has the advantage of not depending on any assumed improvements in human nature, but that doesn't mean we have to like it. If only for the sake of argument, let's say that *something* (productivity? gross national product? Pareto efficiency?) is maximized by free markets. Whatever it is, we still have to decide for ourselves whether this is what we want to be maximized.



One thing that is clearly not maximized by free markets is equality. I am talking not about that pale substitute for equality known as equality of opportunity but about equality itself. Whatever purposes may be served by rewarding the talented, I have never understood why untalented people *deserve* less of the world's good things than other people. It is hard to see how equality can be promoted, and a safety net provided for those who would otherwise fall out of the bottom of the economy, unless there is government interference in free markets.

Not everyone has put a high value on equality. Plato did not have much use for it, especially after the Athenian democracy condemned his hero, Socrates. He explained the rigid stratification of his Republic by comparing society to the human soul: the guardians are the rational part; the soldiers are the spirited part; and the peasants and artisans are the baser parts. I don't know whether he was more interested in the self as a metaphor for the state or the state as a metaphor for the self, but at any rate such silly analogies continued for two millennia to comfort the comfortable.

In the course of time the dream of equality grew to become an emotional driving force behind utopian thinking. When English peasants and artisans rebelled against feudalism in 1381, their slogan was the couplet preached by John Ball at Blackheath: "When Adam delved, and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" The French Revolution adopted the goal of equality along with liberty and fraternity; Louis-Philippe-Joseph, duc d'Orléans, wishing to gain favor with the Jacobins, changed his name to Philippe-Egalité. (Neither his new name nor his vote for the execution of Louis XVI saved the duke from the Terror, and he joined the King and thousands of other Frenchmen in the equality of the guillotine.) The central aim of the socialists and anarchists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was to end the unequal distribution of wealth. Bellamy followed *Looking Backward* with a sequel titled simply *Equality*. It is a cruel joke of history that in the twentieth century the passion for equality has been used to justify communist states in which everyone was reduced to an equality of poverty. Everyone, that is, except for a small number of politicians and celebrities and their families, who alone had access to good housing, good food, and good medicine. Egalitarianism is perhaps the aspect of utopian thinking that has been most discredited by the failure of communism. These days anyone who urges a more equal distribution of wealth is likely to be charged with trying to revive the class struggle.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course, some inequality is inevitable. Everyone knows that only a few people can be concert violinists, factory managers, or major-league pitchers. In revolutionary France the ideal of equality soon gave way to the *carrière ouverte aux talents*. It was said that each soldier in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, but no one expected that many soldiers would get to use it. For my part, I would fight against any proposal to be less selective in choosing graduate students and research associates for the physics department in which I work. But the inequalities of title and fame and authority that follow inexorably from inequalities of talent provide powerful spurs to ambition. Is it really necessary to add gross inequalities of wealth to these other incentives?

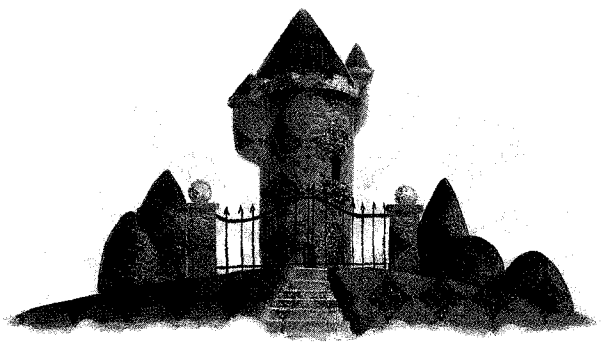
This issue cannot be judged on purely economic grounds. Economists tell us that inequality of compensation fulfills important economic functions: just as unequal prices for different foods help in allocating agricultural resources to produce what people want to eat, so unequal rewards for labor and for capital can help in directing people into jobs, and their money into investments, of the greatest economic value. The difference between these various inequalities is that *in themselves*, the relative prices of wheat and rye are of no importance; they only serve the economic function of helping to adjust production and resources. But whatever its economic effects, gross inequality in wealth is itself a social evil, which poisons life for millions.

Those who grew up in comfortable circumstances often have trouble understanding this. They call any effort to reduce inequality "the politics of envy." The best place for the well-to-do to get some feeling for the damage done by inequality may be American literature, perhaps because America led the world in making wealth the chief determinant of class. This damage is poignantly described in the novels of Theodore Dreiser, who grew up poor during the Gilded Age, when inequality of wealth in America was at its height. Or think of Willa Cather's story "Paul's Case." The hopeless longing of the boy Paul for the life of the rich drives him to give up his whole dreary life for a few days of luxury.

Another thing that is manifestly not maximized by free markets is civilization. By "civilization" I mean not just art museums and grand opera but the whole range of public and private goods that are there not merely to help keep us alive but to add quality to our lives. Everyone can make his or her own list; for me, civilization includes classical-music radio stations and the look of lovely old cities. It does not include telemarketing or Las Vegas. Civilization is elitist; only occasionally does it match the public taste, and for this reason it cannot prosper if not supported by individual sacrifices or government action, whether in the form of subsidy, regulation, or tax policy.

The aspect of civilization that concerns me professionally is basic scientific research, like the search for the fundamental laws of nature or for the origins of the universe or of life—research that cannot be justified by foreseeable economic benefits. Along with all the good things that have come from the opening of free-market economies in Eastern Europe, we have seen the devastation in those countries of scientific establishments that cannot turn a profit. In the United States the opening of the telephone industry to free-market forces has led to the almost complete dismantling of pure science at the Bell Laboratories, formerly among the world's leading private scientific-research facilities.

It might be worthwhile to let equality and civilization take their chances in the free market if in return we could expect that the withering of government would serve as a guarantee against oppression. But that is an illusion. For many Americans the danger of tyranny lies not in government but in employers or insurance companies or health-maintenance organizations, from which we need government to protect us. To say that any worker is free to escape an oppressive employer by getting a different job is about as realistic as to say that any citizen is free to escape an oppressive government by emigrating.



# The Best-and-Brightest Utopia

*Public affairs are put in the hands of an intelligent and well-educated class of leaders.*

THIS WAS PLATO'S VISION. In the *Republic* and other dialogues Plato described a hierarchical society of peasants and soldiers ruled over by a eugenically bred class of "guardians," and in *Critias* he imagined that this was the constitution of ancient Athens, before the war with Atlantis, 9,000 years earlier. In our own times Lee Kuan Yew, the Senior Minister of Singapore, has said that only an elite, consisting of the top three to five percent of a society, can deal effectively with public issues. The rulers of the "People's Republic" of China would probably agree, except that I suppose they would think that three percent is a gross overestimate. Even democratic countries such as France and Japan recruit their powerful bureaucracies from special educational institutions—the Grandes Ecoles and the University of Tokyo.

The claims of Lee Kuan Yew and others for the effective-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of "Asian model" technocracies look pretty unconvincing after the East Asian economic downturn of the past few years. Even before that, Amartya Sen and other economists had argued that authoritarian governments do not generally perform better economically than democratic ones, and may in fact be more at risk of economic catastrophe. But rule by an elite has much worse drawbacks.

As Alexis de Tocqueville pointed out, even if government by an elite could be trusted to be efficient and public-spirited, it would have the effect of making its citizens into children. And surely we should have learned by now that no such government can be trusted. Behind every Marcus Aurelius is a crazy relative like Commodus, waiting to take over.

There never has been a governing elite in any age that did not eventually come to give priority to its own interests. It doesn't help to choose the elite from some special segment of society. Attacking Marxism, the anarchist Mikhail Bakunin pointed out that it would be impossible to put workers at the head of government, because then they would cease to be workers and instead become governors. In *Looking Backward*, Bellamy, like many other socialists, argued that labor unions would become unnecessary once the means of production were handed over to a national industrial army, because then the workers would own their own factories. This argument was not borne out by the experience of labor in the Soviet Union, to say the least. There is no reason to imagine that a ruling elite drawn from business leaders would do any better. H. G. Wells and other utopians have imagined putting public affairs in the hands of scientists, but I know my fellow scientists too well to be enthusiastic about this proposal. Most scientists would rather do their own research than govern anyone. I have known a number of academic physics departments in which faculty members actively compete for the privilege of *not* being department chairman. Anyway, I haven't seen any signs that scientists would be better than anyone else at running a country.

Power is not safe in the hands of any elite, but it is not safe in the hands of the people, either. To abandon all constraints on direct democracy is to submit minorities to the tyranny of the majority. If it were not for the interposition of an elite judiciary, the majority in many states might still be enforcing racial segregation, and at the very least would have introduced prayer sessions in the public schools. It is the majority that has favored state-imposed religious conformity in Algeria and Afghanistan and other Islamic countries.

So what is the solution? Whom can we trust to exercise government power? W. S. Gilbert proposed an admirably simple solution to this problem. In the Savoy opera *Utopia, Limited*, the King exercises all power but is in constant danger of being turned over to the Public Exploder by two Wise Men, who explain,

> Our duty is to spy
> Upon our King's illicities,
> And keep a watchful eye
> On all his eccentricities.
> If ever a trick he tries
> That savours of rascality,
> At our decree he dies
> Without the least formality.

We just have to get used to the fact that in the real world there is no solution, and we can't trust anyone. The best we can hope for is that power be widely diffused among many conflicting government and private institutions, any of which may be allies in opposing the encroachments of others—much as in the United States today.

# The Religious Utopia

*A religious revival sweeps the earth, reversing the secularization of society that began with the Enlightenment. Many countries follow the example of Iran, and accept religious leaders as their rulers. America returns to its historical roots as a Christian country. Scientific research and teaching are permitted only where they do not corrode religious belief.*

IT IS HARD TO SEE why anyone would think that religion is a cure for the world's problems. People have been at each other's throats over differences in religion throughout history, a sad story that continues today in Northern Ireland, the Balkans, the Middle East, Sudan, and India. But even fighting over religion is not as bad as an imposed religious uniformity. Of all the elites that can oppress us, the most dangerous are those bearing the banner of religion. Their power is greater, because they can threaten punishment in the next world as well as in this, and their influence is more intrusive, because it reaches into matters that ought to be left to private choice, such as sexual practice and family life. In our own times we have had a taste of what utopias based on religious uniformity are like, in countries like Iran, Saudi Arabia, and Afghanistan, where the freedom of women is sharply limited, and holy war is preached to children.

Religious readers may object that the harm in all these cas-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET AAGE KRISTIANSEN: This Swedish scientist, trained at the renowned Gothenburg Technical Institute, joined Tempur-Pedic in 1989 at a critical time—when building the first weightless sleep system (with promising but unperfected aerospace materials) seemed impossible. Aage discovered the formula and perfected the process that saved the company's Tempur' project from abandonment. His colleagues were euphoric! He was hailed as the "father" of the Tempur-Pedic revolution, which has fundamentally changed the way people sleep. Aage now lives in Sarö, a small coastal village 20 kilometers south of the city of Gothenburg.

**You've read about it, heard about it, wondered about it. Now here's an opportunity to find out about it: the miracle bed that will energize your life with the magic of weightless sleep!**

**Recognized By NASA**

CERTIFIED SPACE TECHNOLOGY

*Tonight, millions will be able to sleep 83% better because...*

# THIS SWEDISH SCIENTIST WENT UNDERCOVER AND MADE YOUR MATTRESS OBSOLETE

*He used NASA research to invent our weightless sleep system!*

AAGE KRISTIANSEN is the scientist who turned NASA's experimental anti-G-force cushioning into a sleep-science breakthrough: the world's first 'weightless' sleep system.

**Still sleeping on a dinosaur?** Our bed is the *future*. Conventional beds are obsolete. Others are fancy on the outside. Ours is a MIRACLE ON THE INSIDE. Trillions of viscoelastic memory cells act as "molecular springs" (see cut-away photo) to cuddle your body—pressure free.

**Now 83% sounder sleep.** The thick padding that covers other mattresses keeps the steel springs inside but creates a hammock effect outside—which causes pressure points. Tests show that Tempur-Pedic cuts nighttime tossing and turning by an amazing 83%!

**Fits both you and your spouse.** Our exclusive Tempur® material uses body mass and temperature to *adjust* to your shape and weight yet gives total support. Its unique microporoscopic structure self-ventilates to dissipate body heat.

**Only one moving part—you.** The Tempur-Pedic bed uses no electricity, no compressed air, no heated water. Natural principles of physics give you the indescribable "lift" of weightless sleep. No settings or controls to adjust...no heaters, motors, or air pumps to break. You do absolutely nothing but lie down on it!

**Rave reviews in the press!** TV, radio, magazines, newspapers ...our bed wins wide acclaim.

**FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT is now yours for the asking**

DATELINE NBC told all America about Tempur-Pedic. Ditto CNN's BUSINESS UNUSUAL, CNBC's POWER LUNCH, Discovery Channel, Newsweek, Business Week, Associated Press, and others.

**Doctors, sleep clinics say 'Yes!'** Our owners *love* weightless sleep and the way it eases aches, pains, and back problems. More than 25,000 doctors, medical professionals, sleep clinics recommend Tempur-Pedic!

**Try it for 13 long weeks.** We'll set up a brand new bed in your bedroom (even remove the old bedding). Sleep on it for 3 FULL MONTHS. If you don't love it, we'll pick it up and take it back—entirely at our expense!

***...This bed makes all others obsolete!***

- *Free setup/removal*
- *Direct-import prices*
- *Shipped duty-free*

*Tempur® material molds to your body!™*

LIMITED 20 YEAR WARRANTY

**TEMPUR-PEDIC®**
PRESSURE RELIEVING SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW

***FREE SAMPLE/FREE VIDEO/FREE INFO***

**1-888-238-3091**

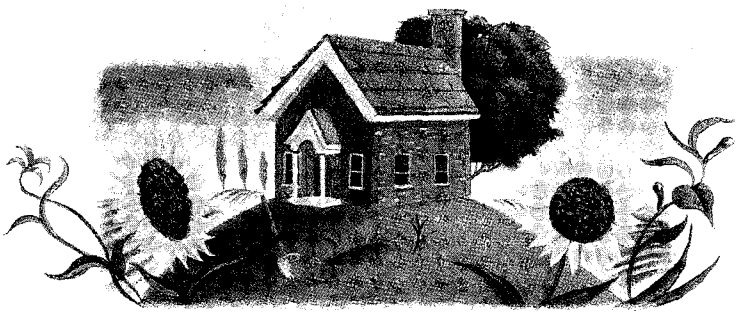
***OR SEND FAX TO 1-606-259-9843***

Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511

© Copyright 1999 by Tempur-Pedic, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

es is done by perversions of religion, not by religion itself. But religious wars and persecutions have been at the center of religious life throughout history. What has changed, that these now seem to some people in some parts of the world to be only perversions of true religious belief? Has there been a new supernatural revelation, or a discovery of lost sacred writings that put religious teachings in a new light? No—since the Enlightenment there has been instead a spread of rationality and humanitarianism that has in turn affected religious belief, leading to a wider spread of religious toleration. It is not that religion has improved our moral sense but that a purely secular improvement in our moral values has improved the way religion is practiced here and there. People ought to be religious or not religious according to whether they believe in the teachings of religion, not because of any illusion that religion raises the moral level of society.



# The Green Utopia

*The world turns away from industrialism and returns to a simpler style of life. Small communities grow their own food, build houses and furniture with their own hands, and use electricity only to the extent that they can generate it from sun, wind, or water.*

THIS IS THE SORT OF UTOPIA that appears most often in modern literature—for instance, in the science fiction of Ursula Le Guin. But modern writers tend to locate their utopias on other planets. No one has described a rural utopia here on earth better than William Morris did in 1890, in *News From Nowhere*. (His title, by the way, is an echo of More's *Utopia*, which might come from either the Greek *eu-* + *topos*, meaning "good place," or *ou-* + *topos*, meaning "no place." The second meaning was also picked up by Samuel Butler, in *Erewhon* (1872), which of course is "nowhere" spelled backwards—except that it isn't, which shows how hard it is to be perfect.) In Morris's future England, Hammersmith and Kensington are again small villages; the national government has become unnecessary; and the Houses of Parliament are used to store manure. Morris gives a lovely description of the unpolluted countryside seen by his hero in a long rowing voyage from London to the upper reaches of the Thames. It is all very pretty, but some of us would miss urban London.

It is common for those who don't have to work hard to romanticize hard labor, especially agricultural labor. Shakespeare's Henry V imagines that no king can sleep as soundly as a peasant,

> Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
> Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
> Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
> But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
> Sweats in the eye of Phoebus and all night
> Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
> Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
> And follows so the ever-running year,
> With profitable labour, to his grave.

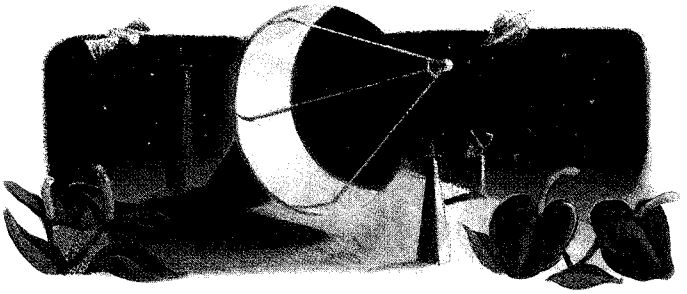
I doubt that any real peasant would see farm work this way. In the words of Mel Brooks, "It's good to be the king."

Some utopians—like Wells, in *The World Set Free*—would like to restore the natural environment of the past while keeping the benefits of technology, by radically reducing the earth's population. This seems hard on all those who would be unable to enjoy utopia because they had not been born. Others, like Morris, imagine that a nontechnological utopia could support the same population as at present. I don't believe it, but even if I did, I would object to abandoning the technology that gives us heart defibrillators and elementary-particle accelerators. In fact, Morris cheats. He refers to some sort of "force" that helps with necessary work that can't be done by hand; but how could something like this exist without an industrial establishment?

Hostility to technology also promotes hostility to science, which gets additional fuel from the discomfort produced by what science reveals about the world. In a speech at Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July in 1994, the Czech poet and statesman Václav Havel protested that "we are not at all just an accidental anomaly . . . we are mysteriously connected to the entire universe." He called for "a science that is new . . . postmodern." One of the items that Havel would like to include in this new science is the Gaia hypothesis, according to which the earth and the living things it supports form a single organism. If the Gaia hypothesis is any more than a poetic way of expressing the obvious fact that life and its environment act on each other, then it is mystical mumbo jumbo, but it has a nice Green tinge that Havel obviously likes. This business of picking out the comforting parts of science and condemning the rest is an old story. The people of future England in *News From Nowhere* engage in some sort of science, about which Morris says only that it is different from the "commercial" science of the nineteenth century. This is an amazing comment on the science of Charles Darwin and James Clerk Maxwell. One gets the impression that the work of science in Morris's utopia consists of collecting pretty rocks and butterflies.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# The Technological Utopia

*The development of information processing, robotics, synthetic materials, and biotechnology increases productive capacity so much that questions about the distribution of wealth become irrelevant. National borders also become irrelevant, as the whole world is connected by a web of fiber-optic cables.*

THERE IS A TENDENCY to exaggerate the rate at which our lives will be changed by technology. We still have a whole year to go before 2001, but I doubt that Arthur C. Clarke's vision of commercial flights to the moon is going to come true by then. Individual technologies reach plateaus beyond which further improvement is not worthwhile. For instance, the experience of riding in commercial aircraft has not materially changed since the introduction of the Boeing 707, more than forty years ago. (The Concorde is an exception that proves the rule; it has never paid for the cost of its development.) Computer technology clearly has not yet reached its plateau, but it will—probably when the miniaturization of solid-state devices runs into the limits imposed by the finite size of individual atoms. Successful technologies also tend to be self-limiting once they become available to the general population. I doubt that it is possible to cross Manhattan from the East River to the Hudson River faster by automobile today than it was by horse-drawn streetcar a century ago. The Internet is already beginning to show the effects of overcrowding. I tremble at the thought of two billion air-conditioners in a future China and India, each adding its own exhaust heat to the earth's atmosphere.

Still, however long it may take, new technologies will inevitably bring great changes to our lives. Far from leading us to utopia, some of these changes may well be frightening. Technology certainly gives us the power to wreck the environment in which we live. Also, I can't imagine anything more destructive of common feeling among the world's people than a new medical technology that would extend youth for decades but would only be affordable by the very rich.

Then there is the problem of what people would do with themselves if technology freed most of them from the necessity of work. As Freud taught, our greatest needs are love and work. Work gives us a sense of identity and the dignity of earning our living, and it gives many of us our chief reason to get out of the house. In "The Machine Stops," E. M. Forster imagined a world of perfect comfort whose people are isolated from one another within an all-caring machine. Their lives are so appalling that the reader is glad when the story's title comes true.

Some utopians imagine that the problem of work will solve itself. Wells vaguely suggested that after technology had brought universal plenty, everyone would become an artist, and Bellamy thought that when workers retired at age forty-five, many of them would take up the arts or the sciences. I can't think of any better way to spread general misery. Even a lover of the arts can read only so much new literature, hear only so much new music, or look at only so many new paintings or sculptures, and in trying to choose the best of these everyone will tend to be drawn to the same works. Consequently, whatever joy they took in the work itself, the great majority of writers, composers, painters, and sculptors would spend their lives without having anyone else notice their work. The same would apply to scientists. By now it is impossible for a theoretical physicist to read all the papers even in some narrow subspecialty, so most articles on theoretical physics have little impact and are soon forgotten.

Morris excluded modern technology from his utopia not only because he was in love with the Middle Ages but also because he wanted to preserve work for people to do. Although modern technology has made work more unsatisfying for many, I think that Morris was wrong in supposing that this is inevitable. The mindless, repetitive quality that makes routine jobs on assembly lines so hateful is also just the thing that would allow them in the future to be done entirely by machines. Technology creates better jobs, from auto mechanic to astronaut. But there is no guarantee that the advance of technology will provide all people with work that they like to do, and in the short run it converts the badly employed into the unemployed.

One of the things that attract some people to technological utopias is the prospect of a world unified by technology. In the utopia of Wells's *The World Set Free* all national boundaries are dissolved; there is a powerful world government, a single world language (English, of course), worldwide adoption of the metric system, and interconvertible currencies with fixed exchange rates. There is still a United States in Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, but its citizens look forward to eventual world unification.

Physicists (who invented the World Wide Web) already participate in an early version of world unification. For instance, throughout the world we share a typesetting code for mathematical symbols known as LaTeX, based on English. I recently did some work on the quantum theory of fields in collaboration with a Catalan physicist who was visiting Kyoto; we sent our equations back and forth between Texas and Japan by e-mail, in LaTeX.

I am not so sure that world unification is an unmixed bless-

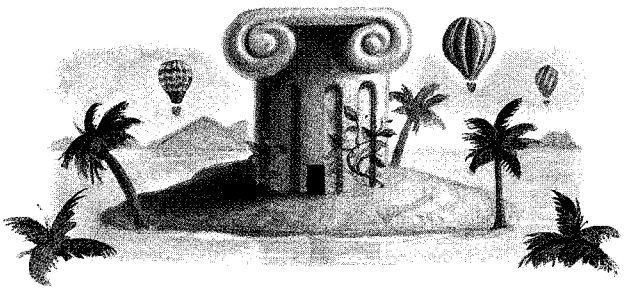


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. It has the side effect of shrinking the psychological space in which we live. A few hundred years ago large areas of the map were blank, leaving the imagination free to fill them with strange peoples and animals. Even Queen Victoria, who, it is said, tried to taste every fruit grown in the British Empire, never had a chance to try a mango or a durian. Now we can fly anywhere, and we buy mangoes in our local supermarkets. This is not my idea of utopia. Wouldn't it be more exciting to eat a mango if it could be done nowhere but in India? What is the good of getting somewhere quickly if it is no different from the place one has left?

More is at stake here than just making travel fun again sometime in the future when everyone can afford it. Isolated by language differences and national boundaries, each of the world's cultures represents a precious link to the past and an opportunity for distinctive new artistic and intellectual creation. All these are put at risk by steps toward world unification.

NOW I HAVE SAID hard things about five different styles of utopia—so what do I have to offer? No easy solutions. There is no simple formula that will tell us how to strike a balance between the dangers from governing elites and those from majority rule or free markets, or between the opportunities and the hazards of new technology. I can't resist offering a utopian vision of my own, but it is a very modest one.



## The Civilized Egalitarian Capitalist Utopia

*Production remains mostly in the hands of competing private corporations, overseen by a democratic government that is itself overseen by independent courts; these corporations continue to use high salaries along with status and authority to attract workers and managers with special talents, and dividends to attract capital. Those who receive a high income are able to keep only part of it; to prevent the rest of their income from being simply taken in taxes they give much of it to museums, universities, and other institutions of their choice, reaping benefits that range from moral satisfaction to better seats at the opera. These nonprofit institutions use the donations to invest in business enterprises, eventually replacing wealthy individuals as the owners of industrial corporations.*

Not very original? No, it is in fact a natural development from some present trends. Nonprofit institutions have been the fastest-growing sector of the American economy over the past fifteen years. But the tide of American politics now seems to be flowing in the opposite direction. We are in the process of giving up our best weapon against inequality: the graduated income tax, levied on all forms of income and supplemented by taxes on legacies. A steeply graduated income tax, if accompanied by generous allowances for the deduction of charitable contributions, has another virtue: it amounts to a public subsidy for museums, symphony orchestras, hospitals, universities, research laboratories, and charities of all sorts, without putting them under the control of government. Oddly, the deductibility of charitable contributions has been attacked in whole or in part by conservatives like Steve Forbes and Herbert Stein, even though it has been a peculiarly American way of achieving government support for the values of civilization without increasing government power.

I don't offer this modest utopia with any great fervor, because I have doubts whether men and women will be content with an individualistic life of love and work and liberty and equality. People have seemed also to need some exciting collective enterprise that, even if destructive, would lift them out of the everyday round of civilized life.

The individualistic lives of propertied European men at the beginning of the twentieth century were about as pleasant as one can imagine: these men moved in a world of elegant cafés, theaters, country houses, and relatively unspoiled countryside; their comforts were seen to by deferential women and servants; and for those who cared about such things, there were exciting innovations in science and the arts. Yet there is plenty of evidence that many of these men were afflicted with such boredom and directionlessness that they felt as they went off to the Great War, in 1914, like "swimmers into cleanness leaping." Now war has become intolerable. Perhaps someday we may find a better common cause in the colonization of the solar system, but that is far off—and even then most people will be left here on earth.

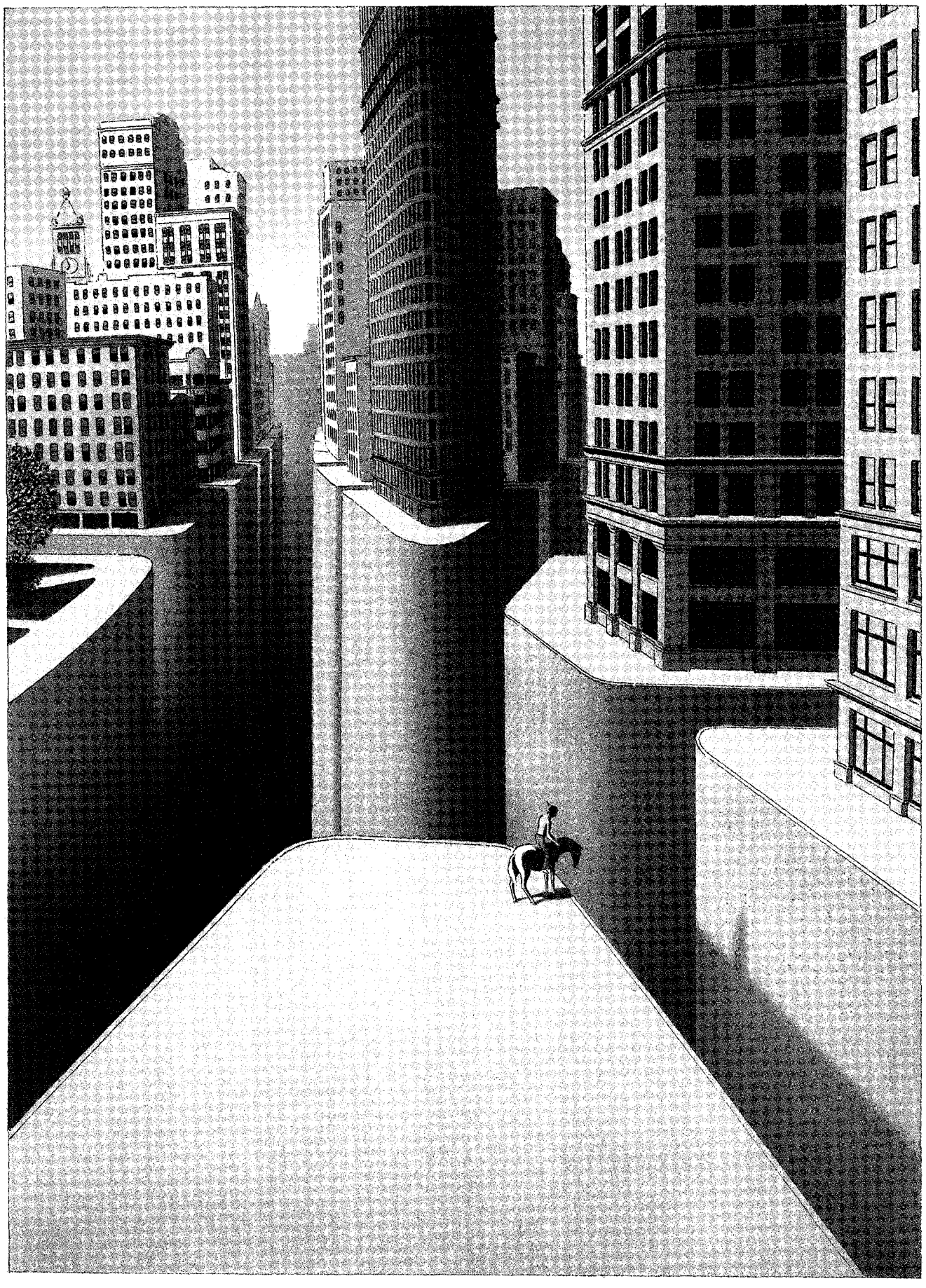
Can we change ourselves enough to be satisfied with a civilized society? The dream that behaviorists and Marxists had of changing human nature seems to me the worst sort of exaggeration of the capabilities of science. In *Three Sisters*, Chekhov has Baron Tuzenbach reply to Vershinin's utopian dreams.

> Well, maybe we'll fly in balloons, the cut of jackets will be different, we'll have discovered a sixth sense, maybe even developed it—I don't know. But life will be the same—difficult, full of unknowns, and happy. In a thousand years, just like today, people will sigh and say, oh, how hard it is to be alive. They'll still be scared of death, and won't want to die.

Facing a new millennium we can share some of Vershinin's hopes for utopia, but when it comes to judging the chances of really changing the way we live, no doubt most of us would side with Tuzenbach.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Who Was That Masked Composer?

*In political life as in his music, Aaron Copland decorously hid his emotions*

**by David Schiff**

On May 26, 1953, Aaron Copland testified before the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, chaired by Senator Joseph McCarthy. The committee seemed to have only a vague sense of Copland's value as a witness (or as a musician), and probably called him simply because he had become a well-known public figure—an unprecedented accomplishment for an American composer of concert music. Copland's works—particularly the ballet scores *Billy the Kid*, *Rodeo*, and *Appalachian Spring*—had come to define the American spirit in music. That didn't stop anyone from accusing him of un-American activities, though. After a congressman from Illinois charged that Copland had a long list of Communist affiliations and supported "an alien ideology," a performance of his *Lincoln Portrait* was canceled just two weeks before its scheduled inclusion in a concert for the inauguration of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

At the hearings Copland concealed his fear and anger. Aided by good legal advice, he avoided playing the role of either martyr or traitor; instead he calmly parried insulting questions with vacuous answers.

In a written response to the committee Copland gave the impression that he had routinely signed many petitions and letters out of a concern for personal liberties but without any broader political involvement. Few watching the hearings would have suspected the depth of his political sympathies, which he shared with his good friends Harold Clurman, the theater director, and Clifford Odets, the playwright. Nor would many have detected Copland's anxiety as a gay man in the face of a menacing sexual subtext from the closeted prosecutor Roy Cohn, whose manner of repeating the word "Coooooommunist" Copland imitated in private for friends.

Copland's calm demeanor before the committee conveyed an impression of simple civic decency, which is a large part of the "American" quality that listeners find in his music. But in his music, as at the hearings, Copland concealed his beliefs more than he revealed them. Howard Pollack, in his superb new biography, *Aaron Copland: The Life and Work of an Uncommon Man*, quotes Leonard Bernstein, who knew Copland as well as anyone: "He masks his feelings, and there's a great deal going on inside him that doesn't come out, even with his best friends." Pollack suggests new ways to hear Copland's music that make him less "American" but perhaps more human.

At the time of the hearings Copland was working on an opera, *The Tender Land*. The libretto, written by Copland's onetime lover, the dancer and painter Erik Johns under the pseudonym Horace Everett, concerns a midwestern farm family: Ma Moss, her two daughters, and their grandfather. On the eve of the high school graduation of the elder daughter, Laurie, who longs to escape the farm, two drifters, Martin and Top, appear looking for work. They are accused—unjustly, it turns out—of responsibility for the molestation of two girls in the area. The two men plot to seduce Laurie, but the plotting is unneces-



Illustration by Barry Blitt



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sary—she quickly falls in love with Martin. The drifters leave town without her the next morning. Laurie tells her mother that she will leave to seek her own life. With a mixture of acceptance and helplessness the mother turns her attention to her daughter Beth, who is only about ten.

The plot of *The Tender Land* is virtually identical to that of William Inge's play *Picnic*, which had opened to much acclaim the previous year. Yet Copland's serene music seems better suited to a Sunday-school pageant of life on the farm than to a seamy slice of life in the sticks. Copland and Johns had contemplated including a rape or a murder, but had decided that either would destroy the "modest pastoral quality" they sought.

In the name of modesty Copland masked his intentions, and inadvertently gave the opera a feeling of blandness that made it the biggest flop of his career. This impression may be altered by a fine new recording on the Koch label (7480), conducted by Murry Sidlin. None of the critics at the time observed that the opera mirrored Copland's evasive strategies as a Senate witness. Underneath the Americana, apparently far better hidden and coded than any of Dmitry Shostakovich's anti-Stalin cryptograms, *The Tender Land* is a convoluted parable of sexual liberation and an allegory of the rise and fall of Popular Front politics.

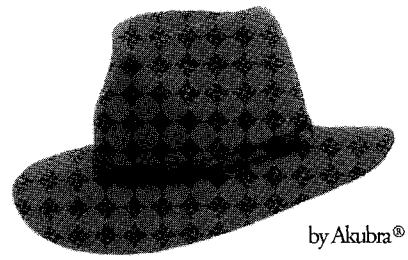
LIKE several of Copland's other works, including *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring*, *The Tender Land* sprang from an explicit political premise that faded into the background as the work developed. Copland's inspiration was the book *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (1941), with text by James Agee and photographs by Walker Evans. Agee and Evans, two sophisticated northern intellectuals exposing rural poverty in the South, were Copland's models for the drifters. Ma and Laurie were born in Evans's haunting portraits of an emaciated mother and her half-hopeful, half-dazed daughter, who stare blankly at the camera out of some unnameable depths of despair. Erik Johns turned the class relationships upside-down. He upgraded Ma and Laurie economically; the score describes them as lower-middle-class. As a sign of their economic security, Laurie is the first in her family to graduate from high school—a rite of passage that loomed large in American theater and literature (*Our Town*, *Carousel*, *Peyton Place*) at a time when college was for the few. Having moved the Moss family up the social scale, Johns downgraded the drifters from educated outside agitators to hoboes, who at their first appearance remind the audience inappropriately of Lennie and George in *Of Mice and Men*. These drifters pose a sexual rather than a political threat.

Copland began work in earnest after receiving a commission underwritten by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, with the thought that the protected opera would first appear on television. The generic locale bears more than a passing resemblance to the never-never land of the musical *Oklahoma!*, which in effect funded the opera. There's a bright golden haze on the meadow; the land is green, the harvest is rich, and the dust bowl is far away. The arrival of the two drifters seems to set the stage for violent action and more-dramatic music, which never arrive. The opera only hints at its deeper political and sexual themes.

Today it is not hard to "out" the story of Laurie's first sexual encounter. When Laurie protests, "No one can stop the way I feel! No one can ever tell me I can't love," she seems to be speaking for the opera's authors. In two works written shortly before *The Tender Land*—the fine score for *The Heiress*, a film adaptation of Henry James's *Washington Square*, and *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*—Copland had responded warmly to the theme of a young woman's sexual frustration. Perhaps these women were enacting cross-dressed versions of Copland's personal struggles—even though, as Howard Pollack shows, Copland's sexual life was one of early acceptance, not repression and loneliness.

The problem with interpretive gender-bending is that it loses sight of the poignancy of Laurie's position as a young woman trying to escape the domestic drudgery that seems her mother's fate. Sometimes a woman is just a woman, even in an opera written by two gay men. Homosexuality and its threat to the social order are in any case already implicit in the pairing of Martin and Top, who seem happily complementary in character, Martin "sensitive" and Top, by his very name, butch. (When Martin apologizes for Top's gross manners, he sounds like a battered wife in denial.) Top puts an end to Martin's romance with Laurie by sug-


**Banjo Paterson**



by Akubra®

Named for the Australian poet and writer, this pure fur felt hat in Akubra's Heritage Collection is suitable for town or country, rain or shine. Made in Australia, the Banjo Paterson features a 2 3/4 inch brim, full lining and barramundi skin hat band.

**No. 1622 Banjo Paterson .....$140.00**

Please State Size: (6 3/4 - 8) and
Color: Heritage Fawn or Charcoal.
Add $5.00 for handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.

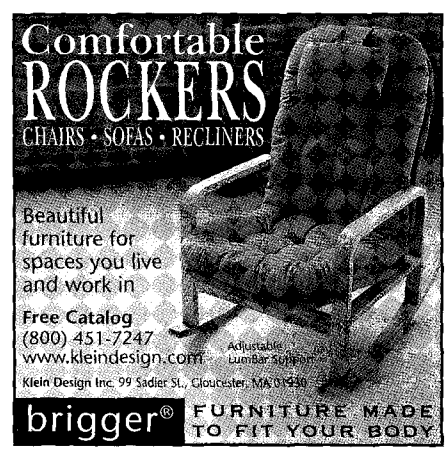
Request a catalog or visit our web site for...

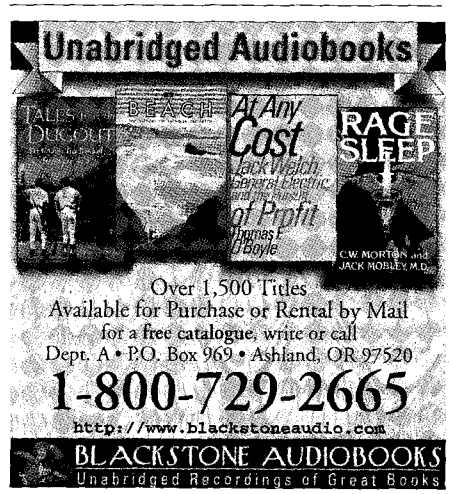
- Filson Outdoor Clothing and Luggage
- Akubra Fur Felt Hats
- Celtic and Northwest Coast Jewelery

**1-800-324-4934 davidmorgan.com**

**David Morgan**

11812 N Creek Pkwy N, Suite 103•Bothell WA 98011







PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gesting that when the three of them hit the road, the girl will be de trop, and Martin agrees with little resistance.

Laurie's escape from her family into a wider world of romantic fulfillment seems to be the most coherent thread of the opera. "The tender land" of the title, from the lyrics of a duet the lovers sing, is not Iowa or Kansas but the land of tenderness, and Copland matches the intimacy of the words with uncharacteristic music of near-Wagnerian passion. Yet soon enough the opera makes us hear the word "tender" in a different sense: its characters have all been bruised, in the course of the action or before it; they are tender because they are wounded, and they will be wounded again.

Even though Laurie leaves the farm at the end, the opera feels like a drama more of disappointment than of liberation. It begins and ends with Ma singing of the eternal cycle of nature—but why? American drama of the 1950s dealt with messy issues by turning them into dirty secrets; as the plot unfolds, we can surmise that Ma is not a widow but a single mother—no father is present or mentioned, even though there are plenty of opportunities for Ma to tell Laurie, "If your father were alive . . ." Laurie and Beth are, we can guess, daughters of different men who have drifted through. Laurie in her apparent liberation may be simply beginning to repeat the cycle of her mother's life, just as Beth seems poised to repeat Laurie's. The opera may contain a coded subtext of homosexual liberation, but it begins and ends with a biblical vision of endless (and joyless) procreation.

Wistful sadness instead of communal joy, guilt instead of innocence—*The Tender Land* seems, almost in spite of itself, to convey a portrait of despair that Copland never directly revealed. The closest he may have come to revelation was the very occasion that, ironically, left him open to charges of anti-Americanism. In March of 1949 the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace met in New York City, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, to defend the Soviet Union against the Cold War policies of the Truman Administration. Guests included Odets, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, and Dmitry Shostakovich, Copland's Soviet counterpart. Copland, who later told the Senate that he went because "it gave me first-hand knowledge in what ways the Communists were able to use such movements for their own ends," nevertheless delivered an uncharacteristic cri de coeur: "An artist fighting in a war for a cause he holds just has something affirmative he can believe in. That artist, if he can stay alive, can create art. But throw him into a mood of suspicion, ill will, and dread that typifies the Cold War attitude and he'll create nothing." Sincere these words may have been—but to attack the Cold War was to attack the United States. Soon enough Copland paid the price for leaving his mask at home.

COPLAND'S politics were typical of his generation and background. He was born into a middle-class Jewish family that lived above the store they owned in an ethnically mixed Brooklyn neighborhood. The family store gave him a sharp business acumen—acquired, he would say, by manning the cash register—that few of his rivals possessed.

Compared with George Gershwin's parents, who could have stepped right out of the radio show *The Goldbergs*, Copland's family seems to have been unusually sophisticated. His parents recognized and supported his gifts early on, and permitted him to study in Paris instead of demanding that he receive a college education—the lack of which Copland later disguised by peppering his writings with quotations from André Gide and Paul Valéry.

Copland was already quite advanced as a composer before he left Brooklyn, but in Paris he made direct contact with the new music of Stravinsky, Ravel, and Milhaud, and also of the young German sensations Paul Hindemith and Kurt Weill. His teacher, Nadia Boulanger, gave Copland the most rigorous compositional criticism he ever received, demanding an economy of means and an attention to the long line of a piece.

Copland's reputation as a musical radical was sealed in 1925, when Walter Damrosch conducted the New York premiere of the Symphony for Organ and Orchestra, which featured Boulanger as soloist. After that performance Damrosch turned to the audience and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it seems evident that when the gifted young American who wrote this symphony can compose at the age of twenty-three a work like this one. . . [significant pause], it seems evident that in five years more he will be ready to commit murder."

Damrosch's remark immediately gave Copland a *succès d'estime* and notoriety. What young composer could ask for anything more? More would mean a success like George Gershwin's. The adverse critical reaction to Copland's jazz-inspired pieces *Music for the Theatre* and the Piano Concerto contrasted sharply with the adulation that greeted Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* and Concerto in F at the same time. Gershwin's music arose from the popular culture of Tin Pan Alley and Broadway; it spoke to a wide public. Copland's Cubist idiom created a portrait of the artist as a distant, ironic observer of the urban scene. Instead of the upbeat energy of Gershwin's music, Copland's music presented a grotesque cityscape of dark streets and lurid theaters.

The Depression transformed Copland from an alienated aesthete into a politically engaged populist. Most of his friends turned to communism for solutions to the economic crisis. Howard Pollack reveals that on two occasions in 1934 Copland actually got on the stump to support Communist Party candidates—in rural Minnesota, where he was vacationing with his lover Victor Kraft. By 1935 Copland's interest in agit-prop had evidently cooled. The left was of two minds about the political role of music. Some composers, among them Marc Blitzstein, followed the model of Hanns Eisler, who wrote simple but acridly harmonized songs to support the cause. Others, such as Charles Seeger (the musicologist father of the folk singer Pete Seeger) and Earl Robinson, came to feel that art music only alienated the masses; they championed a politically informed folk or folkish music, like the songs of Woody Guthrie and Robinson's "Ballad for Americans," which Paul Robeson made famous.

Political developments favored the folk style. In 1935 the Communist International proclaimed the creation of the Popular Front, an alliance of all parties of the left against fascism. Soon afterward President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, fearing the impact of the radicalism of Huey Long and Father Coughlin on his chances for re-election, broadened his political base by creating Social Security and recognizing the right of unions to strike. Almost overnight the entire spectrum of left-leaning thinkers, from Moscow to Pennsylvania Avenue, formed an unbroken force.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT

# action

connect directly with these advertisers online in the atlantic store at

**Air Mauritius**
For information on routes to Mauritius, South Africa, and the islands of the Indian Ocean, or for our colorful brochure, contact us at 800-537-1182 or *www.airmauritiususa.com*

**1. Alaska-Denali National Park**
Camp Denali and North Face Lodge—uncommon destinations within view of majestic Mount McKinley. Active-learning vacations, natural history, wildlife, and guided hiking since 1952. 907-683-2290; *www.gorp.com/dnpwild*

**3. Atlantic Unbound**
Atlantic Unbound is not only *The Atlantic Monthly*'s home on the Internet—it's an online publication offering a weekly assortment of Web-exclusive features. Visit the site at *www.theatlantic.com* and sign up for TransAtlantic, our free weekly e-mail newsletter, to see what's new.

**4. Audio-Forum**
101 Languages! Self-instructional audio-cassette courses in languages from Afrikaans to Zulu, including fourteen Native American Indian languages. Short courses and long courses. Easy and in-depth. Call toll-free 800-243-1234 or visit our Web site: *www.audioforum.com*

**5. Barnes & Noble**
Visit us at *www.bn.com* for millions of books and CDs, including hard-to-find, rare, and out-of-print titles. *barnesandnoble.com*—just type *bn.com* (AOL keyword: bn).

**6. Citizens Funds**
Citizens Funds is a family of socially and environmentally responsible no-load mutual funds. Call 800-223-7010 for a prospectus or visit our website at *www.citizensfunds.com*

**Colorado Travel & Tourism**
Colorado. For a free Colorado Official State Vacation Guide call 800-COLORADO.

**Endless Pools**
Swim at home in an 8' x 15' pool against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Call 800-233-0741, ext. 876 for a FREE brochure or visit *www.endlesspools.com*

**9. Eureka Globes**
Fine world globes for home and office in ten styles. The perfect gift—visit our Web site or call 888-473-9505 for a free catalogue. *www.maps-eureka.com*

**10. Gevalia® Kaffe Fine Coffees of Europe**
Experience the pleasures of Gevalia Kaffe. Order a trial shipment and receive a free gift. Call 800-438-2542 or visit *www.gevalia.com*

**11. Lands' End Direct Merchants**
Drifter™, the "better cotton sweater" from Lands' End®, looks like *now*. But it's built like *then*, with old-time craftsmanship. Free catalogue. 800-814-1310, *www.landsend.com*

**12. Phillips Petroleum Company**
For a copy of our annual report call 918-661-3700 or visit us at *www.phillips66.com*

**13. Regents College**
America's first virtual university helps you access traditional and non-traditional educational avenues to reach your college-degree goal. *www.regents.edu/mls*

**14. Shell Oil Company**
Visit Shell's Web site at *countonshell.com* for more information on safety booklets.

**Sorice Audio/Video Storage Systems**
Free catalogue. Solid oak, cherry, or walnut cabinets and racks for CDs, DVDs, videos, LPs, laser discs, stereo components. 800-895-5241. *www.sorice.com*

**16. Subaru**
Subaru Outback. The world's first sport-utility wagon. For more information please call 800-WANT-AWD (926-8293) or visit *www.subaru.com*

**17. The Territory Ahead**
"Somebody's boring me. I think it's me." —Dylan Thomas. The Territory Ahead catalogue offers great, original clothes to add a little life to your life. 800-882-4323. *www.territoryahead.com*

**18. Thos. Moser Cabinetmakers**
Thos. Moser furniture is inspired by the untutored aesthetics of the American Shakers, the sentimentality of Arts & Crafts, classic Japanese joinery, and the styling of Art Deco. Call for our free catalogue: 800-708-9703. *www.thosmoser.com*

**19. TIAA-CREF**
TIAA-CREF is a leading national non-profit financial-services organization and the largest private pension system in the world. It provides high-quality, low-cost annuities, insurance, mutual funds, and trust services. Call 800-223-1200 or visit our Web site at *www.tiaa-cref.org*

**20. Tough Traveler**
Best gear for baby, toddler, teen, college student, adult. USA-made unique child carriers, backpacks, bags. Extreme comfort. 800-GO-TOUGH. *www.toughtraveler.com*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the late 1930s Copland had found an American voice that was folklorist and Modernist combined—in *Billy the Kid* and two ballets that followed it, *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring*. An instant hit, *Billy the Kid* gave the politics of the Popular Front a musical popular front of borrowed cowboy tunes fitted out with modern harmonies and edgy, irregular rhythms. Copland's new folk-modern style was the musical equivalent of the new Communist slogan: "Communism Is Twentieth-Century Americanism." Yet the politics and psychology of Copland and his collaborators were so well hidden that few listeners today would even guess what they were.

BECAUSE Copland's three popular ballets are more often presented in the concert hall, listeners might be surprised by the stories they tell in the theater. Copland and the choreographer Eugene Loring made Billy the Kid a Freudian Robin Hood, motivated by the (fictional) murder of his mother. The ballet presents Billy as a social revolutionary, but adds a psychological subtext. Although Billy dances a waltz with his nameless Mexican sweetheart, he seems preoccupied by homosexual feelings for the sheriff, Pat Garrett, who eventually kills him. Few listeners will notice this undercurrent when they hear the suite from the ballet at an orchestral concert. Copland omitted the romantic waltz episode from the suite, thereby emphasizing the macho side of the music—a side that would resound in cowboy movies and Marlboro cigarette commercials to come.

In *Rodeo* and *Appalachian Spring*, Copland collaborated with two great choreographers, Agnes de Mille and Martha Graham, who each told a personal story that nevertheless resonated with Copland's music. De Mille presented Copland with a precise scenario of a cowgirl who dresses and acts like a man but wins the love of the head wrangler by donning a dress and putting a bow in her hair. If we view the sexually ambiguous figure of the tomboy as a woman, her capitulation seems politically incorrect, as feminist critics have noted. But think of the cowgirl as a closeted homosexual male, as Copland may have, and the story takes on a very different feeling. Indeed, with its stageful of faux cowboys, *Rodeo* has always had a camp undertone that actually fits well with the Chaplinesque quality De Mille gave to her own performances as the cowgirl. Once again subtext vanishes in the concert hall, where *Rodeo* seems as American as mock-apple pie.

Copland's most famous work, *Appalachian Spring*, also presents an odd contrast between its musical mood and the theatrical scenarios for which the music was composed. The title came from a line in a Hart Crane poem that Martha Graham chose without consulting the composer—his first indication that she had completely changed the story of the ballet they had been working on. The early working version was set around the time of the Civil War, and included a fugitive slave and an Indian girl. In the background, almost as an aspect of stage design, was Shaker furniture. It was a strong enough suggestion that Copland turned to the Shaker hymn "Simple Gifts" when Graham needed a musical interlude portraying a routine day. That request turned into Copland's cash cow.

The ultimate scenario, on which Copland was not consulted, removed all traces of the Civil War and instead pitted a newly married couple against a revivalist and his four women followers—the hopes of a new life against the ascetic nobility of an unspecified puritanical sect. But what was the sect? Shakers? Quakers? Fundamentalists? Utopian socialists? It makes a difference. And why the tension with the young couple? Pollack suggests that the sect will drag the husband off to war—but we never see this onstage. Copland's inspired choice of hymn sugarcoated the sect's fanaticism, and whatever Copland's and Graham's intentions may have been, the score has waved the flag for American innocence ever since. But what innocence there was came to an abrupt end when the Second World War was over and the Cold War began. The two halves of *The Tender Land* take place on either side of this divide.

LOOKED at as a political allegory rather than a Grant Wood painting, Act I of *The Tender Land* celebrates the inclusiveness of the Popular Front. The drifters are viewed with suspicion by the rural community. They win the town over by stressing common goals.

> A stranger may seem strange
> that's true,
> but did it ever occur to you
> that you . . . seem strange to
> a stranger too. . . .
> We've two strong backs and
> four strong hands
> and that's what you need to
> work these lands.

The drifters and Grandpa develop this idea to a climactic cry of "Hire a stranger today!" This seems musically disproportionate if we think of the opera as a love story, but not if we see its political subtext.

Copland sealed the unity of "party" and "folk" with "The Promise of Living," the pseudo-hymn that gives Act I a strong ending: "The promise of living with hope and thanksgiving is born of our loving our friends and our labor." For this hymn Copland borrowed a revivalist tune, "Zion's Walls." In the opera it is an oddly non-Christian anthem, devoid of religious content. (In a previous adaptation of the song Copland had changed the words "praises of Jesus" to "praises of Zion.") The family farm has become the dreamland of utopian socialism, an American-style kibbutz where the lion lies down with the lamb and Communists mingle harmlessly with Democrats. Like many of Copland's left-leaning friends, the characters seem slow to give up their warm feelings of fraternity in the face of unpleasant facts. Just before Martin begins the hymn, Top has announced his intention of getting Grandpa drunk so that he can seduce Laurie. The opera may be less politically naive than it appears to be. The drifters, both the grossly exploitative Top and the idealistic Martin, are setting Laurie up—and they abandon her without so much as a minute of regret. In the second half of the opera treachery undermines unity, paranoid fears seem to be justified, and Laurie is left isolated from family and community.

IN *Copland Since 1943*, the second volume of the autobiography he wrote with Vivian Perlis, Copland took a typically objective view of the opera's failure: "Obviously, this was not the opera the critics were waiting for me to write—if they *had* been waiting. . . . I considered we had a flop on our hands and told Erik so." The conservative musical style of the opera should have helped it to find an audience. Nostalgic American works like Douglas Moore's *Ballad of Baby Doe* and Samuel Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* were great successes at


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time. Critics sensed, though, that Copland's music was at odds with the disturbing story the composer was trying to tell.

Whatever the reasons for the opera's failure, *The Tender Land* marked the end of Copland's populism. In the major works that followed—the *Piano Fantasy* and the orchestral works *Connotations* and *Inscape*—he used twelve-tone technique to return to the craggy style of his Piano Variations. The beloved composer of *Fanfare for the Common Man* was once again a forbidding Modernist. At the televised premiere of *Connotations*, in 1962, the entire country witnessed Jacqueline Kennedy's bafflement as she fumbled for words of praise for the composer. (One of Copland's friends told him, "Oh, Aaron, it's obvious. She hated it!")

The critical fate of both *The Tender Land* and *Connotations* shows that music is a much more political and public art form in America than we usually assume, and it also shows that political censorship in this country has operated in an insidious manner that can bruise artists and warp their work. Copland was not a political operative but a sentimental socialist; his politics differed little from those of typical Labor Zionists and trade-union activists, and they did not shape his musical oeuvre in the way that the much more explicit politics of Marc Blitzstein shaped his. The three ballets on which Copland's fame rests have no overt political message and serve no ideology, "alien" or otherwise. Sexually, too, Copland was a model citizen: a discreet homosexual who objected to the publicly wicked ways of friends such as Leonard Bernstein and David Diamond.

In 1954 Copland was already the dean of American music, respected and honored. Surely he was in a position to tell it like it was, but Copland and Johns felt compelled, with good reason, to resort to hidden devices to express their emotional and intellectual preoccupations. Self-imposed censorship can be as destructive as the crass machinations of apparatchiks and Red-baiters. The strategies they developed for disguising their true concerns robbed *The Tender Land* of its potential vitality—the kind of dark intensity that could be found at that time in film noir, jazz, rhythm and blues, and even comic books, but not in the decorously public realm of opera. Have things changed all that much?


SUNPORCH®

CONVERTIBLE SUNSPACE

INSULATED WINTER SUNROOM CONVERTS TO A SUMMER SCREEN ROOM!

**Full Top-To-Bottom Wall Area Screens!**

☐ QWIK® window/screen change system ☐ Do-it-yourself kit, no contractors needed ☐ Meets building codes for snow & wind loads ☐ Unique Climate Control System ☐ No extras, comes complete ☐ Buy factory direct & save ☐ America's #1 value since 1974.

*RUSH COUPON TODAY!*

SunPorch® Structures, Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Dept. ATL
Westport, CT 06881-0368

☐ **YES** I enclose $2. Please send complete details on your SunPorch.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

***Send $2 for Color Catalogue, Prices, or Visit our Web Site: www.sunporch.com***

SunPorch® Structures, Inc.
P.O. Box 368, Westport, CT 06881-0368

# We can change your thinking about learning a foreign language!

*Champs-Elysées, Schau ins Land, Puerta del Sol,* and *Acquerello italiano.* Outside-the-box products for intermediate and advanced students of French, German, Spanish, and Italian. Each is guaranteed to reenergize your love of studying a foreign language—or your money back.

What makes them unique? For one thing, they're periodicals, so you can build your fluency month in and month out, for as long as you want.

Each edition is like an hour of public radio in a foreign language. You hear interviews with prominent Europeans, segments covering current events and issues, as well as features that give you insights into contemporary culture and beloved traditions. An accompanying booklet contains a full printed transcript, a glossary averaging 600 words and expressions translated into English, and as many as 100 background notes. You won't find richer content and annotation in any other foreign-language product.

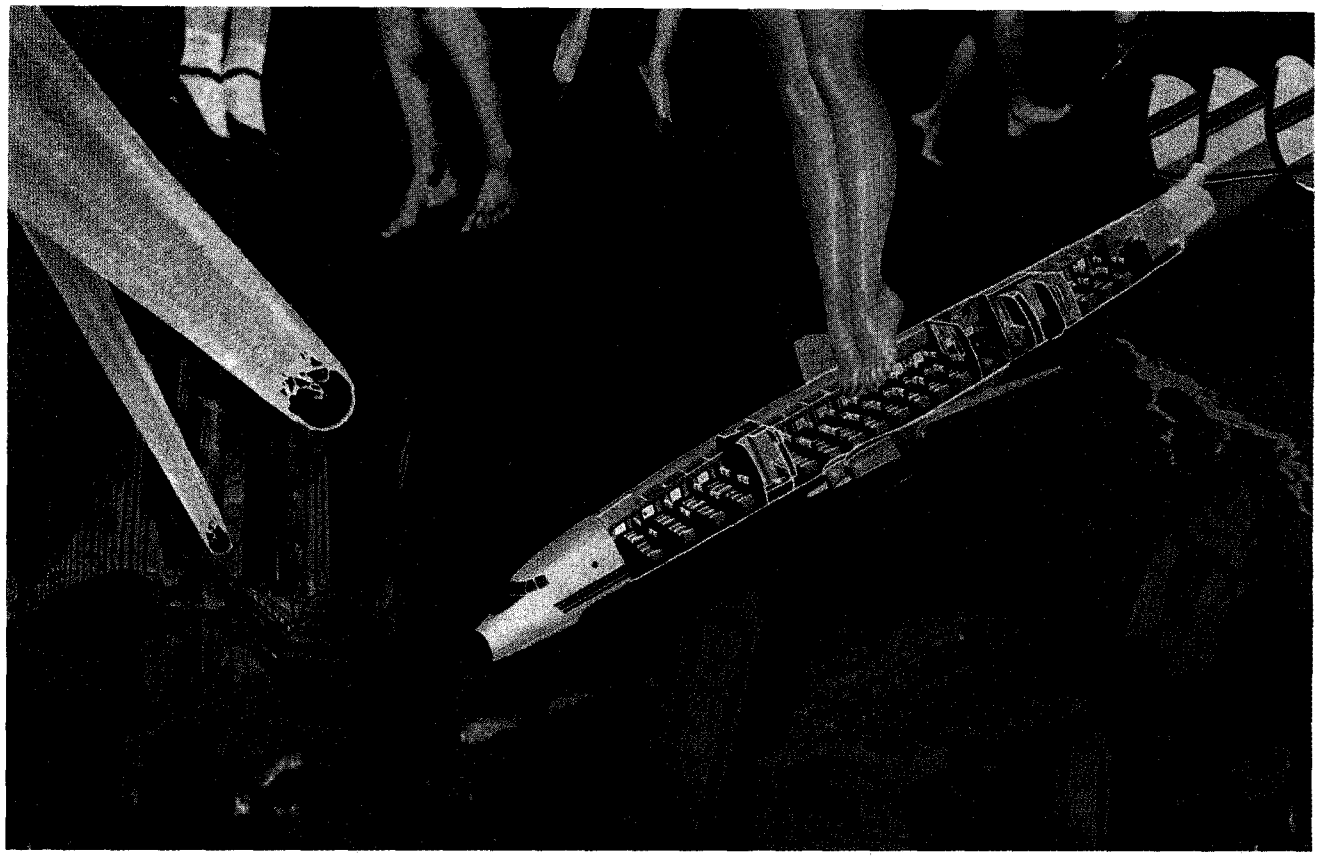
*Introductory 5-month subscriptions to* Champs-Elysées *(French) and* Schau ins Land *(German) on cassette $79. Study supplements with exercises based on program segments $20.* Puerta del Sol *(Spanish) and* Acquerello italiano *(Italian) $89 for 6 bimonthly editions on cassette. Study supplements $30. Call for CD prices. VISA, MasterCard, AmEx and Discover accepted.*

**For more information or to order, call 1-800-824-0829 or visit our Web site at *ads.champs-elysees.com/AN18***

Order Center: P.O. Box 158067, Dept. AN18 • Nashville, TN 37215 • 800-824-0829 • Fax: 615-297-3138




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# The Trials of the Tribulation

*In the "Left Behind" novels things get very bad—the planet is invaded by "200 million demonic horsemen," for example, and that's before Armageddon and the Last Judgment*

**by Michael Joseph Gross**

JERRY B. Jenkins jokingly refers to himself as "the most famous writer nobody's ever heard of." Until 1995 the most noteworthy of Jenkins's 120 books were his ghostwritten or as-told-to autobiographies of Nolan Ryan, Hank Aaron, Orel Herschiser, Mike Singletary, and Billy Graham. Then Jenkins came into his own, with a series of Christian sci-fi thrillers that imagine the events of a seven-year period of Tribulation following the Rapture of the Saved, inspired by the New Testament book of Revelation. *Left Behind*, *Tribulation Force*, *Nicolae*, *Soul Harvest*, *Apollyon*, and *Assassins* have sold some 10 million copies for Tyndale House, a publisher of religious books, and among them have spent four years at the top of the best-seller lists. (*Assassins* appeared on the *New York Times* best-seller list frequently last fall, and often trumped Thomas Harris's *Hannibal*.)

Although Jenkins writes every word of the books, Tim LaHaye, a "lifelong student of prophecy and end-times events," receives credit as co-author, because he checks Jenkins's writing for prophetic accuracy. In 1998 Jenkins and LaHaye launched a series of special "Left Behind" books for children aged ten to fourteen. A CD of music inspired by the books, called *People Get Ready*, has been moving fast at the evangelical ForeFront Records. Six more adult novels will be written before the series ends, in 2003, with *The Glorious Appearing*, in which Jesus Christ returns. And a movie based on the first book is scheduled for release sometime late this year.

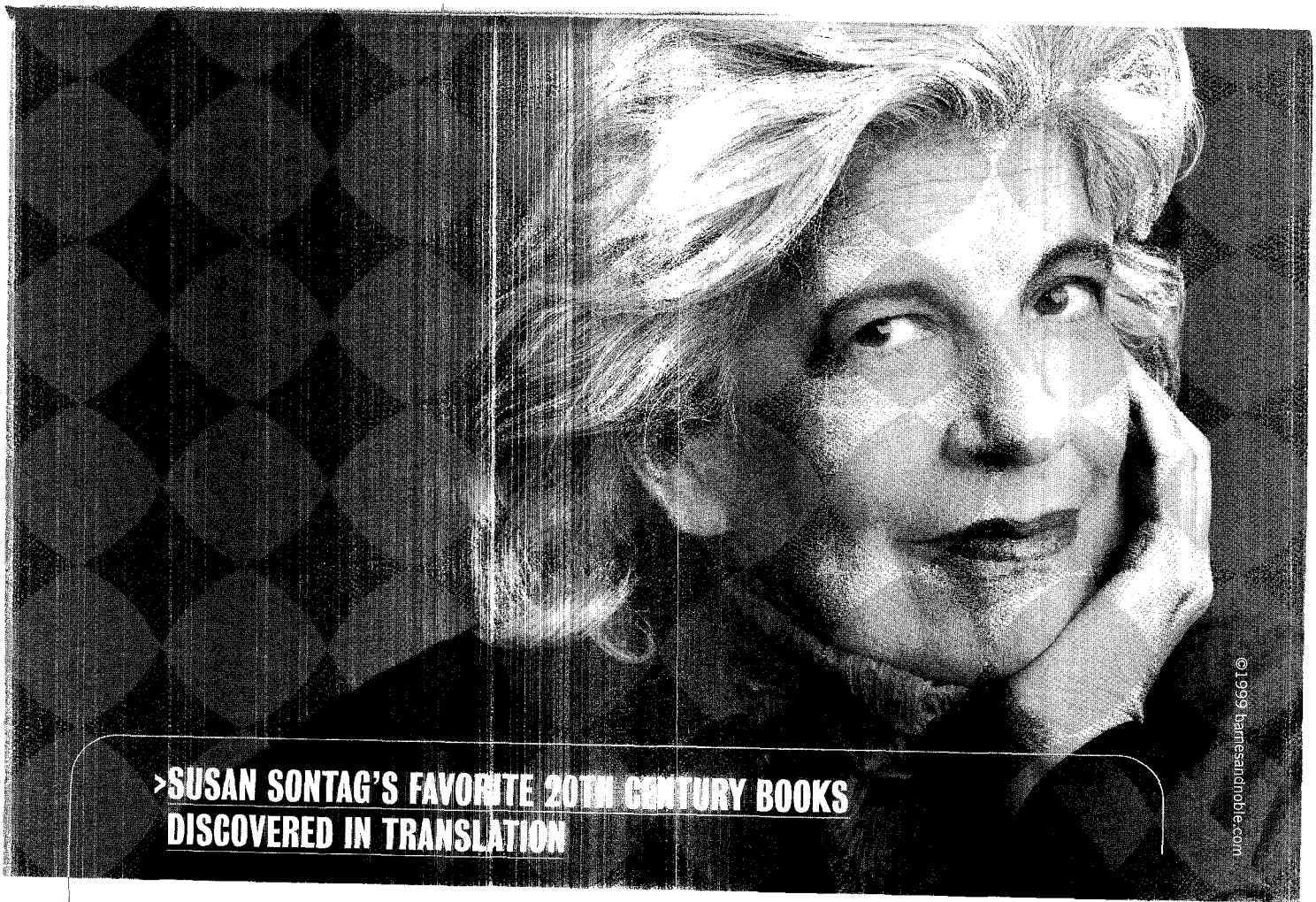
The Web site "Left Behind—The Movie" states,



Illustrations by Winston Smith



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




*The Walk (Selected Stories)* - Robert Walser

*The Book of Disquiet* - Fernando Pessoa

*Gargoyles* - Thomas Bernhard

*Summer in Baden Baden* - Leonid Tsypkin

*Fateless* - Imre Kertész

*Hourglass* - Danilo Kis

*A Captive of the Caucasus* - Andrei Bitov

*The Year of the Death of Ricardo Reis* - José Saramago

*The Emigrants* - W.G. Sebald

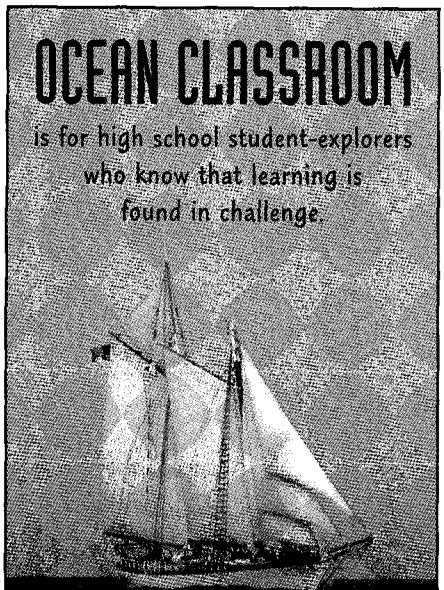
*A Book of Memories* - Péter Nádas

SAVE UP TO 50% OFF ONLINE, JUST TYPE BN.COM

bn.com
BARNES&NOBLE
AOL KEYWORD: BN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

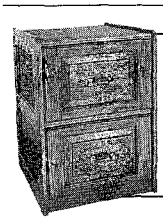
OCEAN CLASSROOM
is for high school student-explorers who know that learning is found in challenge.



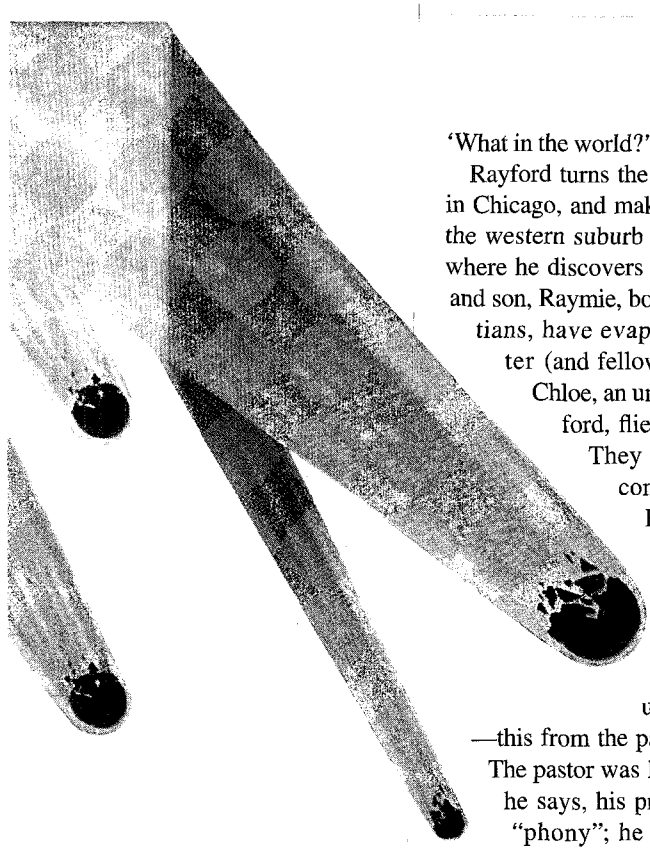
Ocean Classroom semester-at-sea combines academic excellence with seafaring adventure.
Sailing fall and spring term aboard the schooner HARVEY GAMAGE
New England to the Caribbean Sea
Fully accredited by Proctor Academy
CALL 1-800-724-SAIL

Atlantic Unbound
www.theatlantic.com
Visit *The Atlantic Monthly*'s Web site for new Web-exclusive features every week.

Active Learning Vacations in Alaska's Denali National Park
CAMP·DENALI NORTH FACE LODGE
907-683-2290 dnpwild@alaska.net
www.gorp.com/dnpwild



NEW...Fine oak letter files. Buy direct, handcrafted in the U.S.A. Files of smooth contemporary style or time-honored traditional. –SAVE MONEY– All merchandise 100% satisfaction guaranteed. NOVA DESIGNS—16801 Hwy. 88, Dept. AM-1, Jackson, CA 95642. Visa/M.C. Check or M.O. 888-223-4042.



Our most important goal is to produce a movie that is accessible and understood by the average moviegoer. Not everyone who sees this movie will be Christians, and we want to produce an exciting film for them as well. Be assured, however, that the core message of the books and of Scripture will remain in the film.

Envy not the movie's screenwriters, John Bishop and Chris Auer. Even a barebones summary of the wickedly funny, constantly twisting plots of these six novels, which total more than 2,500 pages, requires sweeping elision, not to mention considerable risk of blaspheming the Holy Spirit. But here goes:

The series begins high above the earth, in a Boeing 747 en route to London, piloted by Captain Rayford Steele. The handsome, married, unsaved Steele is enjoying a moment of adulterous fantasy when the object of his affection, a flight attendant named Hattie Durham (to be fair, he's thinking about her smile), comes screaming into the cockpit.

Breathless, Hattie tells Rayford that dozens of passengers have disappeared from the cabin, leaving behind only piles of clothing and—depending on vanity and physical health—"eyeglasses, contact lenses, hairpieces, hearing aids, fillings, jewelry, shoes, even pacemakers and surgical pins." Rayford takes a peek at first class, "where an elderly woman sat stunned in the predawn haze, her husband's sweater and trousers in her hands. 'What in the world?' she said. 'Harold?'"

Rayford turns the plane around, lands in Chicago, and makes his way home to the western suburb of Mount Prospect, where he discovers that his wife, Irene, and son, Raymie, both born-again Christians, have evaporated. His daughter (and fellow religious skeptic), Chloe, an undergraduate at Stanford, flies home to join him. They take their grief and confusion to Irene and Raymie's New Hope Church, where they learn that "Jesus Christ returned for his true family, and the rest of us were left behind"—this from the pastor, Bruce Barnes. The pastor was left behind because, he says, his pre-Rapture faith was "phony"; he didn't believe that "Jesus [is] the only way to God." Rayford converts immediately; Chloe follows shortly thereafter. (The second-chance period for reprobates following the Rapture is the series' most noteworthy contribution to Christian theology.)

As one might expect, the Rapture leaves the world in chaos. An obscure Romanian politician named Nicolae Carpathia arises to become the most powerful leader on the planet. His popular message of unity—"We must disarm, we must empower the United Nations, we must move to one currency, and we must become a global village"—eventually wins him control of all government, media, and institutional religion. He is named the sexiest man alive by *People* magazine. He appoints a new Pope. ("A lot of Catholics were confused, because while many remained, some had disappeared—including the new pope, who had been installed just a few months before the vanishings. He had stirred up controversy in the church with a new doctrine that seemed to coincide more with the 'heresy' of Martin Luther than with the historic orthodoxy they were used to.")

Meanwhile, the star journalist Cameron "Buck" Williams, who was on Rayford and Hattie's fateful flight, persuades the editors of his *Newsweek*-look-alike employer to assign him the Carpathia beat. As a quid pro quo for Hattie's having helped Buck get an Internet connection so that he could e-mail his editors from the plane just after the Rapture, Buck in-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troduces Hattie to Carpathia. She quickly becomes Carpathia's personal assistant and lover.

Through Hattie, Buck also strikes up a friendship with Rayford Steele, whose Christian explanation for the disappearances gives Buck a "constant case of the chills," because it "tied everything together and made it make sense." Buck converts, and he, Rayford, Chloe, and Pastor Bruce Barnes figure out that Carpathia is the Antichrist. This is bad news for Hattie, who soon becomes pregnant with Carpathia's illegitimate child. Yet when she considers solving the problem by getting an abortion (in "a church that had been retrofitted into a testing laboratory and reproductive clinic"), her Christian friends do everything they can—including killing a man—to stop her.

As the number of believers has continued to grow, the main characters have coagulated into a "little group inside the group, a sort of Green Berets" of believers, called the Tribulation Force, to wage holy war during the coming tribulations. These will include a "wrath of the Lamb earthquake"; a meteor strike; maritime disasters; global darkening; plagues of fire, smoke, sulfur, and demon locust-scorpions; and an invasion by 200 million demonic horsemen who will kill a third of the world's population.

Through a series of coincidences Buck and Rayford find themselves on Carpathia's payroll, Buck as the publisher of Carpathia's propagandizing newsmagazine *Global Community Weekly*, and Rayford as Carpathia's personal pilot. These are very stressful jobs. Rayford would like to kill Carpathia, as would Buck, but neither one gets a clear sign from God that he's been chosen to pull the trigger.

In the sixth book, *Assassins*, Carpathia convenes a "Global Gala" in Jerusalem. (Teddy Kollek Stadium is festooned with banners reading "Today Is the First Day of the Rest of Utopia" and similar messages; there are lots of prayers to "the great one-gender deity"; and a noon-to-midnight party is thrown in the Holy City's "hedonist district.") Rayford and Buck are there. Buck stands around wishing that he could "pop Nicolae between the eyes, even with a slingshot." Rayford does him one better: he brings a loaded gun. After Carpathia's chief deputy introduces "the man God chose to lead the world from war and bloodshed to a single utopian community of harmony, your supreme potentate and mine," Rayford takes aim, prays hard, and . . .

THE "Left Behind" phenomenon is an outgrowth of apocalyptic theology, the strand of Christian eschatology whose end-time scenarios focus on judgment and retribution. Another Christian eschatological tradition, called millennialism or millenarianism, focuses on restoration and regeneration—a thousand-year period of blessedness preceding the end of the world.

The contemporary American version of apocalypticism is indebted for its particulars to the writings of the Englishman John Nelson Darby, who broke from the Anglican Church around 1830 to found a sect called the Plymouth Brethren. His thirty-two volumes of collected writings (including a memoir titled *Personal Recollections of many Prominent People whom I have Known, and of Events—especially those Relating to the History of St. Louis—during the First Half of the Present Century*) describe a view of history called dispensationalism, which segments God's relationship to humanity into periods of time during which we are subject to different divine laws and different criteria for salvation. According to Darby, the current dispensation began with the Crucifixion; the next will begin with the Rapture of the Saved, leading to a seven-year period during which the Antichrist will rule the earth; and then will come Armageddon and the Last Judgment. This, Darby wrote, is the literal truth of Revelation. Darby's dispensationalism was adopted by the fundamentalist C. I. Scofield's *First Reference Bible*, and is the standard reading of Revelation among those Christians who believe in biblical inerrancy, including Billy Graham and Hal Lindsey (author of *The Late Great Planet Earth*). It is also the historical time line of the "Left Behind" books. That Tim LaHaye's scriptural study *Revelation Unveiled*, published last year as a companion to the "Left Behind" series, does not credit Darby in its bibliography is a measure of the degree to which Darby's ideas have been absorbed by fundamentalists as the plain sense of Scripture.

For almost 2,000 years the cultural context for such detailed apocalyptic scenarios seems to have involved intense oppression, whether real or perceived. Revelation was written by John of Patmos


SENSUAL Products

THE xandria COLLECTION

Order Them Without Embarrassment.
Use Them Without Disappointment.

**More Than Just a Catalogue.**

Fully exploring your sexuality is as healthy as it is fun. Look over the new Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure.

**Trust Our Experience.**

For 25 years, ***Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers*** have felt comfortable with us.

**Rely on Our 100%, 3-Way Guarantee.**

- **We guarantee your privacy.**
- **We guarantee your satisfaction.**
- **We guarantee product quality.**

**We'll mail your catalogue within 24 hours!**
Send $4.00 for your catalogue now, and we'll include a $4 credit redeemable with your first purchase. Welcome to a new world of enjoyment!

***www.xandria.com***

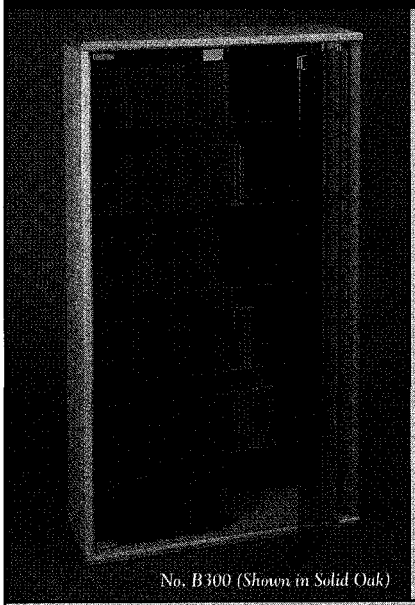
Visa/MasterCard/Discover.
Call now **1-800-242-2823**
Ask for ext. AT0100
M-F 24 HOURS A DAY, SAT 8 AM TO 4:30 PM PACIFIC TIME

**The Xandria Collection, Dept. AT0100**
**P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988**
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue** with my $4.00 credit toward my first purchase.
Enclosed is a check or money order for $4.00
($5 Canada, $3 UK).
I am over 21.
*Signature required* _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
Xandria, 165 Valley Drive, Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CD STORAGE+™


No. B300 (Shown in Solid Oak)

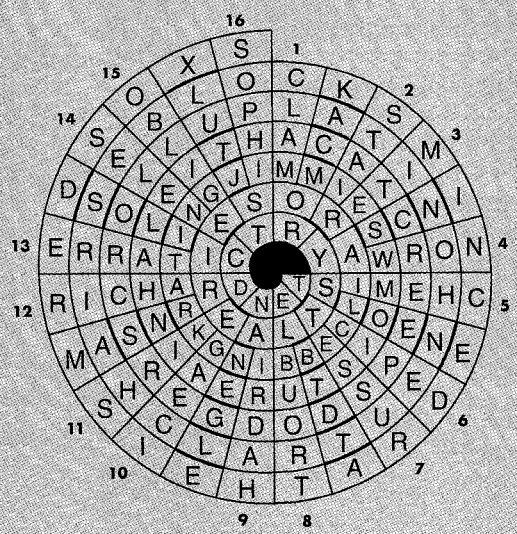
**SORICÉ SYSTEMS Include... Video, DVD, Tape, LP, Laserdisc and Component Storage Units.**

- *Our B300 Model shown stores 300 CDs.*
- *Impeccably crafted in these Premium Solid Hardwoods: Oak, Walnut, or Cherry.*
- *Adjustable Shelves store any combination of CDs, Videos & Cassettes – all in One cabinet.*
- *Adjustable Solid Brass Bookends keep Discs & Tapes upright and in place.*
- *Cabinets can be stacked, wall mounted or left free standing.*
- *Optional Wood or Glass Doors are available.*
- *Enclosed back provides dust protection.*
- *Compact size: 39½"H x 22½"W x 7½"D. Cabinet comes assembled.*

SORICÉ
PO Box 301-40, Perkasie, PA 18944
e-mail:info@sorice.com
http://www.sorice.com

**For FREE Color Literature & Prices on our Full Line of Quality Products**
**Call: 1-800-432-8005**
**Fax: 1-215-258-1241**


## ANSWERS TO THE DECEMBER PUZZLER



### "Windup"

*The extra letters spell* CLOCK WATCHERS. *Spiral.* a. T + END b. TRY + ST c. A + ERIE'S d. RAIL (double def.) e. EBBING (anag.) f. RA(TIN)G g. JI(MM)IES (*Seiji* anag.) h. MOISTURE (anag.) i. I + NH + ALE j. ITHACA (hidden) k. C + REEP + S (rev.) l. DOD(GER)'S m. RO + LL UP (rev.) n. LA + T(IN)O o. NEU(T)RAL p. C + H + AIRS q. B + LOCKS r. MIN(C)ED s. AT(HE + IS)M t. R(ED SO)X (*dose* anag.) *Radial.* 1. CLAM + OR 2. ST(A)IR 3. MITER (anag.) 4. NO(R) + WAY 5. CHE + MIST 6. D + EPIC + T 7. RUS(h) + SET 8. TR(O)UBLE (*butler* anag.) 9. HA(DRIA)N (*raid* anag.) 10. I + C(E)AGE 11. SHRIKE (anag.) 12. RI(CHAR)D 13. ER(RAT)IC 14. SE(L)EN + E 15. OBLIGE (anag.) 16. SO + P(HIS)T

during the reign of Emperor Domitian (A.D. 81–96). Scholars debate the question of whether Revelation's first readers suffered violent persecution or physical deprivation or both. There is no question, however, that those Christians suffered intense cultural oppression. Domitian required all subjects to worship his image and to address him as "Lord and God"—and surely Christian resentment of this fueled Revelation's fiery visions of Babylon's destruction and Jerusalem's glory. Countless Christian communities since then have found spiritual solace and political power in Revelation's promise of a new world coming, with mixed results. (America's nineteenth-century abolitionist movement was strongly millenarian; David Koresh's cult in Waco was strongly apocalyptic.)

Revelation's inspirations have been similarly spectacular in literature, including Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*, T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*, and Nathanael West's *The Day of the Locust*. For sheer rhetorical power (and, one must admit, priggishness), however, it's hard to beat D. H. Lawrence's *Apocalypse*, which let rip a ferocious indictment of Revelation's symbolic power among working-class English Christians. "Down among the uneducated people you will still find Revelation rampant," Lawrence wrote, belittling his own background.

> It is very nice, if you are poor and *not* humble—and the poor may be obsequious, but they are almost *never* truly humble in the Christian sense—to bring your grand enemies down to utter destruction and discomfiture, while you yourself rise up to grandeur.

Lawrence believed that the English proletariat's dreams of revenge were rooted in the class resentments of first-century Christians.

> By the time of Jesus, all the lowest classes and mediocre people had realised that *never* would they get a chance to be kings, *never* would they go in chariots, never would they drink wine from gold vessels. Very well then—they would have their revenge by *destroying* it all. "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils.". . . — how one hears the envy, the endless envy screeching through this song of triumph!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's easy to giggle along with Lawrence; it's equally easy to see how mean these passages are. And it's important to ask where this kind of vitriol comes from. Why, if the uneducated people were so pathetic, did Lawrence expend his vital energies (in his last book) stomping on them?

One reason was to prove that he was not one of them—a motive given urgency by his inescapable knowledge that he had at least begun as one of them. (You can't choose your relatives.) Another, more laudable reason might have been to defend the Modernist life force of which he was a prophet. Yet the way to defend one's beliefs is to live them, not to hurl eggs at people who pose you no real threat. What did it matter if "mediocre people" fantasized about being top dogs? For his last battle Lawrence could have done much better.

Lawrence's class-based critique of Revelation junkies does not apply to the makers and consumers of the "Left Behind" phenomenon, which is produced and received (at about $20 per hardback) in an atmosphere of some class privilege. But his condemnation of the envy that animated English lower-class readings of Revelation does apply to the phenomenon itself. Envy, not of money (of which "Left Behind" folks appear to have plenty) but of cultural status (of which they are bankrupt), fairly oozes from every page of these books. And it has very real social consequences: it sharpens the destructive habit of enmity between the once- and the twice-born.

"Left Behind" offers no strong alternative to the world's definition of what matters; it merely appropriates and baptizes worldly standards. Everyone in the books is above average. The characters' brains and physical beauty are sometimes described with clumsy cultural references that demonstrate little more than Jenkins's aching, futile desire to be "with it": one character looks "as if he had come off the cover of a Fortune 500 edition of *GQ*." Buck is "Ivy League" educated; Rayford, despite his simplistic conversation, is described as an "erudite reader." The Tribulation Force drives a snazzy Range Rover loaded with gizmos (cell phone, "citizen's band radio," and "a CD player that plays those new two-inch jobs"). Everyone is online, and the Tribulation Force proselytizes on two separate Web sites. One, maintained by a messianic Jew named Tsion Ben-Judah, is strictly theological ("ten times more popular than any other [site] in history"); the other, maintained by Buck, is an underground newsmagazine called *The Truth* ("ten times the largest reading audience he had . . . [at] *Global Community Weekly*"). And the leading believers get treated like stars. A young Jewish convert (David Hassid) is amazed that Rayford knows Tsion Ben-Judah personally. "Shoot," Rayford says, "I can probably get the kid an autograph."

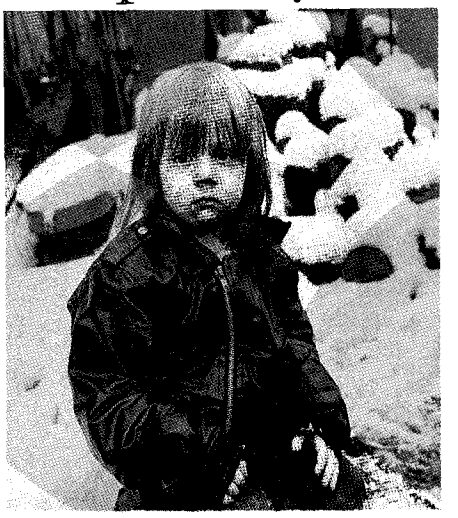
THERE is real pathos in details like these, as there is in Jenkins's calling himself "the most famous writer nobody's ever heard of." Published interviews with Jenkins amplify his conflicted desire for worldly fame. Speaking to the *Chicago Tribune* in 1998, Jenkins described the pleasure of seeing his books prominently displayed at Barnes & Noble stores. "I always take a little picture," he said. An interview for a Tyndale House advertisement in Christian publications offers even odder evidence of Jenkins's hunger for fame:

> [Jenkins] tells how he might see someone on an airplane reading the book, and he'll ask what it's about. The person will try to describe the story. At some point Jerry will say, "People tell me I look like the guy on the back cover." The person will look and say, "Yes, you do, sort of." And then Jerry will say, "Well, I really am the author" and relish the response. (Once someone said, "Glad to meet you, Mr. LaHaye"!)

Why would Jerry B. Jenkins want to be famous? In *The Frenzy of Renown: Fame & Its History*, Leo Braudy points out that Emperor Augustus made the Roman state "the only place where personal dignity could be conferred." Then Christianity came along "to define an arena for individual nature well beyond the political," and "dignity was conferred not in the service of Rome, but in the service of God." (Render unto Caesar, and so forth.) The empire socialized the desire for personal recognition; the Church spiritualized it. Still, the Church and the Empire each also retained some vestige of the other's power. The Catholic ecclesiastical structure can still slake the human thirst for worldly recognition within a community of the faithful; for Catholics, salvation has always had to do with actual physical interaction among believers.

Protestants, in contrast, have only their


# You don't have to leave your own country to find third-world poverty.



Just travel along the hillsides and down through the valleys where the Appalachian coal mines have been shut down. Sad, hungry faces of little children, like Amy's, will haunt you.

For just $24 a month, through Children, Inc., you can sponsor a girl or boy in desperate need. You can help provide food, warm clothing, health and school needs. And maybe a toy or two. And we'll send you your child's story, address and picture.

Write or call, but please, don't look the other way.

**Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood**
**Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381**
**Dept. A1A0, Richmond, VA 23220 USA**

❑ I wish to sponsor a ❑ boy, ❑ girl, in ❑ Asia, ❑ Latin America, ❑ Middle East, ❑ Africa, ❑ USA, ❑ Greatest need.

❑ I will give $24 a month ($288 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ❑, the first month ❑. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

❑ I can't sponsor, but I will help $ _____.

❑ Please send me further information.

Name

Address

City State Zip

❑ Check ❑ Am. Express ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

Card No. Expiration Date

Signature

**1-800-538-5381**

**CHILDREN, INC.**

**Serving Needy Children Since 1964**

U.S. gifts are fully tax deductible.
Annual financial statements are available on request.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eureka Globes
Masterpiece Collection
10 Beautiful Table & Floor Models
100% Accurate * Updatable
Decorative embossing
Printed with Luster Print™ inks
$225
$225
Available at fine map, travel and gift stores
Call today
for the store nearest you
or to request your free catalogue
1-888-473-9505 (toll free)
www.eurekaglobes.com
1796 University Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703
Fine Decorative Globes for Home and Office

Bargain Books
• Save up to 80% on recent publishers' overstocks, imports, reprints—save on current books and best sellers! Hundreds of new arrivals monthly.
• Biography, History, Politics, Fiction, the Arts—over 60 subject areas.
America's biggest bargain book selection
Free Catalog
1-800-677-3483
HAMILTON 6180 Oak
Falls Village, CT 06031-5005

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL • SRI LANKA • TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327
www.uptontea.com
Free catalog listing over 320 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
231 South St. * Hopkinton, MA 01748

Canoe Canada's Arctic
Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.
Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AM
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.auroranet.nt.ca/canoe

Bibles to keep them warm. Their church hierarchies are more various (in many evangelical and fundamentalist churches they are almost chaotic), and their salvation depends more heavily on an abstract relationship with the Truth, revealed through Scripture. These facts can't help creating a conflicted relationship between Protestants and the culture at large—a heightened sensitivity to culture's world-shaping power and a fear of words and images that do not point back to the Word.

This fear is what makes Jenkins desire fame. His books suggest that he fears being left behind by a secular, global, technological culture bereft of Christian messages, and the popularity of his books confirms that he's not alone in his fear. Jenkins fights fear with fiction, by Christianizing the world. But the "Left Behind" phenomenon has been swept up in worldly culture, even enraptured by it. ("Our most important goal is to produce a movie that is accessible and understood by the average moviegoer.") This must be a terrifying experience, because now the fear doubles: Jenkins is a Christian at war with secular culture, but his toy soldiers use a $100,000 Range Rover as their tank. No wonder Rayford Steele is the Antichrist's personal pilot.

Jenkins and LaHaye have done a masterly job of using conservative Christian media networks to purvey their message, build their image, and make their fortune. But the great throng of their fans, and even the authors themselves, are painfully aware that they are out of the loop. The harder they try to be culturally relevant, the more ridiculous they become, the further they fall from relevance, the more intensely they are exiled—not only from cultural legitimacy but also from the spiritual power of their own beliefs.

Jenkins and LaHaye estimate that about 2,000 people have been born again as a result of reading the "Left Behind" books. Sadly, however, the books also tempt their audience to feel self-satisfied derision toward those who don't share their views. And in a society where the kinds of people who read the series have considerable political influence, such derision is dangerous.

As the demon locusts descend on the earth, Rayford is giving the business to a couple of stupid nonbelievers. One of the chumps asks where that sound is coming from, cueing Rayford to deliver one of his best Clint Eastwood lines: "One of your last warnings. Or another trick by the fundamentalists. You decide."

Stiff-necked cultural elites get to roll their eyes at those crazy fundamentalists; believers bloated with righteousness get to snort and whoop at the wacko liberals. Whether we roll our eyes or guffaw, however, we are laughing so hard that it hurts. Such is our cultural diversity.

## BRIEF REVIEWS

### The Ice Finders

*by Edmund Blair Bolles. Counterpoint, 257 pages, $24.00.*

As Mr. Bolles points out, the Ice Age is today so well established as historical fact that it is difficult to accept its origins as a crackpot theory with which a previously respectable scientist disgraced himself and reduced a gathering of colleagues to unseemly uproar. The young Louis Agassiz, well regarded for studies of fossil fish, confounded fellow geologists by proposing that all Europe had once been engulfed by a monstrous glacier. Men accustomed to glaciers that stay put on Swiss mountains found the notion of a mile-thick, continent-wide tide of ice impossibly fantastic. The arguments dragged on for years. Agassiz made converts, but the influential Scottish geologist Charles Lyell was for a while a stubborn opponent. Agassiz's



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

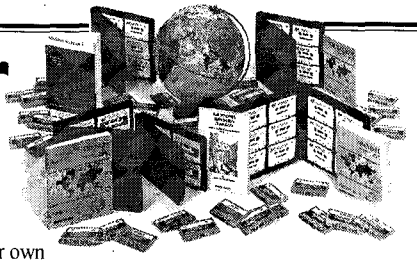
case depended on the application of common sense to meticulously observed physical evidence, and that evidence did not include a monstrous glacier. The case was finally settled, backhandedly, by Elisha Kent Kane, of the U.S. Navy. He was vainly looking for the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin, but he went farther north than anyone had previously done, observed the Greenland ice sheet, named the Humboldt glacier, and returned to publish an account of what he had seen, complete with illustrations (military officers were expected to be good draftsmen in those pre-camera days)—and there was Agassiz's glacier. Mr. Bolles's account of the long dispute is consistently interesting for his description of the participants and their various alliances, whimsies, and jealousies, for the grim ordeal of Kane's party, and for the author's style, which is peppery and sometimes startlingly eloquent. The Greenland glacier "was there in front of Kane, prowling across the earth, as unexpected by science as was the first dinosaur bone."

### Voyage to the North Star

*by Peter Nichols.*
*Carroll & Graf, 352 pages,*
*$24.00.*

Mr. Nichols loves ships and respects the sea. He despises trophy hunters and wealthy irresponsibles. His novel begins with a self-made millionaire in the 1930s, a man confident that his money, untouched by the depression raging across the country, enables him to do whatever he fancies. He fancies a quick, comfortable arctic safari from which he will return with the greatest collection of specimens ever to dazzle the Explorers Club. He has an exceptionally fast ship, a captain late of the British navy, a French chef, a black butler to serve cocktails, a variety of first-class guns with equivalent ammunition, all hands outfitted by Abercrombie & Fitch, and a box of dynamite to control inconvenient icebergs. What can possibly go wrong? There are three men aboard who know what can go wrong. Their efforts to fend off disaster lead to an ironic conclusion, as savagely unjust as the depression that provides the story's overall backdrop. This is not a pleasant novel, but it is admirably written and exciting all the way.


**Learn Another Language on Your Own!**



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook. Some of our courses:

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ☐ Arabic, Saudi | $185 | ☐ Greek | $185 | ☐ Norwegian | $135 | Spanish, | |
| ☐ Egyptian | $185 | ☐ Haitian | | ☐ Persian | $185 | ☐ European | $125 |
| ☐ Bulgarian | $265 | Creole | $225 | ☐ Polish | $195 | ☐ Latin American I | $185 |
| ☐ Cantonese | $225 | ☐ Hebrew | $255 | Portuguese, | | ☐ Latin American II | $165 |
| ☐ Catalan | $225 | ☐ Hungarian | $225 | ☐ Brazilian | $225 | ☐ Swahili | $275 |
| ☐ Czech | $155 | ☐ Italian | $185 | ☐ European | $155 | ☐ Swedish | $225 |
| ☐ Danish | $155 | ☐ Japanese | $185 | ☐ Romanian | $135 | ☐ Tagalog | $325 |
| ☐ Dutch | $155 | ☐ Korean | $225 | ☐ Russian | $255 | ☐ Thai | $225 |
| ☐ Estonian | $295 | ☐ Lakota | $185 | ☐ Sanskrit | $235 | ☐ Turkish | $225 |
| ☐ French I | $185 | ☐ Latin | $160 | ☐ Serbo- | | ☐ Ukrainian | $225 |
| ☐ French II | $215 | ☐ Latvian | $225 | Croatian | $225 | ☐ Urdu | $195 |
| ☐ German I | $185 | ☐ Lithuanian | $165 | ☐ Shona | $225 | ☐ Vietnamese | |
| ☐ German II | $155 | ☐ Mandarin | $185 | ☐ Slovak | $225 | (South) | $245 |

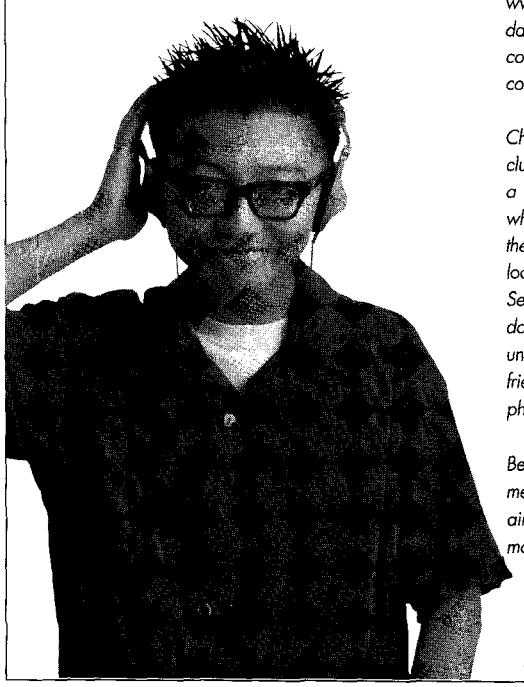
You can order now with a full **3-week money-back guarantee.** To place order call **toll-free 1-800-243-1234,** (203) 453-9794, **toll-free fax (888) 453-4329**, e-mail: RX113@audioforum.com, or mail check or money order. Ask for our free 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog* with courses in 101 languages. Our 28th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE
Room X113, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437



EVERYCD

**➤ Wholesale Music Sounds Better**



*Call us toll free at 1-800-EVERY-CD* or visit us at www.everycd.com and register for your FREE 30 day trial membership. At EveryCD, we're committed to giving our members the best combination of value, selection and service.*

*Cheaper than a mall outlet. Bigger than a music club. Better than a web store. What more could a music lover ask for? We sell every CD at wholesale, which means you can buy more of the music you love. If you can't find what you're looking for in our comprehensive catalog, our Search Team is professionally trained to hunt down obscure and out-of-print recordings. And unlike most web stores, we offer the same friendly, professional help online or on the phone.*

*Begin enjoying the full benefits of EveryCD membership today. When you join, you'll get our airline voucher. It's good for $100 off airfare on most major airlines.*

1-800-EVERY-CD
www.everycd.com

*Outside the US, call (203) 363-0519. © 1999 EveryCD, Inc.




PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
CLASSIFIED
JANUARY • 2000

## BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

**MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, ALL TYPES.** Publisher with 75-year tradition. "Author's Guide To Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

**DO YOU HAVE A BOOK TO PUBLISH?** Established publisher can help. Contact Pentland Press, Dept. AM. (800) 948-2786.

**YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU** by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (949) 492-2976.

**BOOKSWAPMART.COM FREE OFFER!** Trade the books you have read for the books you want to read. The first 100 people to list books for trade receive their first listing (up to 20 books) absolutely free.

**HOW CAN YOU REALLY KNOW GOD?** Call Eckankar, (800) LOVE GOD. Ask for free book W250. *www.eckankar.org*

## COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

**HEAR MEMORY SING REMINISCENCE** via *www.prisonerofthepast.com* and *www.roadofdreams.com*

## EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

**DOCTORAL/MASTER'S DEGREES.** Accredited, 1 to 2 years; 1 month residency. Business, education, government, int. relations, psych., religion, social work, health services. Write: Berne University, International Graduate School, P.O. Box 1080, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896. Telephone: (603) 569-8648. Fax: (603) 569-4052. E-Mail: *berne@berne.edu* Web site: *www.berne.edu*

## SERVICES

**EROTIC, INTELLIGENT, IMAGINATIVE** telephone conversation. Personal and discreet fee-based service. Please inquire: (617) 661-3849.

**SINGLE BOOKLOVERS** gets unattached readers acquainted. Nationwide, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (800) 773-3437. *www.singlebooklovers.com*

## TRAVEL

**FREIGHTER CRUISES**—Deluxe, exotic, inexpensive. Travltips Association, P.O. Box 580-218F3, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584, *www.travltips.com*

FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION WRITE:
P.O. Box 1510,
Clearwater, FL 33757
OR CALL:
800-237-9851

### The New Sweet Style

*by Vassily Aksyonov, translated by Christopher Morris. Random House, 496 pages, $29.95.*

The hero of Mr. Aksyonov's novel is Alexander Korbach, known as Sasha, a wildly versatile performer and impresario driven from the Soviet Union for irreverent indifference to the principles of socialist realism. He arrives in the United States, where practically nobody has ever heard of him, and scrabbles a catch-as-catch-can living. The situation enables the author, himself a Soviet refugee, to describe aspects of American society from a wry alien perspective. At the same time, the tale celebrates the endurance of Jewish traditions and family connections, for Sasha finds American kinsmen and ultimately a rather astounding ancestor. Mr. Aksyonov's style is idiosyncratic, surprising, and witty, if at times a bit overflirtatious with the reader. That excess is forgivable in a novel of wide range and generous invention.

### Hunting Badger

*by Tony Hillerman. HarperCollins, 275 pages, $26.00.*

The latest of Mr. Hillerman's Navajo police mysteries derives from his exasperation with the Federal Bureau of Ineptitude, which recently conducted a manhunt in his area by bringing in city agents to flounder in strange canyons while local police officers familiar with the territory sat at roadblocks. That practical connection aside, Mr. Hillerman provides his usual fine descriptions of weather and scenery, his usual deceptive plot, and the always engaging characters of Leaphorn and Chee.

### Dreams and Destinies

*by Marguerite Yourcenar, translated by Donald Flanell Friedman. St. Martin's, 126 pages, $21.95.*

As Yourcenar explained, and Mr. Friedman's introduction repeats at scholarly length, the distinguished French novelist recorded certain persistent dreams as a substitute for the autobiography that she chose not to write. They are intriguing dreams, irrational but coherent, frequently suggesting scenes from unwritten novels. The contemporary circumstances of the dreamer's waking life are, except for the bald fact of an unhappy love affair, never mentioned. Settings are precisely described; so are persons. The writing is always elegant. The reader can certainly enjoy and admire this strange work, but must take personal responsibility for any biographical information derived from it.

### A House for My Mother

*by Beth Dunlop. Princeton Architectural Press, 192 pages, $34.95.*

If a young architect has reasonably affluent parents, his first commission is likely to be a house for those parents. Ms. Dunlop surveys twenty-five such houses, all of them handsome, ranging in style from solidly conventional to modestly eccentric. The photographed rooms have the sleek, uninhabited look characteristic of their genre, in which the appearance of an overflowing wastebasket or an unmade bed would be equivalent to an earthquake. The most interesting example reported is the case of a woman who wanted a tower. Given a mountainside locale, her son created a house semi-underground. The woman had to try again, with a beach site, to get her elevation.

***—Phoebe-Lou Adams***

Recent books by *Atlantic* authors:

**The Women Who Wrote the War** *by Nancy Caldwell Sorel. Arcade, 458 pages, $27.95.* Nancy Caldwell Sorel for many years wrote the *Atlantic* feature "First Encounters," which was illustrated by her husband, Edward Sorel.

**Sleeping With Extraterrestrials:** The Rise of Irrationalism and Perils of Piety *by Wendy Kaminer. Pantheon, 279 pages, $24.00.* Wendy Kaminer is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

**Ice Fire Water:** A Leib Goldkorn Cocktail *by Leslie Epstein. Norton, 288 pages, $23.95.* Leslie Epstein's fiction has appeared in *The Atlantic*.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

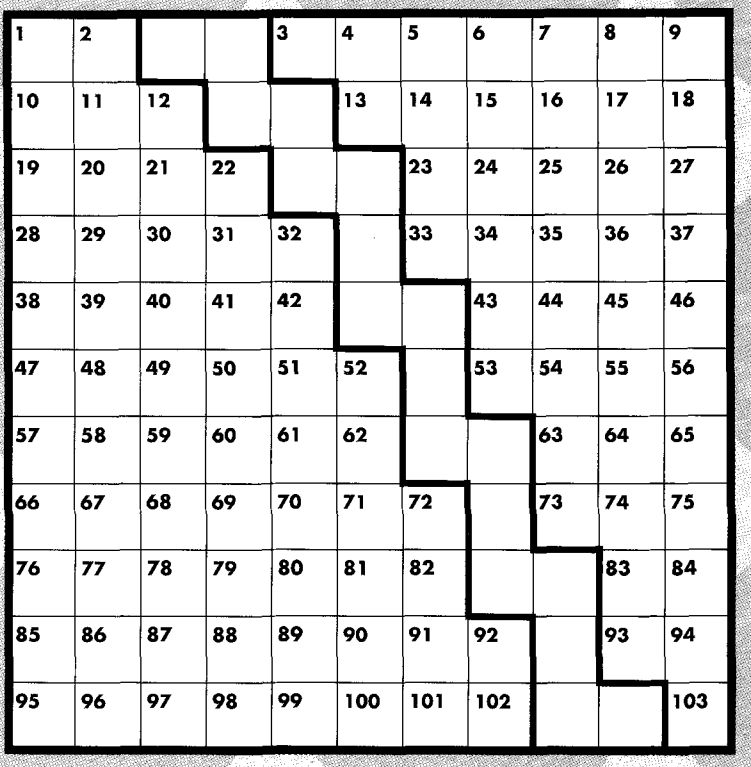
# THE PUZZLER

**by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon**

## A River Runs Through It

To identify the river running through our diagram, enter the Across answers sequentially starting in the upper left square, but skip over the squares in the river, leaving them empty. Across words reaching the right side of the diagram flow onto the next row down, going left to right. You may be guided by the Numbered answers, whose letters go in the appropriately numbered squares. When all answers are entered, fill the empty squares in the river so as to make new words of 11 of the Across answers (the added letters may go in front of, in back of, or within an Across word). From top to bottom, the added letters will identify our river and the travelers in it. Clue answers include one proper noun; new words in the diagram include two proper nouns.

*The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 126.*



### Across

**A.** Draw riverboat's prow closer
**B.** Cereal product passes for after-dinner fare
**C.** Aboard steamship, reverently regard low part of a river
**D.** Something that may split loop in string
**E.** Audibly cut into bend in a river
**F.** Verse sharply depicts climbing plants
**G.** Earnestly ask about popular personality
**H.** Native American kid's first little stream
**I.** Mediterranean island embracing a fashion
**J.** Form new plans for radical river transport
**K.** Called a person central to a degree
**L.** Like a fanatic practicing tango in river dances
**M.** Grass particles in medicinal drinks
**N.** Stray article in can is ground
**O.** Gravity in certain mass of moving water
**P.** Incomplete examination of breeding animals

### Numbered

**a.** I sail on recklessly in an illicit affair (18, 29, 60, 76, 95, 69, 10)
**b.** Answer having to do with small body of water (46, 38, 87, 63, 27, 79, 11)
**c.** Big river engulfs the last of our country houses (98, 6, 53, 86, 44, 34, 22)
**d.** Rocky spot splits violent streams (101, 20, 8, 59, 71, 43, 88, 15)
**e.** Money in Moscow river turned blue (74, 96, 7, 26, 52)
**f.** Conquistador possesses veteran ships (23, 65, 56, 33, 48, 73, 83, 99, 39)
**g.** Worry about quiet English stream (61, 91, 2, 100, 64, 47, 35)
**h.** Obscure cave harbors boat (4, 9, 72, 49, 55, 66)
**i.** Hint of a fish shot in big river (77, 84, 28, 40, 19, 57)
**j.** Rowing team had some food when coming out of the mouth (67, 12, 80, 31, 54)
**k.** Boat captain's first inspired pronouncement (36, 82, 1, 75, 50, 25, 89)
**l.** Go sailing with deckhands in the sound (45, 90, 102, 78, 14, 24)
**m.** Work on a river's mostly dry border (58, 97, 41, 68, 30, 5)
**n.** Old boat with new paint (81, 42, 94, 32, 17)
**o.** Prosper in both rivers (62, 16, 51, 93, 70, 13)
**p.** An Arabian ship, you bet (*two words*) (92, 3, 103, 37, 85, 21)

**Note:** The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WORD COURT

**by Barbara Wallraff**

*Several times lately I have seen the expression* God is in the details. *I've also seen the thought expressed as* The devil is in the details. *For example, today on page one of* The Washington Post, *Sandy Berger, of the National Security Council, is quoted as saying that* "the devil's in the details here" *with regard to the deployment of a United Nations force to East Timor. I suppose one could argue either case, but which is correct?*

**John F. Belz**
*Arlington, Va.*

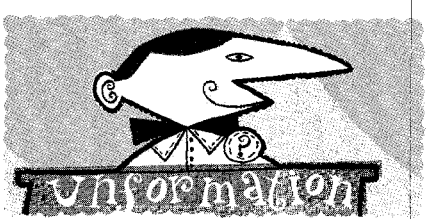
Leaving theological issues aside, with an expression like this what is "correct" is a matter of whether one version came into being as a garble of the other. Possibly this has happened here—but no one seems to know which version came first. Neither *God is in the details* nor *The devil is in the details* has a clear provenance. Though the former is occasionally seen attributed to Albert Einstein, Gustave Flaubert, and Friedrich Nietzsche, among others, the architect Ludwig Mies Van Der Rohe most often receives credit. Evidently Mies did say it, but he was not the first, and the latest edition of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* (1992) calls the expression simply "a saying."

*Bartlett's* does not list *The devil is in the details*. Other sources name various personages as the popularizer, if not the coiner, of this version, but the range of them is narrower and more political—for example, the diplomat Paul Nitze, Ronald Reagan, and Ross Perot. A decade ago both versions of the saying were relatively rare, and neither was particularly more common than the other. Around 1992—the year Perot began to be widely quoted, during his first run for the presidency—*the devil* began pulling out ahead of *God* in popularity. In February of 1993 Perot complained that the devil was in the details of an economic plan of President Clinton's, and he made headlines; others' use of the *devil* version of the saying has been on the rise ever since. By last year major U.S. newspapers and broadcast-news sources were invoking the devil in this phrase anywhere from about twice as often as God to some twenty-five times as often.

*I find it hard to be curmudgeonly with someone who is trying to be polite to me. Yesterday the young man at the customer-service counter met me with a sincere smile and an ungrammatical question:* "How may I help you?" *That evening I heard the same question from a telephone operator in an ad for a major credit card. I can tell you how you* can *help me or that you* may *help me pure and simple. As to* how you may help me, *I'm really at a loss for words. To my ear, the phrase just sounds dumb.*

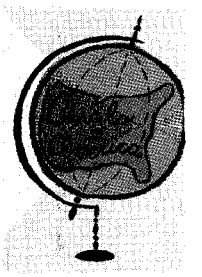
*Given the number of interactive situations between service employees and the public (stores, call centers, government agencies),* How may I help you? *may be the most ubiquitous linguistic error in English-speaking North America.*

**Jackie Seaton**
*Perth, Ontario*




Although most of us were taught that *can* refers to ability to do something, and *may* to permission, the two words have always overlapped somewhat, particularly in informal speech and in negative constructions, *mayn't* being clumsy to say. Time was, however, the overlap that curmudgeons complained about was the informal use of *can*—in, for example, "Can I help you?" (to which a curmudgeonly response would be "How should I know whether you can? All the same, please try"). Honestly, I think the problem with *How may I help you?* (which means "What manner of help do I have your permission to offer?") is that it's redundantly polite, a quality I just can't bring myself to object to.

*I've never heard anyone refer to the northern section of the Americas as* Anglo America. *So why do we keep using the term* Latin America? *Isn't it blatantly racist and inaccurate? I tried to think of other cases in which ethnicity is used to describe (in modern English) what is supposed to be a geographic location, but I couldn't find any.*



**Julio Rodriguez**
*Des Moines, Iowa*

In fact whole wide swaths of the world were long ago named after the people who had settled them. You're right that this hasn't happened much lately—though *the Slavic countries* may be another example. These terms aren't racist, only socially descriptive in a way that, say, *South America* is not. Puerto Rico and Guadeloupe, for example, are invariably considered *Latin*; whether the term covers Belize and Guyana (on the mainland but English-speaking) is now a matter of debate. *Latin America* originally designated the southerly portion of the American continents and the nearby islands where the primary official languages were derived from Latin. Just don't ask me why Quebec was never included.

---

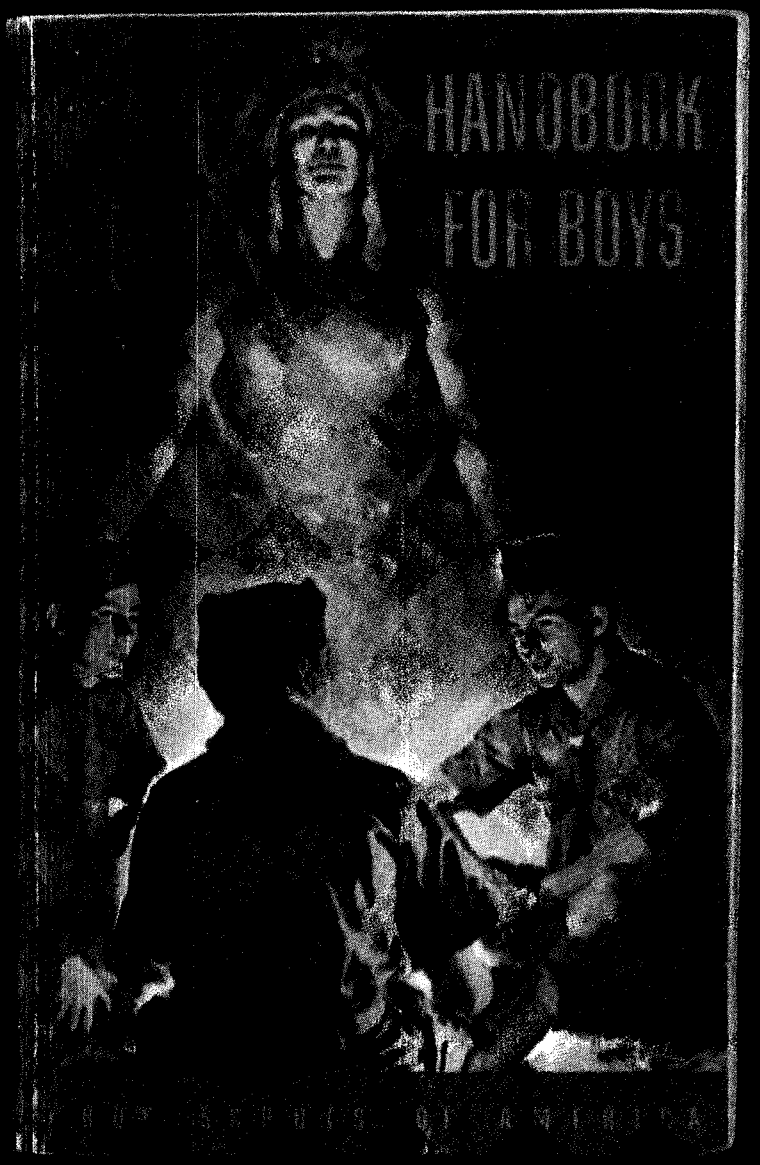
Have you recently had a language dispute that you would like this column to resolve? Write to Word Court in care of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or send e-mail to MsGrammar@theatlantic.com. All letters become the property of Word Court.

Illustrations by Melinda Beck



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*July 10, 1955.* Forced to use for kindling while earning merit badge.



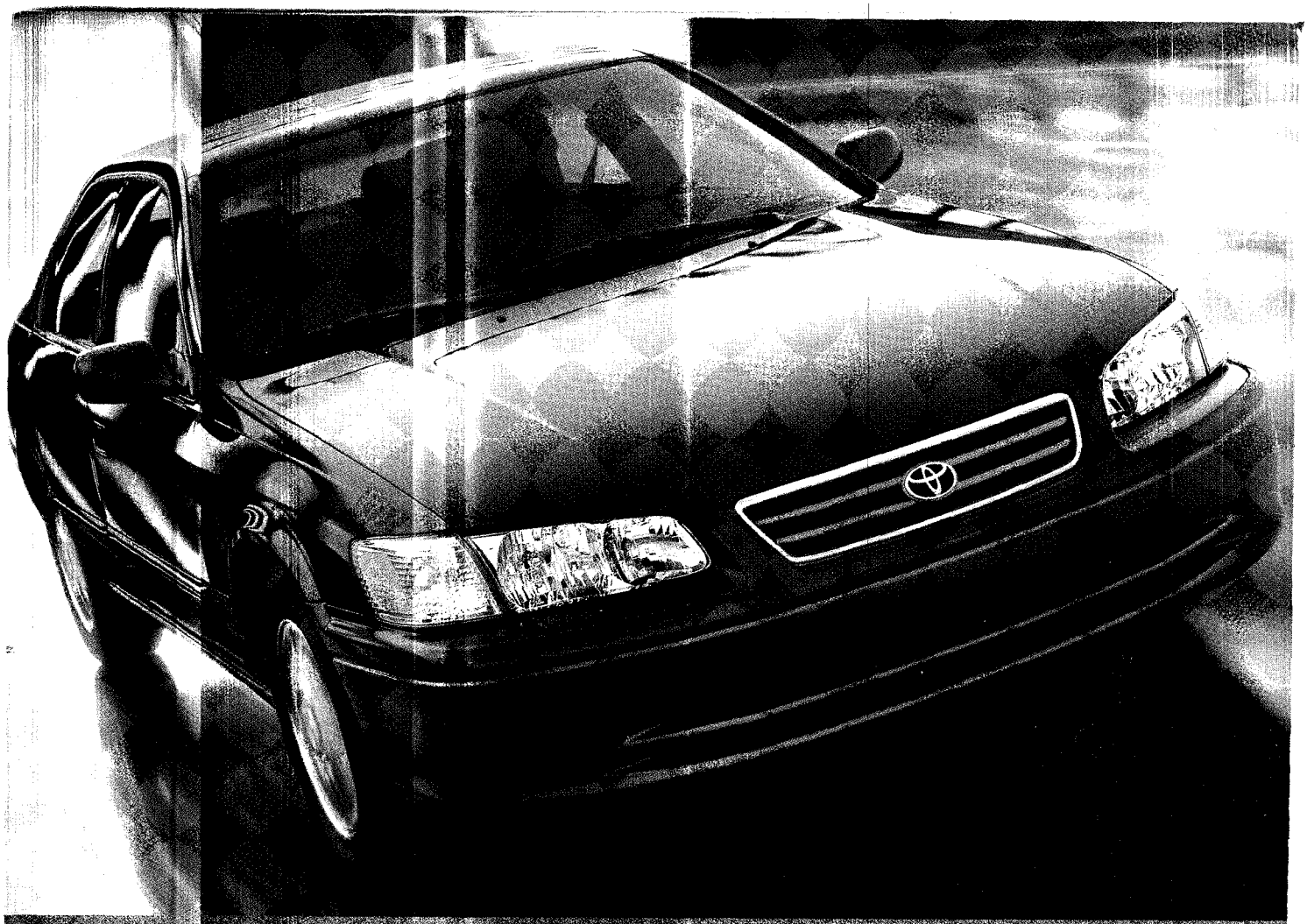

*May 2, 1999.* Found on Alibris for grandson's first backyard camp-out.

**alibris**
www.alibris.com

©1999 Alibris

Books you thought you'd never find.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# ODDLY ENOUGH, THIS DESIGN ELEMENT CAME TO US AT AN EMPLOYEE BARBECUE.

## NEW FRONT GRILLE.

INTRODUCING THE NEWLY UPDATED CAMRY

You say obsessive-compulsive like it's a bad thing. But for us engineer types at Toyota, it's all in a day's work. Add 20 millimeters to a taillight here. A couple of horsepower there.* Okay, so we're not reinventing the wheel. But Camry hasn't been the best-selling car for the last two years** by resting on its laurels. Plus, in a few weeks we have a company luau. So you can bet things will stay pretty interesting.

**TOYOTA**
**a fresh start. every day.**

www.toyota.com ✦ 1•800•go•toyota

©1999 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you.

*4-cylinder models. **Based on The Polk Company calendar years 1997, 1998 total passenger car registrations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED